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THE GOLDEN BOOK OF  
MODERN ENGLISH POETRY<sup>72</sup>

1870-1920





THE  
GOLDEN BOOK OF  
MODERN ENGLISH  
POETRY

1870 - 1920

SELECTED & ARRANGED BY  
THOMAS CALDWELL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
LORD DUNSANY



1922

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TO  
ROBERT BRIDGES, POET LAUREATE  
IN HOMAGE



## INTRODUCTION

**I** UNDERSTAND from Mr Caldwell that one of his objects in making this collection was to show that the best of the poetry of the modern age is "either classical or romantic in character, and not—as some critics would have it—of the realistic school." I entirely agree with him; nor is this the case of the modern age alone, but it must always be thus: for no achievement of man can possibly transcend man's aspirations, which are the source of all his achievements, and can very rarely equal them; and those aspirations are the raw material of all the arts. Other material may be used as a substitute, as tiaras may be made out of bottle glass, but there is nothing for the purposes of art that can be other than a clumsy imitation for anything so delicate and pure and glorious as human aspirations; unless it be such fields and little hills and evenings, unspoiled by hurry or smoke, and changing only four times with the seasons, year after year for ever, as Ledwidge loved to write of. But that rare spirit that left us from the front of Arras clothed all those fields and hedgerows with such a human wistfulness, that we see them now through the luminous cloak of it, as we see them at dawn with spiders' webs over the grass and the spiders' webs dim with dew. That is not what we mean by realism. Realism (as it is understood to-day) is something done in defiance of man. Man sets up to be something better than the rocks, to play some part in a scheme wherein there are beauty and dignity; and the realist comes along and writes of mud, writes of it accurately and vividly and minutely, describing component parts of it, glorying in the causes of it, picturing it so that

*every man who has ever hung his head as he walks shall recognise the truth of it, and telling us that there is lots of it in the world. Man turns his eye for a moment from his dream, and it is caught at once by the realist and his mud : "new, strong, virile, manly, up-to-date treatment of smelly mud," say the advertisements : "that's the stuff for you," says the realist, "there's no other truth but that."*

*And because everybody has seen mud, and is able to check the accuracy of the description of it, they come to believe that his is all the truth there is. But it is a poet's duty to tell of things that others cannot see, like a watchman with a glass on a high tower ; to tell of truths that would otherwise pass unseen through our generations. Hear Masefield when he speaks of tired men tramping through the mud, a travelling circus all worn out at evening. It is in "King Cole," too long for inclusion here and I have no copy by me. He tells how arduous, born in men's spirits, stride splendidly amongst the weary men and horses, whom they transfigure as they cheer them on. That is not realism, that is reality. It is true that man is lifted and upheld through his greatest efforts by things that the realist's heart has never known. It is true and the poets should tell of it. The Poet Laureate, in a poem in this collection, tells, in the first verse, of a ship setting out for a far country, but in the next verse he says :*

*"I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,  
Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air ;  
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest."*

*There you have a clear claim for the poet that his work is not enclosed within the boundaries that limit material things. Indeed, if poetry is to be judged by the standard of what the common eye can see in ordinary things, then the reader that holds such a view has unhappily come by the wrong book, for we have no realism here, but the things pertaining to magic and the everyday affairs of the kingdoms of myth.*

*We have here the gorgeous James Flecker, with his shining Eastern wares ; A. E., like some merchant-magician, bringing to Dublin and to-day the colour and glamour of Babylon ; and Walter de la Mare, none surer of immortality, like a strange spirit drawn into the orbit of Earth, trailing the perfume and the memories and the wonder of the lands out of which he came ; Thomas Hardy, speaking of very simple things, yet regarding them not with the realist's eye but with the gaze of the prophet ; Ralph Hodgson trying, in the first poem on page 231, to tell people something simpler still, but they have grown too complex and busy, and may not understand ; and we have Gordon Bottomley, on page 225, charging with all the courage of Don Quixote, not against windmills but against very real devils, and devils that have a compact with this age.*

*And here we have England all spread out before us, and somewhat preserved against Time and his fierce ally, Change, so that if London cover Sussex with highly desirable residences, and beat down with the pavement harebell and thyme and mint, a little light of its grasses will still shine on in these two poems in which Rudyard Kipling and Hilaire Belloc have crystallized it ; and even if the folk of the English countryside come one day to be devoured by " Greater London," something of them will yet live on in that poem by G. K. Chesterton, " The Secret People," which first saw light in The Neolith about 1908, wherein is that unforgettable line telling of the attitude of " the new unhappy lords " to the people of England :*

*" They look at our labour and laughter as a tired man looks at flies."*

*Nor could England be fully told of without telling also of the sea, and this collection could not have been complete without Sir Henry Newbolt. And " Into Battle," by Julian Grenfell, and " Lights Out," by Edward Thomas, and that fine marching song by Charles Sorley, and the grand poem by*



*Alan Seeger, they are England too, "for ever England" as Rupert Brooke has written, fine songs like songs that birds sing in a stormy twilight.*

*And here, too, are exquisite poems that Eva Gore-Booth, Padraic Colum, and Moira O'Neill have made out of the love of Irish fields and lanes, which shines through every line of them : here is one of such lines :*

*"And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart."*

*And "The Doves," by Katharine Tynan, is full of those wistful memories, that call to mind quiet sunsets in the autumn, and which poetry alone can preserve for us beyond their generation.*

*One finds old favourites here, such as Arthur O'Shaughnessy's proud but just boast on behalf of the poets ; and Ernest Dowson's "Cynara," with a rhythm all of its own, which seems to be one of the surest signs of genius ; and the perfect sonnets of Lord Alfred Douglas ; and the strange and beautiful "Listeners" ; and "Lepanto" ; and "Nightingales" ; and "The South Country" ; and Mrs Wood's "March Thoughts from England," which I last read in a magazine twenty-five years ago ; it is hard to judge fairly between such poems that have long haunted one's memory, and those such as Thomas Edward Brown's "White Foxglove," of which I was hitherto ignorant. Several of Francis Thompson's poems are here, whom even starvation did not turn from his work, nor tempt to inferior work for inferior men, a grand example to all workers. And then there is Herbert Trench's "Song of the Vine in England," calling up all Italy before us, a fragrant essence of Italy, such as poets distil out of memories, a thing too beautiful to say anything about ; it should merely be read.*

*But the wealth of this book cannot all be set forth in an Introduction, and there are those, moreover, whom it would be almost an impertinence for me to praise, W. B. Yeats for*

*instance, whose work is already known in his own country ; and when that can be said of a poet (at any rate in England or Ireland) the magic ship that carries his wares has come to the last port of her long journey, and there are no longer harbours in the world that have not known her sails.*

*Let me conclude with the claim that we have poetry here well worthy of the age ; and this should always be so, for great deeds without great feelings would be like the undirected efforts of a giant in the dark, struggling with hidden destinies. For poetry is not a mere affectation, easily to be produced by drink or drugs, or a dissolute life, but is a rare flower brought to being only by the toil of beautiful, strong spirits, such a flower as will give splendour to an age ; penetrating men's thoughts with subtlety beyond our definition, as a wild perfume penetrates the air, cleansing and strengthening our visions ; and making its absence felt, in ages wherein it has faded, by yearnings of unknown wants that beat out from man, and reverberate in the night that surrounds our knowledge, only to beat back to him again and again from the unknown boundaries unanswered.*

DUNSANY

October 1922



## EDITOR'S PREFACE

THIS anthology is intended to be representative of what is best and most notable in modern English poetry.

My principal aim has been that of making a collection of good poems ; but I have also attempted to show that the most significant poetry of our time is either classical or romantic in character, and not—as some critics would have it—of the realistic school.

The anthology covers the wide and fruitful field of the verse written during the half century which opened with the year 1870 ; and it therefore surveys the poetic achievement of the present and that immediate past which together form the modern age.

Only poems actually written within the limits of the period under review have been included ; and the authors represented are among the more prominent of those the whole of whose verse, at least in collected or book form, has been published subsequent to the date mentioned.

There is reason for regarding the year 1870 as an important turning point in relation to English poetry. The poets who belong wholly to the Victorian age had by then, with some few exceptions, produced the work upon which their reputations in the main rest, whilst their successors, the younger men afterwards to become the doyens of our own day, were putting forth their first efforts in verse.

The half century that followed 1870 is indeed one of both interest and importance ; one which has seen the appearance of many poets of distinguished merit ; and one that is conspicuous for the excellence, variety and

*high technical skill of the poetry which it has given to the world. There are qualities that render it more than* comparable with any similar period in our literature not crowned by names of unquestionable pre-eminence.

The order of arrangement of the book is according to the birth dates of the authors, so far as these could be ascertained. Several departures from this principle have however been made, to permit of more effective grouping of certain poems. The result serves, none the less, to illustrate the changes in style and spirit peculiar to the poetry written in the course of what has been markedly a period of transition and experiment.

Copyright difficulties must be blamed for the omission of a few poems which might have been included ; but it is claimed that every author of note is to be found here, and that the anthology justly gives what is finest in that body of poetry from which its contents have been chosen.

THOMAS CALDWELL

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THE GOLDEN BOOK  
OF  
MODERN ENGLISH VERSE

1870-1920

ROBERT BRIDGES, POET LAUREATE

ODE ON THE TERCENTENARY  
COMMEMORATION OF SHAKESPEARE, 1916

Kind dove-wing'd Peace, for whose green olive-crown  
The noblest kings would give their diadems,  
Mother, who hast ruled our home so long,  
How suddenly art thou fled !  
Leaving our cities astir with war ;  
And yet on the fair fields deserted  
Lingerest, wherever the gaudy seasons  
Deck with excessive splendour  
The sorrow-stricken year,  
Where cornlands bask and high elms rustle gently,  
And still the unweeting birds sing on by brae and bourn.

The trumpet blareth and calleth the true to be stern :  
Be then thy soft reposeful music dumb ;  
Yet shall thy lovers awhile give ear  
—An' tho' full-armed they come—  
To the praise of England's gentlest son ;  
Whom, when she bore the Muses lov'd  
Above the best of eldest honour  
—Yea, save one without peer—  
And by great Homer set,  
Not to impugn his undisputed throne,  
The myriad-hearted by the mighty-hearted one.

For God of His gifts pour'd on him a full measure,  
 And gave him to know Nature and the ways of men :  
 And he dower'd with inexhaustible treasure  
     A world conquering speech,  
 Which surged as a river high-descended  
 That, gathering tributaries of many lands,  
 Rolls through the plain a bounteous flood,  
     Picturing towers and temples  
     And ruin of bygone times,  
 And floateth the ships deep-laden with merchandise  
 Out to the windy seas to traffic in foreign climes.

Thee, SHAKESPEARE, to-day we honour ; and evermore,  
 Since England bore thee, the master of human song,  
     Thy folk are we, children of thee,  
     Who, knitting in one her realm  
 And strengthening with pride her sea-borne clans,  
 Scorn'st in the grave the bruize of death.  
 All thy later-laurel'd choir  
     Laud thee in thy world-shrine :  
     London's laughter is thine ;  
 One with thee is our temper in melancholy or might,  
 And in thy book Great Britain's rule readeth her right.

Her chains are chains of Freedom, and her bright arms  
 Honour, Justice and Truth and Love to man.  
     Though first from a pirate ancestry  
     She took her home on the wave,  
 Her gentler spirit arose disdainful,  
 And, smiting the fetters of slavery,  
 Made the high seaways safe and free,  
     In wisdom bidding aloud  
     To world-wide brotherhood,  
 Till her flag was hail'd as the ensign of Liberty,  
 And the boom of her guns went round the earth in salvoes  
     of peace.

And thou, when Nature bow'd her mastering hand  
 To borrow an ecstasy of man's art from thee,  
     Thou, her poet, secure as she

• Of the shows of eternity,  
Didst never fear thy work should fall  
To fashion's craze nor pedant's folly  
Nor devastator, whose arrogant arms  
Murder and maim mankind ;  
Who, when in scorn of grace  
He hath batter'd and burn'd some loveliest dearest shrine,  
Laugheth in ire and boasteth aloud his brazen god.

. . . . .

I saw the Angel of Earth from strife aloof  
Mounting the heavenly stair with Time on high,  
Growing ever younger in the brightening air  
Of the everlasting dawn :  
It was not terror in his eyes nor wonder,  
That glance of the intimate exaltation  
Which lieth as Power under all Being,  
And broodeth in Thought above—  
As a bird wingeth over the ocean,  
Whether indolently the heavy water sleepeth  
Or is dash'd in a million waves, chafing or lightly laughing.

I hear his voice in the music of lamentation,  
In echoing chant and cadenced litany,  
In country song and pastoral piping  
And silvery dances of mirth :  
And oft, as the eyes of a lion in the brake,  
His presence hath startled me . . .  
In austere shapes of beauty lurking,  
Beautiful for Beauty's sake ;  
As a lonely blade of life  
Ariseth to flower whenever the unseen Will  
Stirreth with kindling aim the dark fecundity of Being.

Man knoweth but as in a dream of his own desire  
The thing that is good for man, and he dreameth well :  
But the lot of the gentle heart is hard  
That is cast in an epoch of life  
When evil is knotted and demons fight,  
Who know not, they, that the lowest lot

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Is treachery, hate and trust in sin  
 And perseverance in ill,  
 Doom'd to oblivious Hell,  
 To pass with the shames unspoken of men away,  
 Wash'd out with their tombs by the grey un pitying tears  
 of Heaven.

But ye, dear Youth, who lightly in the day of fury  
 Put on England's glory as a common coat,  
 And in your stature of masking grace  
 Stood forth warriors complete,  
 No praise o'ershadoweth yours to-day,  
 Walking out of the home of love  
 To match the deeds of all the dead.—  
 Alas ! alas ! fair Peace,  
 These were thy blossoming roses.  
 Look on thy shame, fair Peace, thy tearful shame !  
 Turn to thine isle, fair Peace ; return thou and guard it  
 well !

## I LOVE ALL BEAUTEOUS THINGS

I love all beauteous things,  
 I seek and adore them ;  
 God hath no better praise,  
 And man in his hasty days  
 Is honoured for them.

I too will something make  
 And joy in the making ;  
 Altho' to-morrow it seem  
 Like the empty words of a dream  
 Remembered on waking.

## THE VOICE OF NATURE

I stand on the cliff and watch the veiled sun paling  
 A silver field afar in the mournful sea,  
 The scourge of the surf, and plaintive gulls sailing

• At ease on the gale that smites the shuddering lea :  
    Whose smile severe and chaste  
June never hath stirred to vanity, nor age defaced.  
In lofty thought strive, O spirit, for ever :  
In courage and strength pursue thine own endeavour.

Ah ! if it were only for thee, thou restless ocean  
    Of waves that follow and roar, the sweep of the tides ;  
Wer't only for thee, impetuous wind, whose motion  
    Precipitate all o'errides, and turns, nor abides :  
    For you sad birds and fair,  
Or only for thee, bleak cliff, erect in the air ;  
Then well could I read wisdom in every feature,  
O well should I understand the voice of Nature.

But far away, I think, in the Thames valley,  
    The silent river glides by flowery banks :  
And birds sing sweetly in branches that arch an alley  
    Of cloistered trees, moss-grown in their ancient ranks :  
    Where if a light air stray,  
'Tis laden with hum of bees and scent of may.  
Love and peace be thine, O spirit, for ever :  
Serve thy sweet desire : despise endeavour.

And if it were only for thee, entranced river,  
    That scarce dost rock the lily on her airy stem,  
Or stir a wave to murmur, or a rush to quiver ;  
    Wer't but for the woods, and summer asleep in them :  
    For you my bowers green,  
My hedges of rose and woodbine, with walks between,  
Then well could I read wisdom in every feature,  
O well should I understand the voice of Nature.

## MY DELIGHT AND THY DELIGHT

My delight and thy delight  
Walking, like two angels white,  
In the gardens of the night :  
•



## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

My desire and thy desire  
 Twining to a tongue of fire,  
 Leaping live, and laughing higher;  
 Thro' the everlasting strife  
 In the mystery of life.

Love, from whom the world begun,  
 Hath the secret of the sun.

Love can tell, and love alone,  
 Whence the million stars were strewn,  
 Why each atom knows its own,  
 How, in spite of woe and death,  
 Gay is life, and sweet is breath :

This he taught us, this we knew,  
 Happy in his science true,  
 Hand in hand as we stood  
 'Neath the shadows of the wood,  
 Heart to heart as we lay  
 In the dawning of the day.

## NIGHTINGALES

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye came,  
 And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, wherefrom  
 Ye learn your song :  
 Where are those starry woods ? O might I wander there,  
 Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air  
 Bloom the year long !

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams :  
 Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,  
 A throe of the heart,  
 Whose pining visions dim, forbidding hopes profound,  
 No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,  
 For all our art.

## MODERN ENGLISH VERSE

7 -

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men  
We pour our dark nocturnal secret ; and then,  
    As night is withdrawn  
From these sweet springing meads and bursting boughs of  
    May,  
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day  
    Welcome the dawn.

### ON A DEAD CHILD

Perfect little body, without fault or stain on thee,  
With promise of strength and manhood full and fair !  
    Though cold and stark and bare,  
The bloom and the charm of life doth awhile remain on  
    thee.

Thy mother's treasure wert thou ;—alas ! no longer  
To visit her heart with wondrous joy ; to be  
    Thy father's pride ;—ah, he  
Must gather his faith together, and his strength make  
    stronger.

To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,  
Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon respond ;  
    Startling my fancy fond  
With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of beauty.

Thy hand clasps, as 'twas wont, my finger, and holds it ;  
    But the grasp is the clasp of Death, heartbreaking and  
    stiff ;  
    Yet feels to my hand as if  
'Twas still thy will, thy pleasure and trust that enfolds it.

So I lay thee there, thy sunken eyelids closing,—  
Go lie there in thy coffin, thy little bed !—  
    Propping thy wise, sad head,  
Thy firm, pale hands across thy chest disposing.

So quiet ! doth the change content thee ?—Death, whither  
hath he taken thee ?

To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster of this ?  
The vision of which I miss,

Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee and  
awaken thee ?

Ah ! little at best can all our hopes avail us

To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,

Unwilling, alone we embark,

And the things we have seen and have known and have  
heard of, fail us.

### A PASSER-BY

Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,

Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,

That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,

Whither away fair rover, and what thy quest ?

Ah ! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest,

When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,

Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest

In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,

Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air ;

I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,

And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,

Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare ;

Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-capped,  
grandest

Peak, that is over the feathery palms more fair

Than thou, so upright, so stately, and still thou standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhailed and nameless,

I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine

That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,

Thy port assured in a happier land than mine.

But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine,  
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,  
From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line  
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding.

## WEEP NOT TO-DAY

Weep not to-day ; why should this sadness be ?  
Learn in present fears  
To o'ermaster those tears  
That unhindered conquer thee.

Think on thy past valour, thy future praise ;  
Up, sad heart, nor faint  
In ungracious complaint,  
Or a prayer for better days.

Daily thy life shortens, the grave's dark peace  
Draweth surely nigh,  
When good-night is good-bye ;  
For the sleeping shall not cease.

Fight, to be found fighting ; nor far away  
Deem, nor strange thy doom.  
Like this sorrow 'twill come,  
And the day will be to-day.

*THOMAS EDWARD BROWN*

## WHITE FOXGLOVES

White foxglove, by an angle in the wall,  
Secluded, tall,  
No vulgar bees  
Consult you, wondering  
If such a dainty thing  
Can give them ease.  
Yet what was that ? Sudden a breeze

From the far moorland sighed,  
And you replied,  
Quiv'ring a moment with a thrill  
Sweet, but ineffable.

Was it a kiss that sought you from the bowers  
Of happier flowers,  
And did not heed  
Accessible loveliness,  
And with a quaint distress  
Hinted the need,  
And paused and trembled for its deed,  
And so you trembled, too,  
No roseate hue  
Revealing how the alarmed sense  
Blushed quick—intense ?

Ah me !  
Such kisses are for roses in the prime,  
For braid of lime,  
For full-blown blooms,  
For ardent breaths outpoured  
Obvious, or treasure stored  
In honied rooms  
Of rare delight, in which the looms  
Of nature still conspire  
To sate desire.  
Not such are you beside the wall,  
Cloistered and virginal.

'Twas your wild purple sisters there that passed  
Unseen, and cast  
The spell. They hold  
The vantage of the heights,  
And in you they have rights,  
And they are bold :  
They know not ever to be cold  
Or coy, but they would play  
With you alway.

- Wherefore their little sprites a-wing  
Make onslaught from the ling.

*So spake I to the foxglove in my mood,  
But was not understood.  
Rather she shrunk, and in a tenfold whiteness  
Condemned what must have seemed to her my lightness.*

### AUSTIN DOBSON

#### A GARDEN SONG

Here in this sequestered close  
Bloom the hyacinth and rose,  
Here beside the modest stock  
Flaunts the flaring hollyhock ;  
Here, without a pang, one sees  
Ranks, conditions, and degrees.

All the seasons run their race  
In this quiet resting-place ;  
Peach and apricot and fig  
Here will ripen and grow big ;  
Here is store and overplus,—  
More had not Alcinous !

Here, in alleys cool and green,  
Far ahead the thrush is seen ;  
Here along the southern wall  
Keeps the bee his festival ;  
All is quiet else—afar  
Sounds of toil and turmoil are.

Here be shadows large and long ;  
Here be spaces meet for song ;  
Grant, O garden-god, that I,  
Now that none profane is nigh,—  
Now that mood and moment please,—  
Find the fair Pierides !

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

## IN AFTER DAYS

In after days when grasses high  
O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,  
Though ill or well the world adjust  
My slender claim to honour'd dust,  
I shall not question or reply.

I shall not see the morning sky ;  
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh ;  
I shall be mute as all men must  
In after days !

But yet, now living, fain would I  
That someone then should testify,  
Saying—" He held his pen in trust  
To Art, not serving shame or lust."  
Will none ? Then let my memory die  
In after days.

*THOMAS HARDY*

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## IN TIME OF "THE BREAKING OF NATIONS"

## I

Only a man harrowing clods  
In a slow, silent walk  
With an old horse that stumbles and nods  
Half asleep as they stalk.

## II

Only thin smoke without flame  
From the heaps of couch-grass ;  
Yet this will go onward the same  
Though Dynasties pass.

## III

Yonder a maid and her wight  
Come whispering by :  
War's annals will cloud into night  
Ere their story die.

*WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT*

## ST VALENTINE'S DAY

To-day, all day, I rode upon the down,  
With hounds and horsemen, a brave company.  
On this side in its glory lay the sea,  
On that side Sussex weald, a sea of brown.  
The wind was light, and brightly the sun shone,  
And still we galloped on from gorse to gorse :  
And once, when checked, a thrush sang, and my horse  
Pricked his quick ears as to a sound unknown.

I knew the Spring was come. I knew it even  
Better than all by this, that through my chase  
In bush and stone and hill and sea and heaven  
I seemed to see and follow still your face.  
Your face my quarry was. For it I rode,  
My horse a thing of wings, myself a god.

## THE OLD SQUIRE

I like the hunting of the hare  
Better than that of the fox ;  
I like the joyous morning air,  
And the crowing of the cocks.

I like the calm of the early fields,  
The ducks asleep by the lake,  
The quiet hour which Nature yields,  
Before mankind is awake.

I like the pheasants and feeding things  
Of the unsuspecting morn ;  
I like the flap of the wood-pigeon's wings  
As she rises from the corn.

I like the blackbird's shriek, and his rush  
From the turnips as I pass by,  
And the partridge hiding her head in a bush,  
For her young ones cannot fly.



## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

I like these things, and I like to ride  
When all the world is in bed,  
To the top of the hill where the sky grows wide,  
And where the sun grows red.

The beagles at my horse heels trot  
In silence after me ;  
There's Ruby, Roger, Diamond, Dot,  
Old Slut and Margery,—

A score of names well used, and dear,  
The names my childhood knew ;  
The horn, with which I rouse their cheer,  
Is the horn my father blew.

I like the hunting of the hare  
Better than that of the fox ;  
The new world still is all less fair  
Than the old world it mocks.

I covet not a wider range  
Than these dear manors give ;  
I take my pleasure without change,  
And as I lived I live.

I leave my neighbours to their thought ;  
My choice it is, and pride,  
On my own lands to find my sport,  
In my own fields to ride.

The hare herself no better loves  
The field where she was bred,  
Than I the habit of these groves,  
My own inherited.

I know my quarries every one,  
The meuse where she sits low ;  
The road she chose to-day was run  
A hundred years ago.

The lags, the gills, the forest ways,  
The hedgerows one and all,  
These are the kingdoms of my chase,  
And bounded by my wall ;

Nor has the world a better thing,  
Though one should search it round,  
Than thus to live one's own sole king,  
Upon one's own sole ground.

I like the hunting of the hare ;  
It brings me, day by day,  
The memory of old days as fair,  
With dead men past away.

To these, as homeward still I ply,  
And pass the churchyard gate  
Where all are laid as I must lie,  
I stop and raise my hat.

I like the hunting of the hare ;  
New sports I hold in scorn.  
I like to be as my fathers were,  
In the days ere I was born.

*JOHN PAYNE*

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VIRELAY

As I sat sorrowing,  
Love came and bid me sing  
A joyous song and meet :  
For see (said he) each thing  
Is merry for the Spring,  
And every bird doth greet  
The break of blossoming,  
That all the woodlands ring  
Unto the young hour's feet.

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Wherefore put off defeat  
And rouse thee to repeat  
The chime of merles that go,  
With flutings shrill and sweet,  
In every green retreat,  
The time of streams that flow  
And mark the young hours' beat  
With running ripples fleet  
And breezes soft and low.

For who should have, I trow,  
Such joyance in the glow  
And pleasance of the May—  
In all sweet bells that blow  
In death of winter's woe  
And birth of Springtide gay,  
When in wood-walk and row  
Hand-link'd the lovers go—  
As he to whom alway

God giveth day by day,  
To set to roundelay  
The sad and sunny hours—  
To weave into a lay  
Life's golden hours and grey,  
Its sweet and bitter flowers—  
To sweep, with hands that stray  
In many a devious way,  
Its harp of sun and showers ?

Not in this life of ours,  
Whereon the sky oft lowers,  
Is any lovelier thing  
Than in the wild wood bowers  
The cloud of green that towers,  
The blithe birds welcoming  
The vivid vernal hours  
Among the painted flowers  
And all the pomp of Spring.

True, life is on the wing,  
And all the birds that sing,  
And all the flowers that be  
Amid the glow and ring,  
The pomp and glittering  
Of Spring's sweet pageantry,  
Have here small sojourning ;  
And all our sweet hours bring  
Death nearer, as they flee.

Yet this thing learn of me :  
The sweet hours fair and free  
That we have had of yore,  
The fair things we did see,  
The linkèd melody  
Of waves upon the shore  
That rippled in their glee,  
Are not lost utterly,  
Though they return no more.

But in the true heart's core  
Thought treasures evermore  
The time of birds and breeze ;  
And there the slow years store  
The flowers our dead Spring wore  
And scent of blossomed leas ;  
There murmur o'er and o'er  
The sound of woodlands hoar  
With newly burgeoned trees.

So for the sad soul's ease  
Remembrance treasures these  
Against time's harvesting,  
That so—when mild Death frees  
The soul from Life's disease  
Of strife and sorrowing—  
In glass of memories  
The new hope looks and sees  
Through death a brighter Spring.

*ANDREW LANG*

## THE ODYSSEY

As one that for a weary space has lain  
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine  
    In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,  
Where that Æean isle forgets the main,  
And only the low lutes of love complain,  
    And only shadows of wan lovers pine—  
As such an one were glad to know the brine  
Salt on his lips, and the large air again,—  
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech  
    Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free  
    Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,  
    And through the music of the languid hours  
They hear like Ocean on the western beach  
    The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

## BALLADE OF HIS CHOICE OF A SEPULCHRE

Here I would come when weariest.  
    Here the breast  
Of the Windburg's tufted over  
Deep with bracken ; here his crest  
    Takes the west,  
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.

Silent here are lark and plover ;  
    In the cover  
Deep below the cushat best  
Loves his mate and croons above her  
    O'er their nest,  
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover !

Bring me here life's tired out guest,  
    To the blest  
Bed that waits the weary rover,

Here should failure be confessed ;  
Ends my quest  
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover !

## ENVOY

Friend, or stranger kind, or lover,  
Ah, fulfil a last behest,  
Let me rest  
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover !

## ALMÆ MATRES

(ST ANDREWS, 1862—OXFORD, 1865)

*St Andrews by the Northern Sea*  
*A haunted town it is to me !*  
A little city, worn and gray,  
The gray North Ocean girds it round,  
And o'er the rocks, and up the bay,  
The long sea-rollers surge and sound.  
And still the thin and biting spray  
Drives down the melancholy street,  
And still endure, and still decay,  
Towers that the salt winds vainly beat.  
Ghost-like and shadowy they stand  
Clear mirror'd in the wet sea-sand.

O, ruin'd chapel, long ago  
We loiter'd idly where the tall  
Fresh-budded mountain-ashes blow  
Within thy desecrated wall :  
The tough roots broke the tomb below,  
The April birds sang clamorous,  
We did not dream, we could not know  
How soon the Fates would sunder us !

O, broken minster, looking forth  
Beyond the bay, above the town,  
O, winter of the kindly North,  
O, college of the scarlet gown,

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

And shining sands beside the sea,  
 And stretch of links beyond the sand,  
 Once more I watch you, and to me  
 It is as if I touch'd his hand !  
 And therefore art thou yet more dear,  
 O, little city, gray and sere,  
 Though shrunken from thine ancient pride,  
 And lonely by thy lonely sea,  
 Than these fair halls on Isis' side,  
 Where Youth an hour came back to me.

A land of waters green and clear,  
 Of willows and of poplars tall,  
 And in the spring-time of the year,  
 The white may breaking over all,  
 And Pleasure quick to come at call ;  
 And summer rides by marsh and wold,  
 And Autumn with her crimson pall  
 About the towers of Magdalen roll'd :  
 And strange enchantments from the past,  
 And memories of the friends of old,  
 And strong Tradition, binding fast  
 The flying terms with bands of gold,—  
 All these hath Oxford : all are dear,  
 But dearer far the little town,  
 The drifting surf, the wintry year,  
 The college of the scarlet gown :  
*St Andrews by the Northern Sea,*  
*That is a haunted town to me !*

## GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

## I HAVE DESIRED TO GO

## A NUN TAKES THE VEIL

I have desired to go  
 Where springs not fail,  
 To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail,  
 And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be  
Where no storms come,  
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,  
And out of the swing of the sea.

*ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY*

ODE

We are the music makers,  
And we are the dreamers of dreams,  
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,  
And sitting by desolate streams ;—  
World-losers and world-forsakers,  
On whom the pale moon gleams :  
Yet we are the movers and shakers  
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties  
We build up the world's great cities,  
And out of a fabulous story  
We fashion an empire's glory :  
One man with a dream, at pleasure,  
Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;  
And three with a new song's measure  
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying  
In the buried past of the earth,  
Built Nineveh with our sighing,  
And Babel itself in our mirth ;  
And o'erthrew them with prophesying  
To the old of the new world's worth ;  
For each age is a dream that is dying,  
Or one that is coming to birth.



## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

## SONG OF PALMS

Mighty, luminous, and calm  
Is the country of the palm,  
Crowned with sunset and sunrise,  
Under blue unbroken skies,  
Waving from green zone to zone,  
Over wonders of its own ;  
Trackless, untraversed, unknown,  
Changeless through the centuries.

Who can say what thing it bears ?  
Blazing bird and blooming flower,  
Dwelling there for years and years,  
Hold the enchanted secret theirs :  
Life and death and dream have made  
Mysteries in many a shade,  
Hollow haunt and hidden bower  
Closed alike to sun and shower.

Who is ruler of each race  
Living in each boundless place,  
Growing, flowering, and flying,  
Glowing, revelling, and dying ?  
Wave-like, palm by palm is stirred,  
And the bird sings to the bird,  
And the day sings one rich word,  
And the great night comes replying.

Long red reaches of the cane,  
Yellow winding water-lane,  
Verdant isle and amber river,  
Lisp and murmur back again,  
And ripe under-worlds deliver  
Rapturous souls of perfume, hurled  
Up to where green oceans quiver  
In the wide leaves' restless world.

Like a giant led astray  
Seemeth each effulgent day,

Wandering amazed and lonely  
Up and down each forest way,  
Lured by bird and charmed by bloom,  
Lulled to sleep by great perfume,  
Knowing, marvelling and only  
Bearing some rich dream away.

Many thousand years have been,  
And the sun alone hath seen,  
Like a high and radiant ocean,  
All the fair palm world in motion ;  
But the crimson bird hath fed  
With its mate of equal red,  
And the flower in soft explosion  
With the flower hath been wed.

And its long luxuriant thought  
Lofty palm to palm hath taught,  
While a single vast fiana  
All one brotherhood hath wrought,  
Crossing forest and savannah,  
Binding fern and coco-tree,  
Fig-tree, buttress-tree, banana,  
Dwarf cane and tall marití.

And no sun hath reached the rock  
Shaken by water shock,  
Where with flame-like plumage flutter  
Golden birds in glaring flock,  
Bright against the darkness utter,  
Lighting up the solitude,  
Where dim cascades roar and mutter  
Through the river's foaming feud.

And beyond the trees are scant,  
And a hidden lake is lying  
Under wide-leaved water-plant,  
Blossom with white blossom vying.

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Who shall say what thing is heard,  
 Who shall say what liquid word,  
 Caught by the bentivi bird,  
     Over lake and blossom flying ?

All around and overhead,  
 Spells of splendid change are shed ;  
     Who shall tell enchanted stories  
 Of the forests that are dead ?  
 Lo ! the soul shall grow immense,  
 Looking on strange hues intense,  
     Gazing at the flaunted glories  
     Of the hundred-coloured lories.

*EMILY HENRIETTA HICKEY*

## BELOVÈD, IT IS MORN

Belovèd, it is morn !  
     A redder berry on the thorn,  
     A deeper yellow on the corn,  
 For this good day new-born :  
     Pray, Sweet, for me  
     That I may be  
     Faithful to God and thee.

Belovèd, it is day !  
     And lovers work, as children play,  
     With heart and brain untired away :  
 Dear love, look up and pray.  
     Pray, Sweet, for me  
     That I may be  
     Faithful to God and thee.

Belovèd, it is night !  
     Thy heart and mine are full of light,  
     Thy spirit shineth clear and white,—

God keep thee in his sight !  
Pray, Sweet, for me  
That I may be  
Faithful to God and thee.

*EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON*

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SUNKEN GOLD

In dim green depths rot ingot-laden ships,  
While gold doubloons that from the drowned hand fell  
Lie nestled in the Ocean's flower bell  
With Love's gemmed rings once kissed by now dead lips.  
And round some wrought-gold cup the sea-grass whips  
And hides lost pearls, near pearls still in their shell,  
Where seaweed forests fill each ocean dell,  
And seek dim sunlight with their countless tips.

So lie the wasted gifts, the long lost hopes,  
Beneath the now hushed surface of myself,  
In lovelier depths than where the diver gropes  
They lie deep, deep ; but I at times behold  
In doubtful glimpses, on some reefy shelf,  
The gleam of irrecoverable gold.

*SAMUEL WADDINGTON*

MORNING

Now o'er the topmost pine,  
The distant pine-clad peak,  
There dawns a golden streak  
Of light, an orient line :—  
Phœbus, the light is thine,  
Thine is the glory,—seek  
Each dale and dewy creek,  
And in full splendour shine !

Thy steeds now chafe and fret  
 To scour the dusky plain :  
 Speed forth with flashing rein,  
 Speed o'er the land,—and yet,  
 Ah ! linger in this lane,  
 Kissing each violet.

## BEATA BEATRIX

*“Ella ha perduta la sua Beatrice :  
 E le parole ch'uom di lei può dire  
 Hanno virtù di far piangere altrui.”*

*Vita Nuova.*

And was it thine, the light whose radiance shed  
 Love's halo round the gloom of Dante's brow ?  
 Was thine the hand that touched his hand, and thou  
 The spirit to his inmost spirit wed ?  
 O gentle, O most pure, what shall be said  
 In praise of these to whom Love's minstrels bow ?  
 O heart that held his heart, for ever now  
 Thou with his glory shalt be garlanded.  
 Lo, 'mid the twilight of the waning years,  
 Firenze claims once more our love, our tears :  
 But thou, triumphant on the throne of song,—  
 By Mary seated in the realm above,—  
 O give us of that gift than death more strong,  
 The loving spirit that won Dante's love.

## FROM NIGHT TO NIGHT

From night to night, through circling darkness whirled,  
 Day dawns, and wanes, and still leaves, as before,  
 The shifting tides and the eternal shore :  
 Sources of life, and forces of the world,  
 Unseen, unknown, in folds of mystery furled,  
 Unseen, unknown, remain for evermore :—  
 To heaven-hid heights man's questioning soul would soar,  
 Yet falls from darkness unto darkness hurled !

'Angels of light, ye spirits of the air,  
Peopling of yore the dreamland of our youth,  
Ye who once led us through those scenes so fair,  
Lead now, and leave us near the realm of Truth :  
Lo, if in dreams some truths we chanced to see,  
Now in the truth some dreams may haply be.

## SOUL AND BODY

Where wert thou, Soul, ere yet my body born  
Became thy dwelling-place ? Didst thou on earth,  
Or in the clouds, await this body's birth ?  
Or by what chance upon that winter's morn  
Didst thou this body find, a babe forlorn ?  
Didst thou in sorrow enter, or in mirth ?  
Or for a jest, perchance, to try its worth  
Thou tookest flesh, ne'er from it to be torn ?

Nay, Soul, I will not mock thee ; well I know  
Thou wert not on the earth, nor in the sky ;  
For with my body's growth thou too didst grow ;  
But with that body's death wilt thou too die ?  
I know not, and thou canst not tell me, so  
In doubt we'll go together—thou and I.

*WILLIAM CANTON*

## LAUS INFANTIIUM

In praise of little children I will say  
God first made man, then found a better way  
For woman, but His third way was the best.  
Of all created things the loveliest  
And most divine are children. Nothing here  
Can be to us more gracious or more dear.  
And though when God saw all His works were good,  
There was no rosy flower of babyhood,  
'Twas said of children in a later day  
That none could enter Heaven save such as they.

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

The earth, which feels the flowering of a thorn, '   
 Was glad, O little child, when you were born ;   
 The earth, which thrills when skylarks scale the blue,   
 Soared up itself to God's own Heaven in you ;

And Heaven, which loves to lean down and to glass   
 Its beauty in each dewdrop on the grass—   
 Heaven laughed to find your face so pure and fair,   
 And left, O little child, its reflex there !

*JOHN BANNISTER TABB*

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## CONFIDED

Another Lamb, O Lamb of God, behold,   
 Within this quiet fold,   
 Among Thy Father's sheep   
 I lay to sleep !   
 A heart that never for a night did rest   
 Beyond its mother's breast.   
 Lord, keep it close to Thee,   
 Lest waking, it should bleat and pine for me !

*D. M. DOLBEN*

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## THE SHRINE

There is a shrine whose golden gate   
 Was opened by the Hand of God ;   
 It stands serene, inviolate,   
 Though millions have its pavement trod ;   
 As fresh, as when the first sunrise   
 Awoke the lark in Paradise.

'Tis compassed with the dust and toil   
 Of common days, yet should there fall

A single speck, a single soil  
Upon the whiteness of its wall,  
The angels' tears in tender rain  
Would make the temple theirs again.

Without, the world is tired and old,  
But, once within the enchanted door,  
The mists of time are backward rolled,  
And creeds and ages are no more ;  
But all the human-hearted meet  
In one communion vast and sweet.

I enter—all is simply fair,  
Nor incense-clouds, nor carven throne ;  
But in the fragrant morning air  
A gentle lady sits alone ;  
My mother—ah ! whom should I see  
Within, save ever only thee ?

### HE WOULD HAVE HIS LADY SING

Sing me the men ere this  
Who, to the gate that is  
A cloven pearl unrapt,  
The big white bars between  
With dying eyes have seen  
The sea of jasper, lapt  
About with crystal sheen ;

And all the fair pleasance  
Where linkèd Angels dance,  
With scarlet wings that fall  
Magnifical, or spread  
Most sweetly over-head,  
In fashion musical  
Of cadenced lutes instead.

Sing me the town they saw  
Withouten fleck or flaw,



## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Aflame, more fine than glass  
Of fair Abbayes the boast,  
More glad than wax of cost  
Doth make at Candlemas  
The Lifting of the Host :

Where many Knights and Dames,  
With new and wondrous names,  
One great Laudaté Psalm  
Go singing down the street ;—  
'Tis peace upon their feet,  
In hand 'tis pilgrim palm  
Of Goddes Land so sweet :—

Where Mary Mother walks  
In silver lily stalks,  
Star-tirèd, moon-bedight ;  
Where Cicely is seen,  
With Dorothy in green,  
And Magdalen all white,  
The maidens of the Queen.

Sing on—the Steps untrod,  
The Temple that is God,  
Where incense doth ascend,  
Where mount the cries and tears  
Of all the dolorous years,  
With moan that ladies send  
Of durance and sore fears :—

And Him who sitteth there,  
The Christ of purple hair,  
And great eyes deep with ruth,  
Who is of all things fair  
That shall be, or that were,  
The sum, and very truth.  
Then add a little prayer.

That since all there be so,  
Our Liege, who doth us know,

Would fend from Sathanas,  
And bring us, of His grace,  
To that His joyous place :  
So we the Doom may pass,  
And see Him in the Face.

*EDMUND GOSSE*

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LYING IN THE GRASS

Between two golden tufts of summer grass  
I see the world through hot air as through glass,  
And by my face sweet lights and colours pass.

Before me, dark against the fading sky,  
I watch three mowers mowing, as I lie :  
With brawny arms they sweep in harmony.

Brown English faces by the sun burnt red,  
Rich glowing colour on bare throat and head,  
My heart would leap to watch them, were I dead !

And in my strong young living as I lie,  
I seem to move with them in harmony,—  
A fourth is moving, and that fourth am I.

The music of the scythes that glide and leap,  
The young men whistling as their great arms sweep,  
And all the perfume and sweet sense of sleep,

The weary butterflies that droop their wings,  
The dreamy nightingale that hardly sings,  
And all the lassitude of happy things,

Is mingling with the warm and pulsing blood  
That gushes through my veins a languid flood,  
And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud.

Behind the mowers, on the amber air,  
A dark-green beech-wood rises, still and fair,  
A white path winding up it like a stair.

And see that girl, with pitcher on her head,  
And clean white apron on her gown of red,—  
Her even-song of love is but half-said :

She waits the youngest mower. Now he goes :  
Her cheeks are redder than the wild blush-rose :  
They climb up where the deepest shadows close.

But though they pass, and vanish, I am there.  
I watch his rough hands meet beneath her hair,  
Their broken speech sounds sweet to me like prayer.

Ah ! now the rosy children come to play,  
And romp and struggle with the new-mown hay ;  
Their clear high voices sound from far away.

They know so little why the world is sad,  
They dig themselves warm graves and yet are glad ;  
Their muffled screams and laughter make me mad !

I long to go and play among them there ;  
Unseen, like wind, to take them by the hair,  
And gently make their rosy cheeks more fair.

The happy children ! full of frank surprise,  
And sudden whims and innocent ecstasies ;  
What godhead sparkles from their liquid eyes !

No wonder round those urns of mingled clays  
That Tuscan potters fashion'd in old days,  
And colour'd like the torrid earth ablaze,

We find the little gods and loves portray'd,  
Through ancient forests wandering undismay'd,  
And fluting hymns of pleasure unafraid.

They knew, as I do now, what keen delight,  
A strong man feels to watch the tender flight  
Of little children playing in his sight ;

What pure sweet pleasure, and what sacred love,  
Comes drifting down upon us from above,  
In watching how their limbs and features move.

I do not hunger for a well-stored mind,  
I only wish to live my life and find  
My heart in unison with all mankind.

My life is like the single dewy star  
That trembles on the horizon's primrose-bar,—  
A microcosm where all things living are.

And if, among the noiseless grasses, Death  
Should come behind and take away my breath,  
I should not rise as one who sorroweth ;

For I should pass ; but all the world would be  
Full of desire and young delight and glee,  
And why should men be sad through loss of me ?

The light is flying ; in the silver blue  
The young moon shines from her bright window through :  
The mowers are all gone, and I go too.

*WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY*

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INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud ;  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbow'd.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate :  
I am the captain of my soul.

## MARGARITÆ SORORI

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies ;  
And from the west,  
Where the sun, his day's work ended,  
Lingers as in content,  
There falls on the old, gray city  
An influence luminous and serene,  
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends  
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires  
Shine, and are changed. In the valley  
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,  
Closing his benediction,  
Sinks, and the darkening air  
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—  
Night with her train of stars  
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing !  
My task accomplish'd and the long day done,  
My wages taken, and in my heart

Some late lark singing,  
Let me be gather'd to the quiet west,  
The sundown splendïd and serene,  
Death.

*ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON*

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### THE ROADSIDE FIRE

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight  
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.  
I will make a palace fit for you and me,  
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,  
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom.  
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white  
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,  
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear !  
That only I remember, that only you admire,  
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

### BLOWS THE WIND TO-DAY

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,  
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,  
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are  
crying,  
My heart remembers how !

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,  
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,  
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races,  
And winds austere and pure :

Be it granted to me to behold you again in dying,  
Hills of home ! and to hear again the call ;  
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,  
And hear no more at all.

## IN THE HIGHLANDS

In the highlands, in the country places,  
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,  
And the young fair maidens  
Quiet eyes ;  
Where essential silence chills and blesses,  
And for ever in the hill-recesses  
*Her* more lovely music  
Broods and dies—

O to mount again where erst I haunted ;  
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted,  
And the low green meadows  
Bright with sward ;  
And when even dies, the million-tinted,  
And the night has come, and planets glinted,  
Lo, the valley hollow  
Lamp-bestarr'd !

O to dream, O to awake and wander  
There, and with delight to take and render,  
Through the trance of silence,  
Quiet breath !  
Lo ! for there, among the flowers and grasses,  
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes ;  
Only winds and rivers,  
Life and death.

## REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky  
Dig the grave and let me lie :  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :  
*Here he lies where he long'd to be ;*  
*Home is the sailor, home from sea,*  
*And the hunter home from the hill.*

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON

THE ROSE AND THE WIND

DAWN

THE ROSE

When think you comes the Wind,  
 The Wind that kisses me and is so kind ?  
 Lo, how the Lily sleeps ! her sleep is light ;  
 Would I were like the Lily, pale and white !  
 Will the Wind come ?

THE BEECH

Perchance for thee too soon.

THE ROSE

If not, how could I live until the noon ?  
 What, think you, Beech-tree, makes the Wind delay ?  
 Why comes he not at breaking of the day ?

THE BEECH

Hush, child, and, like the Lily, go to sleep.

THE ROSE

You know I cannot.

THE BEECH

Nay, then, do not weep.

*(After a pause)*

Thy lover comes, be happy now, O Rose !  
 He softly through my bending branches goes.  
 Soon he shall come, and you shall feel his kiss.



## THE ROSE

Already my flushed heart grows faint with bliss ;  
Love, I have longed for thee through all the night.

## THE WIND

And I to kiss thy petals warm and bright.

## THE ROSE

Laugh round me, Love, and kiss me ; it is well.  
Nay, have no fear ; the Lily will not tell.

## MORNING

## THE ROSE

'Twas dawn when first you came ; and now the sun  
Shines brightly, and the dews of dawn are done.  
'Tis well you take me so in your embrace,  
But lay me back again into my place,  
For I am worn, perhaps with bliss extreme.

## THE WIND

Nay, you must wake, Love, from this childish dream.

## THE ROSE

'Tis thou, Love, seemest changed ; thy laugh is loud,  
And 'neath thy stormy kiss my head is bowed.  
O Love, O Wind, a space wilt thou not spare ?

## THE WIND

Not while thy petals are so soft and fair !

## THE ROSE

My buds are blind with leaves, they cannot see.  
O Love, O Wind, wilt thou not pity me ?

## EVENING

## THE BEECH

O Wind ! a word with you before you pass :  
What did you to the Rose, that on the grass  
Broken she lies, and pale, who loved you so ?

## THE WIND

Roses must live and love, and winds must blow.

*HERBERT EDWIN CLARKE*

## FAILURE

Let my head lie quiet here upon your shoulder  
Once, once more ;  
Dead desires are round us, round us dead hopes moulder—  
All is o'er.

We were young and strong, dear, stout and hopeful-hearted—  
Who could know  
What dark future lay before us when we started  
Long ago ?

When we two joined hands, dear, in our life's bright  
morning,  
Heard the call,  
Gladly rushed to join the strife, supineness scorning ;  
Over all

Saw Hope's sunrise gleaming glorious and golden,  
Knew no fear,  
Though beside us Failure marching un beholden  
Was so near.

Now we know the secret-fight by failure ended,  
Final fall ;  
Nothing good or great, dear, nothing grand or splendid  
In at all.

Youth's bright morning passes, and for all its blossom,  
Fruit is none ;  
Now my head lies quiet on your soft white bosom,  
All is done.

And the haze is thickening round us, making dimmer  
The bare room,  
Lighted only by the charcoal's lurid glimmer  
In the gloom.

To that brazier's glimmer hath the glory dwindled,  
Fallen far,  
Lo, the light whereat our heart's high hope was kindled :  
Lo, our star.

God-sent star we deemed it, sent to cheer and speed us,  
Guide and save,  
When 'twas but a pale corpse-candle, lit to lead us  
To the grave.

Some will blame Fate's harshness, some our own demerit—  
Shall we know ?  
Shall we feel it, shall we care for it, or hear it,  
Where we go ?

Some will mock as crazed, and some will curse as craven ;  
Let them lie.  
Shall they mar the perfect quiet of our heaven  
With their cry ?

Though it rent high heaven, though the earth were  
shaken—  
And the deep—  
Lo, not all the tumult there should ever waken  
Us from sleep.

Need we say farewell, dear—we who go together,  
Hand in hand,  
Through the night and darkness and the winter weather  
To Death's land ?

Nay, but cheek by cheek, love, as in nights past over,  
Breast to breast  
We two gladly enter, lover clasping lover,  
Into rest.

*ALICE MEYNELL*

RENOUNCEMENT

I must not think of thee ; and, tired yet strong,  
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—  
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,  
And in the sweetest passage of a song.

Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng  
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet  
bright ;  
But it must never, never come in sight ;  
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,  
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,  
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,

Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—  
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep  
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

IN EARLY SPRING

O Spring, I know thee ! Seek for sweet surprise  
In the young children's eyes.  
But I have learnt the years, and know the yet  
Leaf-folded violet.  
Mine ear, awake to silence, can foretell  
The cuckoo's fitful bell.  
I wander in a grey time that encloses  
June and the wild hedge-roses.

A year's procession of the flowers doth pass  
My feet, along the grass.  
And all you sweet birds silent yet, I know  
The notes that stir you so,  
Your songs yet half devised in the dim dear  
Beginnings of the year.  
In these young days you meditate your part ;  
I have it all by heart.

I know the secrets of the seeds of flowers  
Hidden and warm with showers,  
And how, in kindling Spring, the cuckoo shall  
Alter his interval.  
But not a flower or song I ponder is  
My own, but memory's.  
I shall be silent in those days desired  
Before a world inspired.  
O dear brown birds, compose your old song-phrases,  
Earth, thy familiar daisies.

The poet mused upon the dusky height,  
Between two stars towards night,  
His purpose in his heart. I watched, a space,  
The meaning of his face :  
There was the secret, fled from earth and skies,  
Hid in his grey young eyes.  
My heart and all the Summer wait his choice,  
And wonder for his voice.  
Who shall foretell his songs, and who aspire  
But to divine his lyre ?  
Sweet earth, we know thy dimmest mysteries,  
But he is lord of his.

#### A LETTER FROM A GIRL TO HER OWN OLD AGE

Listen, and when thy hand this paper presses,  
O time-worn woman, think of her who blesses  
What thy thin fingers touch, with her caresses.

O mother, for the weight of years that break thee !  
O daughter, for slow time must yet awake thee,  
And from the changes of my heart must make thee.

O fainting traveller, morn is grey in heaven.  
Dost thou remember how the clouds were driven ?  
And are they calm about the fall of even ?

Pause near the ending of thy long migration,  
For this one sudden hour of desolation  
Appeals to one hour of thy meditation.

Suffer, O silent one, that I remind thee  
Of the great hills that stormed the sky behind thee,  
Of the wild winds of power that have resigned thee.

Know that the mournful plain where thou must wander  
Is but a grey and silent world, but ponder  
The misty mountains of the morning yonder.

Listen :—the mountain winds with rain were fretting,  
And sudden gleams the mountain-tops besetting.  
I cannot let thee fade to death, forgetting.

What part of this wild heart of mine I know not  
Will follow with thee where the great winds blow not,  
And where the young flowers of the mountain grow not.

Yet let my letter with thy lost thoughts in it  
Tell what the way was when thou didst begin it,  
And win with thee the goal when thou shalt win it.

Oh, in some hour of thine my thoughts shall guide thee.  
Suddenly, though time, darkness, silence hide thee,  
This wind from thy lost country flits beside thee,—

Telling thee : all thy memories moved the maider,  
With thy regrets was morning over-shaden,  
With sorrow thou hast left, her life was laden.

But whither shall my thoughts turn to pursue thee.  
Life changes, and the years and days renew thee.  
Oh, Nature brings my straying heart unto thee.

Her winds will join us, with their constant kisses  
Upon the evening as the morning tresses,  
Her summers breathe the same unchanging blisses.

And we, so altered in our shifting phases,  
Track one another 'mid the many mazes  
By the eternal child-breath of the daisies.

I have not writ this letter of divining  
To make a glory of thy silent pining,  
A triumph of thy mute and strange declining.

Only one youth, and the bright life was shrouded.  
Only one morning, and the day was clouded.  
And one old age with all regrets is crowded.

Oh, hush ; oh, hush ! Thy tears my words are steeping.  
Oh, hush, hush, hush ! So full, the fount of weeping ?  
Poor eyes, so quickly moved, so near to sleeping ?

Pardon the girl ; such strange desires beset her.  
Poor woman, lay aside the mournful letter  
That breaks thy heart ; the one who wrote, forget her.

The one who now thy faded features guesses,  
With filial fingers thy grey hair caresses,  
With morning tears thy mournful twilight blesses.

## AT NIGHT

To W. M.

Home, home from the horizon far and clear,  
Hither the soft wings sweep ;  
Flocks of the memories of the day draw near  
The dovecote doors of sleep.

O which are they that come through sweetest light  
Of all these homing birds ?  
Which with the straightest and the swiftest flight ?  
Your words to me, your words !

*FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON*

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THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

The night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one ;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one ;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done.

*FRANCIS BURDETT MONEY-COUTTS*

(LORD LATYMER)

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ANY FATHER TO ANY SON

For thee a crown of thorns I wear,  
And thought imperative constrains  
My labouring heart for thee to bear  
The travail of a woman's pains ;

For with intolerable presage  
Of all the amazements of thy life,  
The pits of ancient woe I gauge,  
The vast impediments of strife ;



## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Or else in dreadful dreaming cast,  
 I see thy form before me fly,  
 By prescience never overpast  
 Nor fleetest foot that love can ply.

Still as thy shadow must I run,  
 When all the shadows fall behind,  
 And in the rich seductive sun  
 Thou to the darker bars art blind.

## MORS, MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS

I hate thee, Death !

Not that I fear thee,—more than mortal sprite .  
 Fears the dark entrance, whence no man returns ;  
 For who would not resign his scanty breath,  
 Unreal joy, and troublesome delight,  
 To marble coffer or sepulchral urn's  
 Inviolat keeping ?  
 To quench the smouldering lamp, that feebly burns  
 Within this chamber, to procure sweet sleeping,  
 Is not a madman's act. And yet I hate thee,  
 Swift breaker of life's poor illusion,  
 Stern ender of love's fond confusion,  
 And with rebellion in my heart await thee.

Like mariners we sail, of fate unwist,  
 With orders seal'd and only to be read  
 When home has faded in the morning mist  
 And simple faith and innocence are fled !

Oft we neglect them, being much dismay'd  
 By phantoms and weird wonders  
 That haunt the deep,  
 By voices, winds, and thunders,  
 Old mariners that cannot pray nor weep,  
 And faces of drown'd souls that cannot sleep !  
 Or else our crew is mutinous, array'd  
 Against us, and the mandate is delay'd,

But when the forces that rebell'd  
 Are satisfied or quell'd ;  
 When sails are trimm'd to catch the merry wind,  
 And billows dance before and foam behind ;  
 Free, free at last from tumult and distraction  
 Of pleasure beckon'd and of pain repell'd,—  
 Free from ourselves and disciplined for action,—  
 We break the seal of destiny, to find  
 The bourne or venture for our cruise design'd,  
 Then, at that very moment, hark ! a cry  
 On deck ; and then a silence, as of breath  
 Held. In the offing, low against the sky,  
 Hoves thy black flag ! . . . Therefore I hate thee,  
 Death !

*WILLIAM SHARP*

SHULE, SHULE, SHULE, AGRAH !<sup>1</sup>

His face was glad as dawn to me,  
 His breath was sweet as dusk to me,  
 His eyes were burning flames to me,  
 Shule, Shule, Shule, agrah !

The broad noon-day was night to me,  
 The full-moon night was dark to me,  
 The stars whirled and the poles span  
 The hour God took him far from me.

Perhaps he dreams in heaven now,  
 Perhaps he doth in worship bow,  
 A white flame round his foam-white brow,  
 Shule, Shule, Shule, agrah !

I laugh to think of him like this,  
 Who once found all his joy and bliss

<sup>1</sup> I do not give the correct spelling of the Gaelic. The line signifies 'Move, move, move to me, my Heart's Love.'—*Author's Note.*

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Against my heart, against my kiss,  
Shule, Shule, Shule, agra !

*Star of my joy, art still the same  
Now thou hast gotten a new name ?  
Pulse of my heart, my Blood, my Flame,  
Shule, Shule, Shule, agra !*

## THE KYE-SONG OF ST BRIDE

O sweet St Bride of the  
    Yellow, yellow hair :  
Paul said, and Peter said,  
And all the saints alive or dead  
Vowed she had the sweetest head,  
Bonnie, sweet St Bride of the  
    Yellow, yellow hair.

White may my milking be,  
    White as these :  
Thy face is white, thy neck is white,  
Thy hands are white, thy feet are white,  
For thy sweet soul is shining bright—  
    O dear to me,  
    O dear to see,  
    St Bridget white.

Yellow may my butter be,  
    Firm and round :  
Thy breasts are sweet,  
Firm, round, and sweet,  
So may my butter be :  
So may my butter be O  
    Bridget sweet.

Safe thy way is, safe, O  
    Safe, St Bride :  
May my kye come home at even,  
None be fallin', none be leavin',

Dusky even, breath-sweet even,  
 Here, as there, where O  
                     St Bride thou  
 Keepest tryst with God in heav'n,

Seest the angels bow  
 And souls be shriven—  
 Here, as there, 'tis breath-sweet even  
                     Far and wide—  
 Singeth thy little maid  
 Safe in thy shade  
                     Bridget, Bride !

## INVOCATION

Play me a lulling tune, O Flute-Player of Sleep,  
 Across the twilight bloom of thy purple havens.  
 Far off a phantom stag on the moonyellow highlands  
 Ceases ; and, as a shadow, wavers ; and passes :  
 So let Silence seal me and Darkness gather, Piper of Sleep.

Play me a lulling chant, O anthem-maker,  
 Out of the fall of lonely seas, and the wind's sorrow :  
 Behind are the burning glens of the sunset sky  
 Where like blown ghosts the seamews wail their desolate  
                     sea-dirges :  
 Make me of these a lulling chant, O anthem-maker.

No—no—from nets of silence weave me, O Sigher of Sleep,  
 A dusky veil ash-grey as the moonpale moth's grey wing ;  
 Of thicket-stillness woven, and sleep of grass, and thin  
                     evanishing air  
 Where the tall reed spires breathless—for I am tired, O  
                     Sigher of Sleep,  
 And long for thy muffled song as of bells on the wind, and  
                     the wind's cry  
                     Falling and the dim wastes that lie  
                     Beyond the last, low, long, oblivious sigh.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF  
*EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY*

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THE FLUTE OF DAPHNIS

(FROM THEOCRITUS)

I am the flute of Daphnis. On this wall  
 He nail'd his tribute to the great god Pan,  
 What time he grew from boyhood, shapely, tall,  
 And felt the first deep ardours of a man.  
 Through adult veins more swift the song-tide ran,—  
 A vernal stream whose swollen torrents call  
 For instant ease in utterance. Then began  
 That course of triumph revered by all.

Him the gods loved, and more than other men  
 Blessed with the flower of beauty, and endow'd  
 His soul of music with the strength of ten.  
 Now on a festal day I see the crowd  
 Look fondly at my resting-place, and when  
 I think whose lips have press'd me, I am proud.

*MARGARET LOUISA WOODS*

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GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

Come no more of grief and dying !  
 Sing the time too swiftly flying.  
     Just an hour  
     Youth's in flower,  
 Give me roses to remember  
 In the shadow of December.

Fie on steeds with leaden paces !  
 Winds shall bear us on our races,  
     Speed, O Speed,  
     Wind, my steed,  
 Beat the lightning for your master,  
 Yet my fancy shall fly faster.

Give me music, give me rapture,  
Youth that's fled can none recapture ;  
    Not with thought  
    Wisdom's bought.  
Out on pride and scorn and sadness !  
Give me laughter, give me gladness.

Sweetest Earth, I love and love thee,  
Seas about thee, skies above thee,  
    Sun and storms,  
    Hues and forms  
Of the clouds with floating shadows  
On thy mountains and thy meadows.

Earth, there's none that can enslave thee,  
Not thy lords it is that have thee ;  
    Not for gold  
    Art thou sold,  
But thy lovers at their pleasure  
Take thy beauty and thy treasure.

While sweet fancies meet me singing,  
While the April blood is springing  
    In my breast,  
    While a jest  
And my youth thou yet must leave me,  
Fortune, 'tis not thou canst grieve me.

When at length the grasses cover  
Me, the world's unwearied lover,  
    If regret  
    Haunt me yet,  
It shall be for joys untasted,  
Nature lent and folly wasted.

Youth and jests and summer weather,  
Goods that kings and clowns together  
    Waste or use  
    As they choose,  
These, the best, we miss pursuing  
Sullen shades that mock our wooing.

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Feigning Age will not delay it—  
 When the reckoning comes we'll pay it.  
     Our own mirth  
     Has been worth  
 All the forfeit light or heavy  
 Wintry Time and Fortune levy.

Feigning grief will not escape it,  
 What though ne'er so well you ape it—  
     Age and care  
     All must share,  
 All alike must pay hereafter,  
 Some for sighs and some for laughter.

Know, ye sons of Melancholy,  
 To be young and wise is folly.  
     'Tis the weak  
     Fear to wreak  
 On this clay of life their fancies,  
 Shaping battles, shaping dances.

While ye scorn our names unspoken,  
 Roses dead and garlands broken,  
     O ye wise,  
     We arise,  
 Out of failures, dreams, disasters,  
 We arise to be your masters.

## MARCH THOUGHTS FROM ENGLAND

O that I were lying under the olives,  
 Lying alone among the anemones !  
 Shell-colour'd blossoms they bloom there and scarlet,  
 Far under stretches of silver woodland  
 Flame in the delicate shade of the olives.

O that I were lying under the olives !  
 Grey grows the thyme on the shadowless headland,

The long low headland, where white in the sunshine  
The rocks run seaward. It seems suspended  
Lone in an infinite gulf of azure.

There, were I lying under the olives,  
Might I behold come following seaward,  
Clear brown shapes in a world of sunshine,  
A russet shepherd, his sheep too, russet.  
Watch them wander the long grey headland  
Out to the edge of the burning azure.  
O that I were lying under the olives !  
So should I see the far-off cities  
Glittering low by the purple water,  
Gleaming high on the purple mountain ;  
See where the road goes winding southward.  
It passes the valleys of almond blossom,  
Curves round the crag o'er the steep-hanging orchards,  
Where almond and peach are aflush 'mid the olives—  
Hardly the amethyst sea shines through them—  
Over it cypress on solemn cypress  
Lead to the lonely pilgrimage places.

O that I were dreaming under the olives !  
Hearing alone on the sun-steeped headland  
A crystalline wave, almost inaudible,  
Steal round the shore ; and thin, far off,  
The shepherd's music. So did it sound  
In fields Sicilian : Theocritus heard it,  
Moschus and Bion piped it at noontide.

O that I were listening under the olives !  
So should I hear behind in the woodland  
The peasants talking. Either a woman,  
A wrinkled grandame, stands in the sunshine,  
Stirs the brown soil in an acre of violets—  
Large odorous violets—and answers slowly  
A child's swift babble ; or else at noon  
The labourers come. They rest in the shadow,  
Eating their dinner of herbs, and are merry.



Soft speech Provencal under the olives !  
Like a queen's raiment from days long perish'd,  
Breathing aromas of old unremember'd  
Perfumes and shining in dust-cover'd places  
With sudden hints of forgotten splendour—  
So on the lips of the peasant his language,  
His only now, the tongue of the peasant.

Would I were listening under the olives !  
So should I see in an airy pageant  
A proud chivalrous pomp sweep by me ;  
Hear in high courts the joyous ladies  
Devising of Love in a world of lovers ;  
Hear the song of the Lion-hearted,  
A deep-voiced song—and O ! perchance,  
Ghostly and strange and sweet to madness,  
Rudel sing the Lady of Tripoli.

### GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT

Now lies the Lord in a most quiet bed.  
Stillness profound  
Steeps like a balm the wounded body wholly,  
More still than the hushed night brooding around.  
The moon is overhead,  
Sparkling and small, and somewhere a faint sound  
Of water dropping in a cistern slowly.  
Now lies the Lord in a most quiet bed.

Now rests the Lord in perfect loneliness.  
One little grated window has the tomb,  
A patch of gloom  
Impenetrable, where the moonbeams whiten  
And arabesque its wall  
With leafy shadows, light as a caress.  
The palms that brood above the garden brighten,  
But in that quiet room  
Darkness prevails, deep darkness fills it all.  
Now rests the Lord in perfect loneliness.

Now sleeps the Lord secure from human sorrow.  
The sorrowing women sometimes fall asleep  
    Wrapped in their hair,  
Which while they slumber yet warm tears will steep,  
Because their hearts mourn in them ceaselessly.  
    Uprising, half aware,  
They myrrh and spices and rich balms put by  
For their own burials, gather hastily,  
    Dreaming it is that morrow  
When they the precious body may prepare.  
Now sleeps the Lord secure from human sorrow.

Now sleeps the Lord unhurt by Love's betrayal.  
    Peter sleeps not,  
He lies yet on his face and has not stirred  
Since the iron entered in his soul red-hot.  
The disciples trembling mourn their disillusion,  
    That He whose word  
Could raise the dead, on whom God had conferred  
Power, as they trusted, to rédeem Israel,  
Had been that bitter day put to confusion,  
    Crucified and interred.  
Now sleeps the Lord unhurt by Love's betrayal.

Now rests the Lord, crowned with ineffable peace.  
Have they not peace to-night who feared Him, hated  
    And hounded to His doom,  
The red thirst of their vengeance being sated ?  
No, they still run about and bite the beard,  
    Confer, nor cease  
To tease the contemptuous Pilate, are affeared  
Still of Him tortured, crushed, humiliated,  
    Cold in a blood-stained tomb.  
Now rests the Lord, crowned with ineffable peace.

Now lies the Lord serene, august, apart,  
That mortal life His mother gave Him ended.  
    No word save one  
Of Mary more, but gently as a cloud

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

On her perdurable silence has descended.  
Hush ! In her heart  
Which first felt the faint life stir in her son,  
Perchance is apprehended  
Even now new mystery, grief less loud  
Clamours, the Resurrection has begun.  
Now lies the Lord serene, august, apart.

OSCAR WILDE

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CANZONET

I have no store  
Of gryphon-guarded gold ;  
Now, as before,  
Bare is the shepherd's fold.  
Rubies nor pearls  
Have I to gem thy throat ;  
Yet woodland girls  
Have loved the shepherd's note.

Then pluck a reed  
And bid me sing to thee,  
For I would feed  
Thine ears with melody,  
Who art more fair  
Than fairest fleur-de-lys,  
More sweet and rare  
Than sweetest ambergris.

What dost thou fear ?  
Young Hyacinth is slain,  
Pan is not here,  
And will not come again.  
No hornèd Faun  
Treads down the yellow leas,  
No God at dawn  
Steals through the olive trees.

Hylas is dead,  
Nor will he e'er divine  
Those little red  
Rose-petalled lips of thine.  
On the high hili  
No ivory dryads play,  
Silver and s'ill  
Sinks the sad autumn day.

## FLOWER OF LOVE

Sweet, I blame you not, for mine the fault was,  
had I not been made of common clay  
I had climbed the higher heights unclimbed  
yet, seen the fuller air, the larger day.

From the wildness of my wasted passion I had  
struck a better, clearer song,  
Lit some lighter light of freer freedom, battled  
with some Hydra-headed wrong.

Had my lips been smitten into music by the  
kisses that but made them bleed,  
You had walked with Bice and the angels on  
that verdant and enamelled mead.

I had trod the road which Dante treading saw  
the suns of seven circles shine,  
Ay ! perchance had seen the heavens opening,  
as they opened to the Florentine.

And the mighty nations would have crowned me,  
who am crownless now and without name,  
And some orient dawn had found me kneeling  
on the threshold of the House of Fame.

I had sat within that marble circle where the  
oldest bard is as the young,  
And the pipe is ever dropping honey, and the  
lyre's strings are ever strung.

Keats had lifted up his hymeneal curls from out  
the poppy-seeded wine,  
With ambrosial mouth had kissed my forehead,  
clasped the hand of noble love in mine.

And at springtide, when the apple-blossoms brush  
the burnished bosom of the dove,  
Two young lovers lying in an orchard would  
have read the story of our love.

Would have read the legend of my passion,  
known the bitter secret of my heart,  
Kissed as we have kissed, but never parted as  
we two are fated now to part.

For the crimson flower of our life is eaten by  
the cankerworm of truth,  
And no hand can gather up the fallen withered  
petals of the rose of youth.

Yet I am not sorry that I loved you—ah ! what  
else had I a boy to do,—  
For the hungry teeth of time devour, and the  
silent-footed years pursue.

Rudderless, we drift athwart a tempest, and  
when once the storm of youth is past,  
Without lyre, without lute or chorus, Death  
the silent pilot comes at last.

And within the grave there is no pleasure, for  
the blindworm battens on the root,  
And Desire shudders into ashes, and the tree of  
Passion bears no fruit.

Ah ! what else had I to do but love you, God's  
own mother was less dear to me,  
And less dear the Cytheræan rising like an  
argent lily from the sea.

I have made my choice, have lived my poems,  
 and, though youth is gone in wasted days,  
 I have found the lover's crown of myrtle better  
 than the poet's crown of bays.

## SONNET

ON HEARING THE DIES IRÆ SUNG IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL

Nay, Lord, not thus ! white lilies in the spring,  
 Sad olive-groves, or silver-breasted dove,  
 Teach me more clearly of Thy life and love  
 Than terrors of red flame and thundering.  
 The hillside vines dear memories of Thee bring :  
 A bird at evening flying to its nest  
 Tells me of One who had no place of rest :  
 I think it is of Thee the sparrows sing.  
 Come rather on some autumn afternoon,  
 When red and brown are burnished on the leaves  
 And the fields echo to the gleaner's song,  
 Come when the splendid fulness of the moon  
 Looks down upon the rows of golden sheaves,  
 And reap Thy harvest : we have waited long.

*T. W. ROLLESTON*

## THE DEAD AT CLONMACNOIS

FROM THE IRISH OF ANGUS O'GILLAN

In a quiet water'd land, a land of roses,  
 Stands Saint Kieran's city fair ;  
 And the warriors of Erin in their famous generations  
 Slumber there.

There beneath the dewy hillside sleep the noblest  
 Of the clan of Conn,  
 Each below his stone with name in branching Ogham  
 And the sacred knot thereon.

There they laid to rest the seven Kings of Tara,  
There the sons of Cairbra sleep—  
Battle-banners of the Gael that in Kieran's plain of crosses  
Now their final hosting keep.

And in Clonmacnois they laid the men of Tefra,  
And right many a lord of Breagh ;  
Deep the sod above Clan Creide and Clan Conaill,  
Kind in hall and fierce in fray.

Many and many a son of Conn the Hundred-Fighter  
In the red earth lies at rest ;  
Many a blue eye of Clan Colman the turf covers,  
Many a swan-white breast.

### JOHN DAVIDSON

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#### A CINQUE PORT

Below the down the stranded town,  
What may betide forlornly waits,  
With memories of smoky skies,  
When Gallic navies crossed the straits ;  
When waves with fire and blood grew bright,  
And cannon thundered through the night.

With swinging stride the rhythmic tide  
Bore to the harbour barque and sloop ;  
Across the bar the ship of war,  
In castled stern and lanterned poop,  
Came up with conquests on her lee,  
The stately mistress of the sea.

Where argosies have wooed the breeze,  
The simple sheep are feeding now ;  
And near and far across the bar  
The ploughman whistles at the plough ;

Where once the long waves washed the shore,  
Larks from their lowly lodgings soar.

Below the down the stranded town  
Hears far away the rollers beat ;  
About the wall the seabirds call ;  
The salt wind murmurs through the street ;  
Forlorn the sea's forsaken bride,  
Awaits the end that shall betide.

### ALL HALLOW'S EVE

BASIL      MENZIES      BRIAN      PERCY

BRIAN. Tearfully sinks the pallid sun.

MENZIES. Bring in the lamps : Autumn is done.

PERCY. Nay, twilight silvers the flashing drops ;  
And a whiter fall is behind:

BRIAN. And the wild cast mouths the chimney-tops,  
The Pandean pipes of the wind.

MENZIES. The dripping ivy drapes the walls ;  
The drenched red creepers flare ;  
And the draggled chestnut plumage falls  
In every park and square.

PERCY. Nay, golden garlands strew the way  
For the old triumph of decay.

BASIL. And I know, in a living land of spells—  
In an excellent land of rest,  
Where a crimson fount of sunset wells  
Out of the darkling west—

That the poplar, the willow, the scented lime,  
Full-leaved in the shining air  
Tarry as if the enchanter time  
Had fixed them deathless there.



In arbours and noble palaces  
A gallant people live  
With every manner of happiness  
The amplest life can give.

PERCY. Where ? where ? In Elfland ?

MENZIES. No ; oh no.  
In Elfland is no rest,  
But rumour and stir and endless woe  
Of the unfulfilled behest—  
The doleful yoke of the Elfin folk  
Since first the sun went west.

The cates they eat and the wine they drink,  
Savourless nothings are ;  
The hopes they cherish, the thoughts they think  
Are neither near nor far ;  
And well they know they cannot go  
Even to a desert star :

One planet is all their poor estate,  
Though a million systems roll ;  
They are dogged and worried, early and late,  
As the demons nag a soul,  
By the moon and the sun, for they never can shun  
Time's tyrannous control.

The haughty delicate style they keep  
Only the blind can see ;  
On holynights in the forest deep,  
When they make high revelry  
Under the moon, the dancing tune  
Is the wind in a cypress tree.

They burn the elfin midnight oil  
Over their tedious lore ;  
They spin the sand ; and still they toil  
Though their inmost hearts are sore—  
The doleful yoke of the restless folk  
For ever and ever more.

But could you capture the elfin queen  
Who once was Cæsar's prize,  
Daunt and gyve her with glances keen  
Of unimpassioned eyes,  
And hear unstirred her magic word,  
And scorn her tears and sighs,

Lean would she seem at once, and old ;  
Her rosy mouth decayed ;  
Her heavy tresses of living gold,  
All withered in the braid ;  
In your very sight the dew and the light  
Of her eyes would parch and fade ;

And she, the immortal phantom dame,  
Would vanish from your ken ;  
For the fate of the elves is nearly the same  
As the terrible fate of men :  
To love ; to rue : to be and pursue  
A flickering wisp of the fen.

We must play the game with a careless smile,  
Though there's nothing in the hand ;  
We must toil as if it were worth our while  
Spinning our ropes of sand ;  
And laugh and cry, and live and die  
At the waft of an unseen wand.

But the elves, besides the endless woe  
Of the unfulfilled behest,  
Have only a phantom life, and so  
They neither can die nor rest—  
Have no real being at all, and know  
That therefore they never can rest—  
The doleful yoke of the deathless folk  
Since first the sun went west.

PERCY. Then where is the wonderful land of spells,  
Where a crimson fount of sunset wells,

And the poplar, the willow, the scented lime  
Tarry, full-leaved, till the winter-time,  
Where endless happiness life can give,  
And only heroic people live ?

BASIL. We know, we know, we spinners of sand !  
In the heart of the world is that gracious land ;  
And it never can fade while the sap returns,  
While the sun gives light, and the red blood burns.

### A LOAFER

I hang about the streets all day,  
At night I hang about ;  
I sleep a little when I may,  
But rise betimes the morning's scout ;  
For through the year I always hear  
Afar, aloft, a ghostly shout.

My clothes are worn to threads and loops ;  
My skin shows here and there ;  
About my face like seaweed droops  
My tangled beard, my tangled hair ;  
From cavernous and shaggy brows  
My stony eyes untroubled stare.

I move from eastern wretchedness  
Through Fleet Street and the Strand ;  
And as the pleasant people press  
I touch them softly with my hand,  
Perhaps to know that still I go  
Alive about a living land.

For, far in front the clouds are riven ;  
I hear the ghostly cry,  
As if a still voice fell from heaven  
To where sea-whelmed the drowned folks lie  
In sepulchres no tempest stirs  
And only eyeless things pass by.

In Piccadilly spirits pass :

Oh, eyes and cheeks that glow !  
Oh, strength and comeliness ! Alas,  
The lustrous health is earth I kn w  
From shrinking eyes that recognise  
No brother in my rags and woe.

I know no handicraft, no art,  
But I have conquered fate ;  
For I have chosen the better part.  
And neither hope, nor fear, nor hate.  
With placid breath on pain and death,  
My certain alms, alone I wait.

And daily, nightly comes the call,  
The pale, unechoing note,  
The faint "Aha !" sent from the wall  
Of heaven, but from no ruddy throat  
Of human breed or seraph's seed,  
A phantom voice that cries by rote.

## LONDON

Athwart the sky a lowly sigh  
From west to east the sweet wind carried ;  
The sun stood still on Primrose Hill ;  
His light in all the city tarried :  
The clouds on viewless columns bloomed  
Like smouldering lilies unconsumed.

" Oh, sweetheart, see ! how shadowy,  
Of some occult magician's rearing,  
Or swung in space of heaven's grace  
Dissolving, dimly reappearing,  
Afloat upon ethereal tides  
St Paul's above the city rides ! "

A rumour broke through the thin smoke  
Enwreathing abbey, tower, and palace,  
The parks, the squares, the thoroughfares,  
The million-peopled lanes and alleys,  
An ever-muttering prisoned storm,  
The heart of London beating warm.

## A BALLAD OF HEAVEN

He wrought at one great work for years ;  
The world passed by with lofty look ;  
Sometimes his eyes were dashed with tears ;  
Sometimes his lips with laughter shook.

His wife and child went clothed in rags,  
And in a windy garret starved :  
He trod his measures on the flags,  
And high on heaven his music carved.

Wistful he grew but never feared ;  
For always on the midnight skies  
His rich orchestral score appeared  
In stars and zones and galaxies.

He thought to copy down his score :  
The moonlight was his lamp : he said,  
" Listen, my love ; " but on the floor  
His wife and child were lying dead.

Her hollow eyes were open wide ;  
He deemed she heard with special zest  
Her death's-head infant coldly eyed  
The desert of her shrunken breast.

" Listen, my love : my work is done ;  
I tremble as I touch the page  
To sign the sentence of the sun  
And crown the great eternal age.

“ The slow adagio begins ;  
The winding-sheets are ravelled out  
That swathe the minds of men, the sins  
That wrap their rotting souls about.

“ The dead are heralded along ;  
With silver trumps and golden drums,  
And flutes and oboes, keen and strong,  
My brave andante singing comes.

“ Then like a python’s sumptuous dress  
The frame of things is cast away,  
And out of Time’s obscure distress,  
The thundering scherzo crashes Day.

“ For three great orchestras I hope  
My mighty music shall be scored :  
On three high hills they shall have scope  
With heaven’s vault for a sounding-board.

“ Sleep well, love ; let your eyelids fall ;  
Cover the child ; good-night, and if . . .  
What ? Speak . . . the traitorous end of all !  
Both . . . cold and hungry . . . cold and stiff !

“ But no, God means us well, I trust :  
Dear ones, be happy, hope is nigh :  
We are too young to fall to dust,  
And too unsatisfied to die.”

He lifted up against his breast  
The woman’s body stark and wan ;  
And to her withered bosom pressed  
The little skin-clad skeleton.

“ You see you are alive,” he cried.  
He rocked them gently to and fro.  
“ No, no, my love, you have not died ;  
Nor you, my little fellow ; no.”

Long in his arms he strained his dead  
And crooned an antique lullaby ;  
Then laid them on the lowly bed,  
And broke down with a doleful cry.

“ The love, the hope, the blood, the brain,  
Of her and me, the budding life,  
And my great music—all in vain !  
My unscored work, my child, my wife !

“ We drop into oblivion,  
And nourish some suburban sod :  
My work, this woman, this my son,  
Are now no more : there is no God.

“ The world’s a dustbin ; we are due,  
And death’s cart waits : be life accurst ! ”  
He stumbled down beside the two,  
And clasping them, his great heart burst.

Straightway he stood at heaven’s gate,  
Abashed and trembling for his sin :  
I trow he had not long to wait,  
For God came out and led him in.

And then there ran a radiant pair,  
Ruddy with haste and eager-eyed  
To meet him first upon the stair—  
His wife and child beatified.

They clad him in a robe of light,  
And gave him heavenly food to eat ;  
Great seraphs praised him to the height,  
Archangels sat about his feet.

God, smiling, took him by the hand,  
And led him to the brink of heaven :  
He saw where systems whirling stand,  
Where galaxies like snow are driven.

Dead silence reigned ; a shudder ran  
Through space ; Time furl'd his wearied wings ;  
A slow adagio then began.  
Sweetly resolving troubled things.

The dead were heralded along :  
As if with drums and trumps of flame,  
And flutes and oboes keen and strong,  
A brave andante singing came.

Then like a python's sumptuous dress  
The frame of things was cast away,  
And out of Time's obscure distress  
The conquering scherzo thundered Day.

He doubted ; but God said " Even so ;  
Nothing is lost that's wrought with tears :  
The music that you made below  
Is now the music of the spheres."

### THE LAST ROSE

" Oh, which is the last rose ? "  
A blossom of no name.  
At midnight the snow came ;  
At daybreak a vast rose,  
In darkness unfurled,  
O'er-petaled the world.

Its odourless pallor,  
Blossomed forlorn,  
Till radiant valour  
Established the morn—  
Till the night  
Was undone  
In her fight  
With the sun.



## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

The brave orb in state rose  
And crimson he shone first ;  
While from the high vine  
Of heaven the dawn burst,  
Staining the great rose  
From sky-line to sky-line.

The red rose of morn  
A white rose at noon turned ;  
But at sunset reborn,  
All red again soon burned.  
Then the pale rose of noonday  
Re-bloomed in the night,  
And spectrally white  
In the light  
Of the moon lay.

But the vast rose  
Was scentless,  
And this is the reason :  
When the blast rose  
Relentless,  
And brought in due season  
The snow-rose, the last rose  
Congealed in its breath,  
There came with it treason ;  
The traitor was Death.

In lee-valleys crowded,  
The sheep and the birds  
Were frozen and shrouded  
In flights and in herds.  
In highways  
In byways  
The young and the old  
Were tortured and maddened  
And killed by the cold.  
But many were gladdened  
By the beautiful last rose,  
The blossom of no name

That came when the snow came,  
In darkness unfurled—  
The wonderful vast rose  
That filled all the world.

*AGNES MARY FRANCES DUCLAUX*

(ROBINSON-DARMESTER)

AN ORCHARD AT AVIGNON

The hills are white, but not with snow :  
They are as pale in summer time,  
For herb or grass may never grow  
Upon their slopes of lime.

Within the circle of the hills  
A ring all flowering in a round,  
An orchard-ring of almond fills  
The plot of stony ground.

More fair than happier trees, I think,  
Grown in well-watered pasture land  
These parched and stunted branches, pink  
Above the stones and sand.

O white, austere, ideal place,  
Where very few will care to come,  
Where spring hath lost the waving grace  
She wears for us at home !

Fain would I sit and watch for hours  
The holy whiteness of thy hills,  
Their wreath of pale auroral flowers,  
Their peace the silence fills.

A place of secret peace thou art,  
Such peace as in an hour of pain  
One moment fills the amazed heart,  
And never comes again.

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF ETRUSCAN TOMBS

### I

To think the face we love shall ever die,  
And be the indifferent earth, and know us not !  
To think that one of us shall live to cry  
On one long buried in a distant spot !

O wise Etruscans, faded in the night  
Yourselves, with scarce a rose-leaf on your trace ;  
You kept the ashes of the dead in sight,  
And shaped the vase to seem the vanished face.

But, O my love, my life is such an urn  
That tender memories mould with constant touch,  
Until the dust and earth of it they turn  
To your dear image that I love so much :

A sacred urn, filled with the sacred past,  
That shall recall you while the clay shall last.

### II

These cinerary urns with human head  
And human arms that dangle at their sides,  
The earliest potters made them for their dead,  
To keep the mother's ashes or the bride's.

O rude attempt of some long-spent despair—  
With symbol and with emblem discontent—  
To keep the dead alive and as they were,  
The actual features and the glance that went !

The anguish of your art was not in vain,  
For lo, upon these alien shelves removed  
The sad immortal images remain,  
And show that once they lived and once you loved.

But, oh, when I am dead may none for me  
Invoke so drear an immortality !

## III

Beneath the branches of the olive yard  
Are roots where cyclamen and violet grow ;  
Beneath the roots the earth is deep and hard,  
And there a king was buried long ago.

The peasants digging deeply in the mould  
Cast up the autumn soil about the place,  
And saw a gleam of unexpected gold,  
And underneath the earth a living face.

With sleeping lids and rosy lips he lay,  
Among the wreaths and gems that mark the king,  
One moment ; then a little dust and clay  
Fell shrivelled over wreath and urn and ring.

A carven slab recalls his name and deeds,  
Writ in a language no man living reads.

## IV

Here lies the tablet graven in the past,  
Clear-charactered and firm and fresh of line.  
See, not a word is gone ; and yet how fast  
The secret no man living may divine !

What did he choose for witness in the grave ?  
A record of his glory on the earth ?  
The wail of friends ? The pæans of the brave ?  
The sacred promise of the second birth ?

The tombs of ancient Greeks in Sicily  
Are sown with slender discs of graven gold  
Filled with the praise of death : thrice happy he  
Who sleeps the milk-soft sleep of dreams untold.

They sleep their patient sleep in altered lands,  
The golden promise in their fleshless hands.

## MAY PROBYN

## CHRISTMAS CAROL

Lacking samite and sable,  
Lacking silver and gold,  
The Prince Jesus in the poor stable  
Slept, and was three hours old.

As doves by the fair water,  
Mary, not touch'd of sin,  
Sat by Him,—the King's daughter,  
All glorious within.

A lily without one stain, a  
Star where no spot hath room.  
*Ave, gratia plena—  
Virgo Virginum !*

Clad not in pearl-sewn vesture,  
Clad not in cramoisie,  
She hath hush'd, she hath cradled to rest, her  
God the first time on her knee.

Where is one to adore Him ?  
The ox hath dumbly confess'd,  
With the ass, meek kneeling before Him,  
*Et homo factus est.*

Not throned on ivory or cedar,  
Not crown'd with a Queen's crown,  
At her breast it is Mary shall feed her  
Maker, from Heaven come down.

The trees in Paradise blossom  
Sudden, and its bells chime—  
She giveth Him, held to her bosom,  
Her immaculate milk the first time.

The night with wings of angels  
Was alight, and its snow-pack'd ways  
Sweet made (say the Evangels)  
With the noise of their virelays.

*Quem vidistis, pastores ?*  
Why go ye feet unsiod ?  
Wot ye within yon door is  
Mary, the Mother of God ?

No smoke of spice is ascending  
There—no roses are piled—  
But, choicer than all balms blending  
There Mary hath kiss'd her child.

*Dilectus meus mihi*  
*Et ego Illi*—cold  
Small cheek against her cheek, He  
Sleepeth, three hours old.

### MICHAEL FIELD

#### ODE TO DAWN

I breathe : the cloud below the night is breaking ;  
The air uncloses :  
Thou risest from thy couch. O Dawn, thy waking  
Is that of roses !  
Thou child of Titan, how thy power prevails !  
One sister hand touches the Moon that sails  
Away, that sinks ; one greets the sun, withheld  
By the chill shadows thou art brave against.  
What may not by thy bouyant cheer be quelled  
Of dominance by which thou art increased ?  
O Dawn so wondrous bright,  
Thou canst by force of thy salubrity,  
From heaven's own height,  
Compass thy will in heaven and earth and sea.

Thou art immortal, and thine eyes immortal  
    Rest on the ocean,  
The shore, the groves, the temple's open portal,  
    On new-tuned motion  
Of animals refreshed by sleep and dream,  
On birds, and field and flock and starting team,  
As if they were immortal—on the youth  
That girt for toil or journey in thy gaze  
Receives his immortality for truth,  
And lifts to thee an almost stifled praise,  
    Thou bracest so his heart.  
Yea, the whole burnished land, as if eterne  
    In every part,  
Doth toward thy face with equal glitter yearn.

And yearningly thou in thy course dost linger,  
    With gracious boldness,  
O'er Cephalus laid sleeping, and thy finger,  
    A rose-bud coldness,  
Startles and pricks him till the boy awakes,  
Who, smiled at from thine honest eyes, forgets  
His first sigh for his Procris : to thy car  
Thou dost constrain him captive, and with speed,  
Beyond the lark-glint and the morning-star,  
Discouraging the heaven with thy deed,  
    Thou and thy coursers glow,  
On toward Olympus where thou faccest all  
    The wise gods know,  
Nor can their congregated eyes appal.

Thy chastity is in thy will, thy beauty  
    Is eager flushing.  
On him thou lov'st thou layest as love's duty,  
    (All terror hushing)  
From earth steeply to travel at thy side,  
Till by adventure he be deified.  
Not Cephalus alone, Orion too,  
And young Tithonus thou hast borne above.  
No matter should the mortal prove untrue,

And pine in stupor for an earthly love,  
Or hurled down from the sky  
Be sunk in waves, or 'mid the heavenly born  
See Age draw nigh  
To snow upon a single head forlorn.

It is thy impulse of inviolate willing  
Stirs glade and mountain.  
The nests in arbour, birds beside the rilling  
Of forest fountain,  
The wood-flowers and the stream-flowers and all things  
Would drive aloft with thee. Ah, thou hast wings !  
Most lovable, forget not what thou art :  
Thou drawest us to thee, to heaven remain.  
Intrepid dreamers, to the clouds we start,  
And smile with thee along, with thee attain  
The gods, the placid Throne ;  
Then 'mid the hollow vapours of the way  
We wake alone,  
O rose-hung queen of steeds—and, lo, 'tis day.

Spare thou the flowers ! Let not their discs be flattered  
With lofty dreaming  
Of Hera's bosom and her pavement scattered  
With their first beaming :  
Let not the bird tune for Apollo's thanks  
Where, voicing heaven, he crowds the happier banks.  
Vain prayer ! Most merciless of visions, shown  
Too often to thy victims, yet so fresh  
That never as a custom may we own  
Thy presence, but are dazzled in thy mesh  
And suffer thy strong goad ;  
Deluded, brilliant with each new daybreak,  
Thy chiming road,  
Even to the end, we and our world must take.



*ROBERT OFFLEY ASHBURTON CREWE-MILNES,  
MARQUESS OF CREWE.*

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## SEVEN YEARS

To join the ages they have gone,  
                    Those seven years,—  
Receding as the months roll on ;  
Yet very oft my fancy hears  
Your voice,—'twas music to my ears  
                    Those seven years.

Scant the shadow and high the sun  
                    Those seven years ;  
Can hearts be one, then ours were one,  
One for laughter and one for tears,  
Knit together in hopes and fears,  
                    Those seven years.

How, perchance, do they seem to you,  
                    Those seven years,  
Spirit-free in the wider blue ?  
When Time in Eternity disappears,  
What if all you have learn'd but the more endears  
                    Those seven years ?

## A WET SUNSET IN SOUTH AFRICA

Across the waste of dreary veldt,  
Unmarked by hut, or knoll, or hollow,  
The lifeless mountain's arid belt  
Trends southward, far as eye can follow.

A fitful rain is drifting still,  
Close to the plain the swifts are skimming ;

The thirsty soil has drunk its fill,  
And left a thousand pools a-brimming.

The west is wrapt from sight and sense,  
Lost in a haze of fairy yellow ;  
A sadness, borne we know not whence,  
Falls with that light divinely mellow :

Where hangs unseen the guiding Cross,  
The lightning's magic veil is lifting,  
Clouds like Atlantic billows toss,  
From summit on to summit drifting.

Eastward, a cold unearthly sheen  
Of mists fantastically riven,  
All steel and silver damascene,  
Bright armour for the host of heaven.

Unbidden memories of home  
The stranger landscape seems to hallow,—  
The tender touch of English Crome  
On Norfolk broad, and stream, and shallow,—

A dream of looming towers that crown  
A northern city's smoke and shadow,  
When Lincoln Church looks stately down  
On flooded fen and streaming meadow.

One moment,—off the vanished sun  
A redder fire of glory flashes,  
The pools grow rosy one by one,  
The pallid east in answer blushes ;

Another,—half the glow is gone,  
The near and far in shade are blended,  
Black plumaged night flies swiftly on,  
The curtain falls,—the dream is ended.

*WILLIAM WATSON*

## ODE IN MAY

Let me go forth, and share  
The overflowing Sun  
With one wise friend, or one  
Better than wise, being fair,  
Where the pewit wheels and dips  
On heights of bracken and ling,  
And Earth, unto her leaflet tips,  
Tingles with the Spring.

What is so sweet and dear  
As a prosperous morn in May,  
The confident prime of the day,  
And the dauntless youth of the year,  
When nothing that asks for bliss,  
Asking aright, is denied,  
And half of the world a bridegroom is,  
And half of the world a bride ?

The Song of Mingling flows,  
Grave, ceremonial, pure,  
As once, from the lips that endure,  
The cosmic descant rose,  
When the temporal lord of life,  
Going his golden way,  
Had taken a wondrous maid to wife  
That long had said him nay.

For of old the Sun, our sire,  
Came wooing the mother of men,  
Earth, that was virginal then,  
Vestal fire to his fire.  
Silent her bosom and coy,  
But the strong god sued and pressed ;  
And born of their starry nuptial joy  
Are all that drink of her breast.

And the triumph of him that begot,  
And the travail of her that bore,  
Behold, they are evermore  
As warp and weft in our lot.  
We are children of splendour and flame,  
Of shuddering, also, and tears.  
Magnificent out of the dust we came,  
And abject from the Spheres.

O bright irresistible lord,  
We are the fruit of Earth's womb, each one,  
And fruit of thy loins, O Sun,  
Whence first was the seed outpoured.  
To thee as our Father we bow,  
Forbidden thy Father to see,  
Who is older and greater than thou, as thou  
Art greater and older than we.

Thou art but as a word of his speech,  
Thou art but as a wave of his hand ;  
Thou art brief as a glitter of sand  
'Twixt tide and tide on his beach ;  
Thou art less than a spark of his fire,  
Or a moment's mood of his soul :  
Thou art lost in the notes on the lips of his choir  
That chant the chant of the Whole.

*FRANCIS THOMPSON*

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DREAM-TRYST

The breaths of kissing night and day  
Were mingled in the eastern Heaven ;  
Throbbing with unheard melody  
Shook Lyra all its star-chord seven :  
When dusk shrunk cold, and light trod shy,  
And dawn's grey eyes were troubled grey :  
And souls went palely up the sky,  
And mine to Lucidé.

There was no change in her sweet eyes  
Since last I saw those sweet eyes shine ;  
There was no change in her deep heart  
Since last that deep heart knocked at mine.  
Her eyes were clear, her eyes were Hope's,  
Wherein did ever come and go  
The sparkle of the fountain drops  
From her sweet soul below.

The chambers in the house of dreams  
Are fed with so divine an air,  
That Time's hoar wings grow young therein,  
And they who walk there are most fair.  
I joyed for me, I joyed for her,  
Who with the Past meet girt about :  
Where our last kiss still warms the air,  
Nor can her eyes go out.

### DAISY

Where the thistle lifts a purple crown  
Six foot out of the turf,  
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—  
O the breath of the distant surf !—

The hills look over on the South,  
And southward dreams the sea ;  
And, with the sea-breeze hand in hand,  
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry  
Red for the gatherer springs,  
Two children did we stray and talk  
Wise, idle, childish things.

She listened with big-lipped surprise,  
Breast-deep 'mid flower and spine :  
Her skin was like a grape, whose veins  
Run snow instead of wine.

She knew not those sweet words she spake,  
Nor knew her own sweet way ;  
But there's never a bird, so sweet a song  
Thronged in whose throat that day !

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington  
On the turf and on the spray ;  
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills  
Was the Daisy-flower that day !

Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face !  
She gave me tokens three :—  
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,  
And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,  
A still word,—strings of sand !  
And yet they made my wild, wild heart  
Fly down to her little hand.

For, standing artless as the air,  
And candid as the skies,  
She took the berries with her hand,  
And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end :  
Their scent survives their close :  
But the rose's scent is bitterness  
To him that loved the rose !

She looked a little wistfully  
Then went her sunshine way :—  
The sea's eye had a mist on it,  
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,  
She went, and left in me  
The pang of all the partings gone,  
And partings yet to be.

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

She left me marvelling why my soul  
Was sad that she was glad ;  
At all the sadness in the sweet,  
The sweetness in the sad.

Still, still I seemed to see her, still  
Look up with soft replies,  
And take the berries with her hand,  
And the love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,  
That is not paid with moan ;  
For we are born in other's pain,  
And perish in our own.

## THE FAIR INCONSTANT

Dost thou still hope thou shalt be fair,  
When no more fair to me ?  
Or those that by thee taken were  
Hold their captivity ?  
Is this thy confidence ? No, no ;  
Trust it not ; it can not be so.

But thou too late, too late shalt find  
'Twas I that made thee fair ;  
Thy beauties never from thy mind  
But from my loving were ;  
And those delights that did thee stole  
Confessed the vicinage of my soul.

The rosy reflex of my heart  
Did thy pale cheek attire ;  
And what I was, not what thou art,  
Did gazers-on admire.  
Go, and too late thou shalt confess  
I looked thee into loveliness.

## THE MISTRESS OF VISION

Secret was the garden ;  
Set i' the pathless awe  
Where no star its breath can draw.  
Life, that is its warden,  
Sits behind the fosse of death. Mine eyes saw not, and  
I saw.

It was a mazeful wonder ;  
Thrice three times it was enwalled  
With an emerald—  
Sealèd so asunder.  
All its birds in middle air hung a-dream, their music  
thrallèd.

The Lady of fair weeping,  
At the garden's core,  
Sang a song of sweet and sore  
And the after-sleeping ;  
In the land of Luthany, and the tracts of Elenore.

With sweet-pangèd singing  
Sang she through a dream-night's day ;  
That the bowers might stay,  
Birds bate their winging,  
Nor the wall of emerald float in wreathèd haze away.

The lily kept its gleaming,  
In her tears (divine conservers !)  
Washèd with sad art ;  
And the flowers of dreaming  
Palèd not their fervours,  
For her blood flowed through their nervures ;  
And the roses were most red, for she dipt them in her heart.

There was never moon,  
Save the white sufficing woman :  
Light most heavenly-human—



Like the unseen form of sound,  
Sensed invisibly in tune,—  
With a sun derivèd stole  
Did inaureole  
All her lovely body round ;  
“Lovelily her lucid body with that light was interstrewn.

The sun which lit that garden wholly,  
Low and vibrant visible,  
Temper’d glory woke ;  
And it seemèd solely  
Like a silver thurible  
Solemnly swung, slowly,  
Fuming clouds of golden fire for a cloud of incense-smoke.

But woe’s me, and woe’s me,  
For the secrets of her eyes !  
In my visions fearfully  
They are ever shown to be  
As fringed pools, whereof each lies  
Pallid-dark beneath the skies  
Of a night that is  
But one blear necropolis.  
And her eyes a little tremble, in the wind of her own sighs.

Many changes rise on  
Their phantasmal mysteries.  
They grow to an horizon  
Where earth and heaven meet ;  
And like a wing that dies on  
The vague twilight-verges,  
Many a sinking dream doth fleet  
Lessening down their secrecies.  
And, as dusk with day converges,  
Their orbs are troublously  
Over-gloomed and over-glowed with hope and fear of  
things to be.

There is a peak on Himalay,  
And on the peak undeluged snow,

And on the snow not eagles stray ;  
There if your strong feet could go,—  
Looking over tow'rd Cathay  
From the never-deluged snow—  
Farthest ken might not survey  
Where the peoples underground dwell whom antique  
fables know.

East, ah, east of Himalay,  
Dwell the nations underground ;  
Hiding from the shock of Day,  
For the sun's uprising-sound :  
Dare not issue from the ground  
At the tumults of the Day,  
So fearfully the sun doth sound  
Clanging up beyond Cathay ;  
For the great earthquaking sunrise rolling up beyond Cathay.

Lend me, O lend me  
The terrors of that sound,  
That its music may attend me,  
Wrap my chant in thunders round ;  
While I tell the ancient secrets in that Lady's singing found.

On Ararat there grew a vine,  
When Asia from her bathing rose,  
Our first sailor made a twine  
Thereof for his prefiguring brows.  
Canst divine  
Where, upon our dusty earth, of that vine a cluster grows ?

On Golgotha there grew a thorn  
Round the long-figured Brows.  
Mourn, O mourn !  
For the vine have we the spine ? Is this all the Heaven  
allows ?

On Calvary was shook a spear ;  
Press the point into thy heart—  
Joy and fear !  
All the spines upon the thorn into curling tendrils start.

O dismay !

I, a wingless mortal, sporting

With the tresses of the sun ?

I, that dare my hand to lay

On the thunder in its snorting ?

Ere begun,

Falls my singed song down the sky, even the old Icarian  
way.

From the fall precipitant

These dim snatches of her chant

Only have remainèd mine ;—

That from spear and thorn alone

May be grown

For the front of saint or singer any divinizing twine.

Her song said that no springing

Paradise but evermore

Hangeth on a-singing

That has chords of weeping,

And that sings the after-sleeping

To souls which wake too sore.

“ But woe the singer, woe ! ” she said ; “ beyond the dead  
his singing-lore,

All its art of sweet and sore

He learns, in Elenore ! ”

Where is the land of Luthany,

Where is the tract of Elenore ?

I am bound therefor.

“ Pierce thy heart to find the key ;

With thee take

Only what none else would keep ;

Learn to dream when thou dost wake,

Learn to wake when thou dost sleep.

Learn to water joy with tears,

Learn from fears to vanquish fears ;

To hope, for thou dar'st not despair,  
Exult, for that thou dar'st not grieve ;  
Plough thou the rock until it bear ;  
Know, for thou else couldst not believe ;  
Lose, that the lost thou may'st receive ;  
Die, for none other way canst live.  
When earth and heaven lay down their veil,  
And that apocalypse turns thee pale ;  
When thy seeing blindeth thee  
To what thy fellow-mortals see ;  
When their sight to thee is sightless ;  
Their living, death ; their light, most lightless ;  
Search no more—  
Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore."

Where is the land of Luthany,  
And where the region Elenore ?  
I do faint therefor.

"When to the new eyes of thee  
All things by immortal power,  
Near or far,  
Hiddenly  
To each other linkèd are,  
That thou canst not stir a flower  
Without troubling of a star ;  
When thy song is shield and mirror  
To the fair snake-curlèd Pain,  
Where thou dar'st affront her terror  
That on her thou may'st attain  
Perséan conquest ; seek no more,  
O seek no more !  
Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore."

So sang she, so wept she,  
Through a dream-night's day ;  
And with her magic singing kept she—  
Mystical in music—  
That garden of enchanting

In visionary May ;  
 Swayless for my spirit's haunting,  
 Thrice-threefold walled with emerald from our mortal  
 mornings grey.

And as a necromancer  
 Raises from the rose-ash  
 The ghost of the rose ;  
 My heart so made answer  
 To her voice's silver splash,—  
 Stirred in reddening flash,  
 And from out its mortal ruins the purpureal phantom  
 blows.

Her tears made dulcet fretting,  
 Her voice had no word,  
 More than thunder or the bird.  
 Yet, unforgetting,  
 The ravished soul her meanings knew. Mine ears heard  
 not, and I heard.

When she shall unwind  
 All those wiles she wound about me,  
 Tears shall break from out me,  
 That I cannot find  
 Music in the holy poets to my wistful want, I doubt me !

### THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days ;  
 I fled Him, down the arches of the years ;  
 I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways  
 Of my own mind ; and in the mist of tears  
 I hid from Him, and under running laughter.  
 Up vistaed hopes I sped ;  
 And shot, precipitated,  
 Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,  
 From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.

But with unhurrying chase,  
And unperturbèd pace,  
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
They beat—and a Voice beat  
More instant than the Feet—  
“All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.”

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,  
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,  
Trellised with intertwining charities ;  
(For, though I knew His love Who followèd,  
Yet was I sore adread  
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside).  
But, if one little casement parted wide,  
The gust of His approach would clash it to.  
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.  
Across the margent of the world I fled,  
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,  
Smiting for shelter on their clangèd bars ;  
Fretted to dulcet jars  
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.  
I said to Dawn : Be sudden ; to Eve : Be soon ;  
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over  
From this tremendous Lover—  
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see !  
I tempted all His servitors, but to find  
My own betrayal in their constancy,  
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,  
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.  
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue ;  
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.  
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,  
The long savannahs of the blue ;  
Or whether, Thunder-driven,  
They clangèd his chariot 'thwart a heaven,  
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their  
feet :—  
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.  
Still with unhurrying chase,  
And unperturbèd pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
 Came on the following Feet,  
 And a Voice above their beat—  
 “Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me.”

I sought no more that after which I strayed  
 In face of man or maid ;  
 But still within the little children's eyes  
 Seems something, something that replies,  
*They* at least are for me, surely for me !  
 I turned me to them very wistfully ;  
 But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair  
 With dawning answers there,  
 Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.  
 “Come then, ye other children, Nature's—share  
 With me ” (said I) “your delicate fellowship ;  
 Let me greet you lip to lip,  
 Let me twine with you caresses,  
 Wantoning  
 With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,  
 Banqueting  
 With her in her wind-walled palace,  
 Underneath her azured daïs,  
 Quaffing, as your taintless way is,  
 From a chalice  
 Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring.”  
 So it was done :  
*I* in their delicate fellowship was one—  
 Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.  
*I* knew all the swift importings  
 On the wilful face of skies ;  
 I knew how the clouds arise  
 Spumèd of the wild sea-snortings ;  
 All that's born or dies  
 Rose and drooped with ; made them shapers  
 Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine ;  
 With them joyed and was bereaven.  
 I was heavy with the even,  
 When she lit her glimmering tapers

Round the day's dead sanctities.  
I laughed in the morning's eyes.  
I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,  
Heaven and I wept together,  
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine ;  
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart  
I laid my own to beat,  
And share commingling heat ;  
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.  
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey cheek.  
For ah ! we know not what each other says,  
These things and I ; in sound *I* speak—  
*Their* sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.  
Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth ;  
Let her, if she would owe me,  
Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me  
The breasts o' her tenderness :  
Never did any milk of hers once bless  
My thirsting mouth.  
Nigh and nigh draws the chase,  
With unperturbèd pace,  
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy ;  
And past those noisèd Feet  
A voice comes yet more fleet—  
“ Lo ! naught contents thee, who content'st not  
Me.”

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke !  
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,  
And smitten me to my knee ;  
I am defenceless utterly.  
I slept, methinks, and woke,  
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.  
In the rash lustihead of my young powers,  
I shook the pillaring hours  
And pulled my life upon me ; grimed with smears,  
I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—  
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.  
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,



Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.

Yea, faileth now even dream  
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist ;  
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist  
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,  
Are yielding ; cords of all too weak account  
For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.

Ah ! is Thy love indeed  
A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,  
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount ?

Ah ! must—

Designer infinite !—

Ah ! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn  
with it ?

My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust ;  
And now my heart is as a broken fount,  
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever

From the dank thoughts that shiver  
Upon the sighful branches of my mind.

Such is ; what is to be ?

The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind ?  
I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds ;  
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds  
From the hid battlements of Eternity ;  
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then  
Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again.

But not ere him who summoneth

I first have seen, enwound  
With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned ;  
His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.  
Whether man's heart or life it be which yields

Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields  
Be dunged with rotten death ?

Now of that long pursuit

Comes on at hand and bruit ;

That Voice is round me like a bursting sea :

“ And is thy earth so marred,

Shattered in shard on shard ?

Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me ! ”

“Strange, piteous, futile thing!  
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?  
Seeing none but I makes much of naught” (He said),  
“And human love needs human meriting:  
How hast thou merited—  
Of all man’s clotted clay the dingiest clot?  
Alack, thou knowest not  
How little worthy of any love thou art!  
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,  
Save Me, save only Me?  
All which I took from thee I did but take,  
Not for thy harms,  
But just that thou might’st seek it in My arms.  
All which thy child’s mistake  
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:  
Rise, clasp My hand, and come!”

Halts by me that footfall:  
Is my gloom, after all,  
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?  
“Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,  
I am He Whom thou seekest!  
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.”

## IN NO STRANGE LAND

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU

O world invisible, we view thee,  
O world intangible, we touch thee,  
O world unknowable, we know thee,  
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,  
The eagle plunge to find the air—  
That we ask of the stars in motion  
If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,  
 And our benumbed conceiving soars !—  
 The drift of pinions, would we hearken,  
 Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places ;—  
 Turn but a stone, and start a wing !  
 'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,  
 That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)  
 Cry ;—and upon thy so sore loss  
 Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder  
 Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,  
 Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems ;  
 And lo, Christ walking on the water  
 Not of Gennesareth, but Thames !

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING

## THE TREE OF LIFE

A RECOGNITION IN FOUR SEASONS

### ARGUMENT

A prophet, desiring to recover for men the fruit of the Tree of Life, seems to find Paradise by certain traditional signs of beauty in nature. He is further persuaded by observing the beauty and innocence of children. By and by he comes upon the Tree of Knowledge, whose fruit, now old, he discerns to be evil ; but from which, to his desire, new is brought forth, which is good. At each recognition one of the Guardian Angels of the Tree of Life is withdrawn, until there is left only the Angel of Death, in the light of whose sword he perceives it. The Angels' songs are not heard by the prophet.

### I. SPRING

#### *Prophet*

O Tree of Life, blissful tree,  
 Old as the world, still springing green,

Planted, watered by God ; whose fruit  
 Hath year by year fallen about the root,  
 And century by century ;  
 Grant me that I thy glory unseen  
 At last attain to see !

*Chorus of Angels*

*The flame of our eyes still hideth  
 The fatal tree :  
 Which God in charge confideth  
 That none may see,  
 Till 'gainst our light advances  
 A purer ray,  
 And melts with fervid glances  
 Our swords of day.*

*Prophet*

This garden I consider : If not the wise  
 Repute it Paradise,  
 The wise may err and ancient fame be lost ;  
 As Ophir on the swart Arabian coast,—  
 Whence she, of Saba queen,  
 In silk raiment and gold,  
 Bearing spices manifold,  
 Not unlike this lily's purer sheen,  
 Came a weary way to salute Solomon,  
 Fainting to see, and fainted having seen  
 Such wisdom dazzled from his throne,—  
 Now Ophir lies unknown ;  
 Yet stumbling haply on gold, a man shall say  
 Who feeds his flocks by the well,  
 " Lo Ophir ! " what if I to-day  
 A like token recover, and tell.

*Considerate  
 lilia agri  
 quomodo  
 crescent.*

*Chorus of Angels*

*The fire of our heart presages  
 (And gins to dim.)  
 That though through ageless ages  
 We wait for him.*

*He comes ; our glory retires,  
And shrinks from strife,  
Folding in closer fires  
The Tree of Life.*

*Prophet*

Goeth up a mist,  
To water the ground from the four streams at even ;  
Wrapt in a veil of amethyst  
The trees and thickets wait for Spring to appear,  
An angel out of heaven,  
Bringing apparel new for the new year ;  
In the soft light the birds  
Reset to the loved air the eternal words,  
And in the woods primroses peer.

*Angel of the Spring*

*He hath seen me with eyes of wonder  
And named my name,  
My shield is riven in sunder,  
And quencht my frame :  
My task is done, and rewarded,  
If faithfully ;  
By others now is guarded  
The mystic tree.*

II. SUMMER

*Prophet*

O tree of life, blessed tree,  
When shall I thy beauty attain to see ?  
New fledged ev'n now, new canopied with green,  
(Not darkening ever as these in brooding heat,)  
To beasts of the field a screen,  
A shadowy bower for weary eyes and feet :  
Tree by tree musing, I find not thee.

Sinit  
parvulos, &c.

See, in the rippling water the children at play,  
Flashing hither and thither, diamonded with spray ;

Lithe and fair their limbs, their hearts light and gay—  
 As fair as they of Niobe ;  
 Divinely fair, but too divinely famed ;  
 Not so now let it be.  
 Children of Adam these by birth proclaimed,  
 Claspings a mother's breast, a father's knee,  
 By father's father named.  
 Ay, but see, but see,  
 Their mien how high, how free their spirit !  
 They are naked and not ashamed  
 Of that translucent veil, that symmetry.  
 How they shout for glee !  
 It is the primal joy, and not the curse they inherit.  
 A child of Adam, a child of God can he be ?  
 O look, look and see !

*The Angels of Children*  
*His ear through nature's noises,*  
*Where'er he trod,*  
*Could hear in the children's voices*  
*The praise of God.*  
*Our task is done, and rewarded,*  
*If faithfully ;*  
*By others now is guarded*  
*The mystic tree.*

### III. AUTUMN

#### *Prophet*

Say who are ye upon this bank reclining,  
 At random laid,  
 Where loaded boughs a diaper intertwining  
 Of fragrant shade,  
 Stretch down their fruits to cheer the heart's repining.

They hear me not, asleep, or drunken, or (ah !) dead.  
 O Tree of Knowledge, 'tis thou, tree divine

*Dicit enim  
 Vetus  
 melius est.*

Of good and ill ;—trembling, I view thee.  
To me, as them, thy golden apples incline,  
Able to slake my thirst, or else undo me.  
Which shall I pluck, which dread  
Of all their goodlihead ?  
If roots be twain, from which there flows  
To these elixir, poison to those,  
How can I track their currents through the stem  
Which bears and buries them ?  
Nay, but it cannot be the tree of good ;  
'Tis utter evil ; to nearer view  
The fruit dislustres, dull of hue,  
All its ripe vermilion vanished,  
Dead fruit, not human food ;  
And these mistaking souls from life are banished.  
But see,—a wonder,—lo, on each branch swells  
A new fruit ruddy-rinded, that smells  
Freshly, and from their places in decay  
The old shrivel, and drop away.  
The ripeness allures to taste, O what should stay me ?  
Ill was the old, but the new is goodly and sweet ;  
A blessing is in it, desire to greet,  
Not a curse to slay me ;  
(O divine the taste !)  
Of the blind to open the eyes,  
Deaf ears to unstop, make wise  
The feeble-hearted, and to-day (O haste !)  
For these poor dead the tree of life display !

*Angel of the Tree of Divine Knowledge*

*The old fruit which evil bringeth  
He hath eschewed ;  
I breathe, and a new fruit springeth ;  
He saw it good.  
My task is done ; and rewarded,  
If faithfully ;  
By others now is guarded  
The mystic tree.*

## IV. WINTER

*Prophet*

I had thought ere this to have blest mine eyes  
 With thy vision benign, immortal tree ;  
 For since that fruit, more than with Euphrasy,  
 My spirits are all alert, my sense more keen.  
 Nor is the north that chides with the stript boughs

    An enemy, if it shows  
 All these but mortal, though in Paradise.

    But thou, O still unseen,  
 Come into sight ; not yet I faint, but abide  
 And ever abide, yearning thee to behold.  
 Thee following, this girdling forest wide,  
 My heart by hope made bold,  
 I have laboured through, and now emerge at length  
 Torn by the briers, spent my strength ;  
 But branches wintry-bare deny the sheen  
 Of the amaranthine leaves and fruit of gold.  
 Till now at last the light  
 Fails from my hope as from the heaven,  
 Where marshal the clouds, blown up with boisterous breath ;  
 The trees strain from the blast of death  
 Shrieking convulsed, so fierce the hail is driven

    Across the vault of night.  
 And now the waving brand  
 Of a cherub lightens down  
 And rends the air with crashing din ;  
 Ah, if it be by God's command.  
 To show light in the darkness of nature's frown  
 That I my purpose win !

It flashes and still flashes, and now I see  
 Beyond the blaze glooming a tree, a tree,  
 Stately and large,—(O light deceive not,  
 O weary eyes not now believe not !)—  
 Unseen before ; to that I press,  
 Despite the tempest and limbs' tardiness.  
 Lighten, O sword divine, to clear my way,  
 And thou, O happy heart, upstay

Qui  
 perdidit  
 animam  
 suam  
 inveniet.



Steps that falter and swerve, since few  
Remain ; come light again, I shall win through.

*Angel of Death*

*My flame he hath not abhorred,  
Nor nature's strife,  
But lightened through my sword,  
Hath passed to Life.  
My task is done ; and rewarded,  
If faithfully ;  
Henceforth no more is guarded  
The mystic tree.*

*ERNEST RHYS*

---

THE LEAF BURNERS

Under two oak trees  
on top of the fell,  
With an old hawthorn hedge  
to hold off the wind,  
I saw the leaf burners  
brushing the leaves  
With their long brooms  
into the blaze.  
Above them the sky  
scurried along  
Pale as a plate,  
and peered thro' the oaks,  
While the hurrying wind  
harried the hedge.  
But fast as they swept  
feeding the leaves  
Into the flame  
that flickered and fumed,  
  
The wind, the tree-shaker,  
shaking the boughs,

Whirled others down  
    withered and wan—  
Summer's small folk,  
    faded and fain.  
To give up their life ;  
    earth unto earth,  
Ashes to ashes,  
    life unto death.

Far on the fell  
    where the road ran,  
I heard the men march,  
    in the mouth of the wind :  
And the leaf burners heard  
    and leaned down their heads,  
Brow upon broom  
    and let the leaves lie,  
And counted their kin  
    that crossed over sea,  
And left wife and wean  
    to fight in the war.

Forth over fell  
    I farcd on my way ;  
Yet often looked back,  
    when the wind blew,  
To see the flames coil  
    like a curl of bright hair  
Round the face of a child—  
    a flower of fire,  
Beneath the long boughs  
    where lush and alive,  
The leaves flourished long,  
    loving the sun.

Much I thought then  
    of men that went forth,  
Or dropt like the leaves,  
    to die and to live ;

While the leaf burners  
with their long brooms  
Drew them together  
on the day of their death.  
I wondered at that,  
walking the fell—  
Feeling the wind  
that wafted the leaves  
And set their souls  
free of the smoke,  
Free of the dead,  
speeding the flame  
To spire on the air—  
a spark that should spring  
In me, man of men ;  
last of the leaves.

MARY COLERIDGE

---

UNWELCOME

We were young, we were merry, we were very very wise,  
And the door stood open at our feast,  
When there pass'd us a woman with the West in her eyes,  
And a man with his back to the East.

O, still grew the hearts that were beating so fast,  
The loudest voice was still.  
The jest died away on our lips as they pass'd,  
And the rays of July struck chill.

The cups of red wine turn'd pale on the board,  
The white bread black as soot.  
The hound forgot the hand of her lord,  
She fell down at his foot.

Low let me lie, where the dead dog lies,  
Ere I sit me down again at a feast,  
Where there passes a woman with the West in her eyes,  
And a man with his back to the East.

## NIGHT IS FALLEN

Night is fallen, within, without,  
Come, love, soon !  
I am weary of my doubt.  
The golden fire of the Sun is out,  
The silver fire of the moon.

Love shall be  
A child in me  
When they are cinders gray,  
With the earth and with the sea,  
With the star that shines on thee,  
And the night and the day.

## UNITY

The sense of fellowship is grown  
A radiant mystery.  
The dark is shot with light ; the stone  
Is light unto the eyes that see.

No more the wild confused main  
Is tossed about with storms of fear.  
The sea is singing ; and the rain  
Is music to the ears that hear.

## SEPTEMBER

Now every day the bracken browner grows,  
Even the purple stars  
Of clematis, that shorn about the bars,

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

*Grow browner ; and the little autumn rose  
Dons, for her rosy gown,  
Sad weeds of brown.*

Now falls the eve ; and ere the morning sun,  
Many a flower her sweet life will have lost,  
Slain by the bitter frost,  
Who slays the butterflies also, one by one  
The tiny beasts  
That go about their business and their feasts.

DOUGLAS HYDE

---

## MY GRIEF ON THE SEA

FROM THE IRISH

My grief on the sea,  
How the waves of it roll !  
For they heave between me  
And the love of my soul !

Abandon'd, forsaken,  
To grief and to care,  
Will the sea ever waken  
Relief from despair ?

My grief and my trouble !  
Would he and I were  
In the province of Leinster,  
Or County of Clare !

Were I and my darling—  
O heart-bitter wound !—  
On board of the ship  
For America bound.

*On a green bed of rushes  
All last night I lay,  
And I flung it abroad  
With the heat of the day.*

*And my Love came behind me,  
He came from the South;  
His breast to my bosom,  
His mouth to my mouth.*

*HENRY CUST*

---

NON NOBIS

Not unto us, O Lord,  
Not unto us the rapture of the day;  
The peace of night, or love's divine surprise,  
High heart, high speech, high deeds 'mid honouring eyes;  
For at Thy word  
All these are taken away.

Not unto us, O Lord :  
To us thou givest the scorn, the scourge, the scar,  
The ache of life, the loneliness of death,  
The insufferable sufficiency of breath ;  
And with Thy sword  
Thou piercest very far.

Not unto us, O Lord :  
Nay, Lord, but unto her be all things given—  
May light and life and earth and sky be blasted—  
But let not all that wealth of loss be wasted :  
Let Hell afford  
The pavement of her Heaven !

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF  
*KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON*

---

THE DOVES

The house where I was born.  
Where I was young and gay,  
Grows old amid its corn,  
Amid its scented hay.

Moan of the cushat dove,  
In silence rich and deep ;  
The old head I love  
Nods to its quiet sleep.

Where once were nine and ten  
Now two keep house together ;  
The doves moan and complain  
All day in the still weather.

What wind, bitter and great,  
Has swept the country's face,  
Altered, made desolate  
The heart-remembered place ?

What wind, bitter and wild,  
Has swept the towering trees  
Beneath whose shade a child  
Long since gathered heartease ?

Under the golden caves  
The house is still and sad,  
As though it grieves and grieves  
For many a lass and lad.

The cushat doves complain  
All day in the still weather ;  
Where once were nine or ten  
But two keep house together.

## OF ST FRANCIS AND THE ASS

Our father, ere he went  
Out with his brother, Death,  
Smiling and well-content  
As a bridegroom goeth,  
Sweetly forgiveness prayed  
From man or beast whom he  
Had ever injuréd  
Or burdened needlessly.

“ Verily,” then said he,  
“ I crave before I pass  
Forgiveness full and free  
Of my little brother, the ass.  
Many a time and oft,  
When winds and ways were hot,  
He hath borne me cool and soft  
And service grudged me not.

“ And once it did betide  
There was, unseen of me.  
A gall upon his side  
That suffered grievously.  
And once his manger was  
Empty and bare, and brown.  
(Praise God for sweet, dry grass  
That Bethlehem folk shook down !)

“ Consider, brethren,” said he,  
“ Our little brother ; how mild,  
How patient, he will be,  
Though men are fierce and wild.  
His coat is gray and fine,  
His eyes are kind with love ;  
This little brother of mine  
Is gentle as the dove.

“ Consider how such an one  
Beheld our Saviour born,



And carried him, full-grown,  
Through Eastern streets one morn.  
For this the cross is laid  
Upon him for a sign.  
Greatly is honoured  
This little brother of mine."

And even while he spake,  
Down in his stable stall  
His little ass 'gan shake  
And turned its face to the wall.  
Down fell the heavy tear ;  
Its gaze so mournful was,  
Fra Leo, standing near,  
Pitied the little ass.

That night our father died.  
All night the kine did low :  
The ass went heavy-eyed  
With patient tears and slow.  
The very birds on wings  
Made mournful cries in the air.  
Amen ! All living things  
Our father's brethren were.

### "ADVENIAT REGNUM TUAM"

Thy Kingdom come ! Yea, bid it come !  
But when Thy Kingdom first began  
On earth, Thy Kingdom was a home,  
A child, a woman, and a man.

The child was in the midst thereof,  
O, blessed Jesus, holiest One !  
The centre and the fount of love,  
Mary and Joseph's little Son.

Wherever on the earth shall be  
A child, a woman, and a man

Imaging that sweet Trinity  
Wherewith Thy Kingdom first began,

Establish there Thy Kingdom ! Yea,  
And o'er that trinity of love  
Send down, as in Thy appointed day,  
The brooding spirit of Thy Dove !

*W. BLISS CARMAN*

### THE JOYS OF THE ROAD

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these :  
A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees ;

A vagrant's morning wide and blue,  
In early fall, when the wind walks, too ;

A shadowy highway, cool and brown,  
Alluring up and enticing down

From rippled water to dappled swamp,  
From purple glory to scarlet pomp ;

The outward eye, the quiet will,  
And the striding heart from hill to hill ;

The tempter apple over the fence ;  
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince ;

The palish asters along the wood,—  
A lyric touch of the solitude ;

An open hand, an easy shoe,  
And a hope to make the day go through,—

Another to sleep with, and a third  
To wake me up at the voice of a bird ;

A scrap of gossip at the ferry ;  
A comrade neither glum nor merry,

Who never defers and never demands,  
But, smiling, takes the world in his hands,—

Seeing it good as when God first saw  
And gave it the weight of his will for law.

And O the joy that is never won,  
But follows and follows the journeying sun,

By marsh and tide, by meadow and stream,  
A will-o'-the-wind, a light-o'-dream,

The racy smell of the forest loam,  
When the stealthy, sad-heart leaves go home ;

The broad gold wake of the afternoon ;  
The silent fleck of the cold new moon ;

The sound of the hollow sea's release  
From the stormy tumult to starry peace ;

With only another league to wend ;  
And two brown arms at the journey's end !

These are the joys of the open road—  
For him who travels without a load.

*CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS*

---

THE UNKNOWN CITY

There lies a city inaccessible,  
Where the dead dreamers dwell.

Abrupt and blue, with many a high ravine  
And soaring bridge half seen,  
With many an iris cloud that comes and goes,

Over the ancient snows,  
The imminent hills environ it, and hold  
Its portals from of old,  
That grief invade not, weariness, nor war,  
Nor anguish evermore.

White-walled and jettied on the peacock tide,  
With domes and towers enskied ;  
Its battlements and balconies one sheen  
Of ever-living green,  
It hears the happy dreamers turning home  
Slow-oared across the foam.

Cool are its streets with waters musical  
And fountains' shadowy fall.  
With orange and anemone and rose,  
And every flower that blows  
Of magic scent or unimagined dye,  
Its gardens shine and sigh.  
Its chambers, memoried with old romance  
And faëry circumstance,—  
From any window love may lean some time  
For love that dares to climb.

This is the city babe and seer divined  
With pure, believing mind.  
This is the home of unachieved emprise.  
Here, here the visioned eyes  
Of them that dream past any power to do,  
Wake to the dream come true.  
Here the high failure, not the level fame,  
Attests the spirit's aim.  
Here is fulfilled each hope that soared and sought  
Beyond the bournes of thought.

The obdurate marble yields ; the canvas glows ;  
Perfect the column grows ;  
The chorded cadence art could ne'er attain  
Crowns the imperfect strain ;  
And the great song that seemed to die unsung  
Triumphs upon the tongue.

*HENRY NEWBOLT*

## DRAKE'S DRUM

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,  
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),  
 Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,  
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
 Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,  
 Wi' sailor-lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,  
 An' the shore-lights flashin', and the night-tide dashin',  
 He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,  
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),  
 Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,  
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
 "Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,  
 Strike et when your powder's runnin' low ;  
 If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,  
 An' drum them up the channel as we drummed them  
 long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,  
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),  
 Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,  
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
 Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,  
 Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;  
 Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'  
 They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him  
 long ago !

## SRÁHMANDÁZI

Deep embowered beside the forest river,  
 Where the flame of sunset only falls,  
 Lapped in silence lies the House of Dying,  
 House of them to whom the twilight calls.

There within when day was near to ending,  
By her lord a woman young and strong,  
By his chief a songman old and stricken  
Watched together till the hour of song.

“ O my songman, now the bow is broken,  
Now the arrows one by one are sped,  
Sing to me the Song of Sráhmándázi,  
Sráhmándázi, home of all the dead.”

Then the songman, flinging wide his songnet,  
On the last token laid his master's hand,  
While he sang the song of Sráhmándázi,  
None but dying men can understand.

“ Yonder sun that fierce and fiery-hearted  
Marches down the sky to vanish soon,  
At the self-same hour in Sráhmándázi  
Rises pallid like the rainy moon.

“ There he sees the heroes by their river,  
Where the great fish daily upward swim ;  
Yet they are but shadows hunting shadows,  
Phantom fish in waters drear and dim.

“ There he sees the Kings among their headmen,  
Women weaving, children playing games ;  
Yet they are but shadows ruling shadows,  
Phantom folk with dim forgotten names.

“ Bid farewell to all that most thou lovest,  
Tell thy heart thy living life is done ;  
All the days and deeds of Sráhmándázi  
Are not worth an hour of yonder sun.”

Dreamily the chief from out the songnet  
Drew his hand and touched the woman's head :  
“ Know they not, then, love in Sráhmándázi ?  
Has a King no bride among the dead ? ”

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Then the songman answered, "O my master,  
 Love they know, but none may learn it there ;  
 Only souls that reach that land together  
 Keep their troth and find the twilight fair.

"Thou art still a King, and at thy passing  
 By thy latest word must all abide :  
 If thou willest, here am I, thy songman ;  
 If thou lovest, here is she, thy bride."

Hushed and dreamy lay the House of Dying,  
 Dreamily the sunlight upward failed,  
 Dreamily the chief on eyes that loved him  
 Looked with eyes the coming twilight veiled.

Then he cried, "My songman, I am passing ;  
 Let her live, her life is but begun ;  
 All the days and nights of Sráhmándázi  
 Are not worth an hour of yonder sun."

Yet, when there within the House of Dying  
 The last silence held the sunset air,  
 Not alone he came to Sráhmándázi,  
 Not alone she found the twilight fair :

While the songman, far beneath the forest  
 Sang of Sráhmándázi all night through,  
 "Lovely be thy name, O Lord of Shadows,  
 Land of meeting, land of all the true !"

## COMMEMORATION

I sat by the granite pillar, and sunlight fell  
 Where the sunlight fell of old,  
 And the hour was the hour my heart remember'd well,  
 And the sermon roll'd and roll'd  
 As it used to roll when the place was still unhaunted,  
 And the strangest tale in the world was still untold,

And I knew that of all this rushing of urgent sound  
That I so clearly heard,  
The green young forest of saplings cluster'd round  
Was heeding not one word :  
Their heads were bow'd in a still serric'd patience  
Such as an angel's breath could never have stirr'd.

For some were already away to the hazardous pitch,  
Or lining the parapet wall,  
And some were in glorious battle, or great and rich  
Or throned in a college hall :  
And among the rest was one like my own young phantom,  
Dreaming for ever beyond my utmost call.

“ O Youth,” the preacher was crying, “ deem not thou  
Thy life is thine alone ;  
Thou bearest the will of the ages, seeing how  
They built thee bone by bone,  
And within thy blood the Great Age sleeps sepulchred  
Till thou and thine shall roll away the stone.

“ Therefore the days are coming when thou shalt burn  
With passion whitely hot ;  
Rest shall be rest no more ; thy feet shall spurn  
All that thy hand hath got ;  
And One that is stronger shall gird thee, and lead thee  
swiftly  
Whither, O heart of Youth, thou wouldest not.”

And the School pass'd ; and I saw the living and dead  
Set in their seats again,  
And I long'd to hear them speak of the word that was said,  
But I knew that I long'd in vain.  
And they stretch'd forth their hands, and the wind of the  
spirit took them  
Lightly as drifted leaves on an endless plain.



## THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BLAKE

*(August 7th, 1657)*

Laden with spoil of the South, fulfilled with the glory of  
achievement,

And freshly crowned with never-dying fame,  
Sweeping by shores where the names are the names of the  
victories of England,

Across the Bay the squadron homeward came.

Proudly they came, but their pride was the pomp of a  
funeral at midnight,

When dreader yet the lonely morrow looms ;  
Few are the words that are spoken, and faces are gaunt  
beneath the torchlight

That does but darken more the nodding plumes.

Low on the field of his fame, past hope lay the Admiral  
triumphant,

And fain to rest him after all his pain ;  
Yet for the love that he bore to his own land, ever  
unforgotten,

He prayed to see the Western hills again.

Fainter than stars in a sky long gray with the coming of  
the daybreak,

Or sounds of night that fade when night is done,  
So in the death-dawn faded the splendour and loud renown  
of warfare,

And life of all its longings kept but one.

“ Oh ! to be there for an hour when the shade draws in  
beside the hedgerows,

And falling apples wake the drowsy noon :

Oh ! for the hour when the elms grow sombre and human  
in the twilight,  
And gardens dream beneath the rising moon.

“ Only to look once more on the land of the memories of  
childhood,  
Forgetting weary winds and barren foam :  
Only to bid farewell to the combe and the orchard and the  
moorland,  
And sleep at last among the fields of home ! ”

So he was silently praying, till now, when his strength was  
ebbing faster,  
The Lizard lay before them faintly blue ;  
Now on the gleaming horizon the white cliffs laughed along  
the coast-line,  
And now the forelands took the shapes they knew.

There lay the Sound and the Island with green leaves  
down beside the water,  
The town, the Hoe, the masts with sunset fired—  
Dreams ! ay, dreams of the dead ! for the great heart  
faltered on the threshold,  
And darkness took the land his soul desired.

*GILBERT PARKER*

---

REUNITED

When you and I have play'd the little hour,  
Have seen the tall subaltern Life to Death  
Yield up his sword ; and, smiling, draw the breath,  
The first long breath of freedom ; when the flower  
Of Recompense hath flutter'd to our feet,  
As to an actor's, and, the curtain down,  
We turn to face each other all alone—

Alone, we two, who never yet did meet,  
Alone, and absolute, and free : O then,  
O then, most dear, how shall be told the tale ?  
Clasp'd hands, press'd lips, and so clasp'd hands again ;  
No words. But as the proud wind fills the sail,  
My love to yours shall reach, then one deep moan  
Of joy, and then our infinite Alone.

*ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON*

---

LORD VYET

What, must my lord be gone ?  
Command his horse, and call  
The servants, one and all.  
“Nay, nay, I go alone.”

My Lord, I shall unfold  
Thy cloak of sables rare  
To shield thee from the air :  
“Nay, nay, I must be cold,”

At least thy leech I'll tell  
Some drowsy draught to make,  
Lest thou should toss awake.  
“Nay, nay, I shall sleep well.”

My lady keeps her bower :—  
I hear the lute delight  
The dark and frozen night,  
High up within the tower.

Wilt thou that she descend ?  
Thy son is in the hall,  
Tossing his golden ball,  
Shall he my lord attend ?

“Nay, sirs, unbar the door,  
The broken lute shall fall;  
My son will leave his ball  
To tarnish on the floor.”

Yon bell to triumph rings!  
To greet thee, monarchs wait  
Beside their palace gate.  
“Yes, I shall sleep with kings.”

My lord will soon alight  
With some rich prince, his friend,  
Who shall his ease attend.  
“I shall lodge low to-night.”

My lord hath lodging nigh?  
“Yes, yes, I go not far,—  
And yet the furthest star  
Is not so far as I.”

### IN A COLLEGE GARDEN

Birds, that cry so loud in the old,  
green bowery garden,  
Your song is of *Love ! Love ! Love !*  
Will you weary not nor cease ?  
For the loveless soul grows sick, the heart  
that the grey days harden ;  
I know too well that ye love ! I would ye  
should hold your peace.  
I too have seen Love rise, like a star ; I have  
marked his setting ;  
I dreamed in my folly and pride that Life  
without Love were peace.  
But if Love should await me yet, in the land  
of sleep and forgetting—  
Ah, bird, could you sing me this, I would  
not your song should cease !

## EVENSONG

Thrush, sing clear, for the spring is here :  
Sing, for the summer is near, is near.

All day long thou hast plied thy song,  
Hardly hid from the hurrying throng :

Now the shade of the trees is laid  
Down the meadow and up the glade :

Now when the air grows cool and rare  
Birds of the cloister fall to prayer :

Here is the bed of the patient dead,  
Shoulder by shoulder, head by head.

Sweet bells swing in the tower, and ring  
Men to worship before their King.

See they come as the grave bells hum,  
Restless voices awhile are dumb :

More and more on the sacred floor  
Feet that linger about the door :

Sweet sounds swim through the vaulting dim,  
Psalm and canticle, vesper hymn.

That is the way that mortals pray :  
Which is the sweeter ? Brown bird, say !

Which were best for me ? Both are blest ;  
Sing thy sweetest and leave the rest.

*NORMAN GALE*

## THE COUNTRY FAITH

Here in the country's heart  
Where the grass is green,  
Life is the same sweet life  
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives,  
And the bell at morn  
Floats with a thought of God  
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,  
And the crop grows tall—  
This is the country faith,  
And the best of all.

## THE SHADED POOL

A laughing knot of village maids  
Goes gaily tripping to the brook,  
For water-nymphs they mean to be,  
And seek some still, secluded nook.  
Here Laura goes, my own delight,  
And Colin's love, the madcap Jane,  
And half a score of goddesses  
Trip over daisies in the plain :  
Already now they loose their hair  
And peep from out the tangled gold,  
Or speed the flying foot to reach  
The brook that's only summer-cold ;  
The lovely locks stream out behind  
The shepherdesses on the wing,  
And Laura's is the wealth I love,  
And Laura's is the gold I sing.

A-row upon the bank they pant,  
And all unlace the country shoe ;  
Their fingers tug the garter-knots  
To loose the hose of varied huc.  
The flashing knee at last appears,  
The lower curves of youth and grace,  
Whereat the maidens' eyes do scan  
The mazy thickets of the place.  
But who's to see besides the thrush  
Upon the wild crab-apple tree ?  
Within his branchy haunt he sits—  
A very Peeping Tom is he !  
Now music bubbles in his throat,  
And now he pipes the scene in song—  
The virgins slipping from their robes,  
The cheated stockings lean and long,  
The swift-descending petticoat,  
The breasts that heave because they ran,  
The rounded arms, the brilliant limbs,  
The pretty necklaces of tan.  
Did ever amorous god in Greece,  
In search of some young mouth to kiss,  
By any river chance upon  
A sylvan scene as bright as this ?  
But though each maid is pure and fair,  
For one alone my heart I bring,  
And Laura's is the shape I love,  
And Laura's is the snow I sing.

And now upon the brook's green brink,  
A milk-white bevy, lo, they stand,  
Half shy, half frighten'd, reaching back  
The beauty of a poising hand !  
How musical their little screams  
When ripples kiss their shrinking feet !  
And then the brook embraces all  
Till gold and white the water meet !  
Within the streamlet's soft cool arms  
Delight and love and gracefulness  
Sport till a horde of tiny waves

Swamps all the beds of floating cress :  
 And on his shining face are seen  
 Great yellow lilies drifting down  
 Beyond the ringing apple-tree,  
 Beyond the empty homespun gown.  
 Did ever Orpheus with his lute,  
 When making melody of old,  
 E'er find a stream in Attica  
 So ripely full of pink and gold ?  
 At last they climb the sloping bank  
 And shake upon the thirsty soil  
 A treasury of diamond-drops  
 Not gain'd by aught of grimy toil.  
 Again the garters clasp the hose,  
 Again the polish'd knee is hid,  
 Again the breathless babble tells  
 What Colin said, what Colin did.  
 In grace upon the grass they lie  
 And spread their tresses to the sun,  
 And rival, musical as they,  
 The blackbird's alto shake and run.  
 Did ever Love, on hunting bent,  
 Come idly humming through the hay,  
 And, to his sudden joyfulness,  
 Find fairer game at close of day ?  
 Though every maid's a lily-rose,  
 And meet to sway a sceptred king,  
 Yet Laura's is the face I love,  
 And Laura's are the lips I sing.

### A SONG

First the fine, faint, dreamy motion  
 Of the tender blood  
 Circling in the veins of children—  
 This is Life, the bud.

Next the fresh, advancing beauty  
 Growing from the gloom,



## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Waking eyes and fuller bosom—  
This is Life, the bloom.

Then the pain that follows after,  
Grievous to be borne,  
Pricking, steeped in subtle poison—  
This is Love, the thorn.

## TO THE SWEETWILLIAM

I search the poets' honied lines,  
And not in vain, for columbines ;  
And not in vain for other flowers  
That sanctify the many bowers  
Unsanctified by human souls.  
See where the larkspur lifts among  
The thousand blossoms finely sung,  
Still blossoming in the fragrant scrolls !  
Charity, eglantine, and rue  
And love-in-a-mist are all in view,  
With coloured cousins ; but where are you,  
Sweetwilliam ?

The lily and the rose have books  
Devoted to their lovely looks,  
And wit has fallen in vital showers  
Through England's most miraculous hours  
To keep them fresh a thousand years.  
The immortal library can show  
The violet's well-thumbed folio  
Stained tenderly by girls in tears.  
The shelf where Genius stands in view  
Has briar and daffodil and rue  
And love-lies-bleeding ; but not you,  
Sweetwilliam.

Thus, if I seek the classic line  
For marybuds, 'tis Shakespeare, thine !

And ever is the primrose born  
'Neath Goldsmith's overhanging thorn.  
In Herrick's breastknot I can see  
The apple blossom, fresh and fair  
As when he plucked and put it there,  
Heedless of Time's anthology.  
So flower by flower comes into view,  
Kept fadeless by the Olympian dew  
For startled eyes ; and yet not you,  
Sweetwilliam.

Too seldom named ! And never so  
As makes the astonished heart to go  
With deer-like leapings ! Horace found  
A name unsuited to the bound  
His gleaming satires had to bear :  
Even so, methinks, a want of grace  
In country calling lost a place  
In poesy for one so fair.  
How chancily a blossom slips  
From ballad sunshine to eclipse,  
Being short of honey for the lips,  
Sweetwilliam !

Though gods of song have let you be,  
Bloom in my little book for me.  
Unwont to stoop or lean, you show  
An undefeated heart, and grow  
As pluckily as cedars. Heat  
And cold, and winds that make  
Tumbledown sallies, cannot shake  
Your resolution to be sweet.  
Then take this song, be it born to die  
Ere yet the unwedded butterfly  
Has glimpsed a darling in the sky,  
Sweetwilliam !

*ROSAMUND MARRIOTT-WATSON*

## THE LAST FAIRY

Under the yellow moon, when the young men and maidens  
pass in the lanes,  
Outcast I flit, looking down through the leaves of the  
elm-trees,  
Peering out over the fields as their voices grow fainter ;  
Furtive and lone  
Sometimes I steal through the green rushes down by the  
river,  
Hearing shrill laughter and song while the rosy-limb'd  
bathers  
Gleam in the dusk.  
Seen, they would pass me disdainful, or stone me unwitting ;  
No room is left in their hearts for my kinsfolk or me.  
Fain would I, too, fading out like a moth in the twilight,  
Follow my kin,  
Whither I know not, and ever I seek but I find not—  
Whither I know not, nor knoweth the wandering swallow ;  
“ Where are they, where ? ”  
Oft-times I cry ; but I hearken in vain for their footsteps,  
Always in vain.

High in a last year's nest, in the boughs of the pine tree,  
Musing I sit, looking up to the deeps of the sky,  
Clasping my knees as I watch there and wonder, forsaken ;  
Ever the hollow sky  
Voiceless and vast, and the golden moon silently sailing,  
Look on my pain and they care not,  
There is none that remembers :  
Only the nightingale knows me—she knows and remembers—  
Deep in the dusk of the thicket she sorrows for me.  
Yet, on the wings of the wind sweeping over the uplands,  
Fitfully borne,  
Murmuring echoes remember'd—the ghosts of old voices  
Faint as a dream, and uncertain as cloud-shadow'd sunlight,  
Fall on mine ear.

Whence do they call me ? From golden-dew'd valleys  
    forgotten ?  
Or from the strongholds of eld, where red banners of sunset  
Flame o'er the sea ?  
Or from anear, on the dim airy slopes of the dawn-world,  
Over light-flowering meads between daybreak and sunrise  
Level and grey ?  
Truly I know not, but steadfast and longing I listen,  
Straining mine ears for the lilt of their tinkling laughter  
Sweeter than sheep-bells at even ;—I watch and I hearken.  
O for the summons to sound !—for the pipes plaining  
    shrilly,  
Calling me home !

*ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH*

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TO A FRIEND WHO SENT ME A BOX OF VIOLETS

Nay, more than violets  
These thoughts of thine, friend !  
Rather thy reedy brook  
—Taw's tributary—  
At midnight murmuring,  
Descried them, the delicate,  
The dark-eyed goddesses,  
There by his cressy beds  
Dissolved and dreaming  
Dreams that distilled in a dewdrop  
All the purple of night,  
All the shine of a planet.

Whereat he whispered ;  
And they arising  
—Of day's forget-me-nots  
The duskier sisters—  
Descended, relinquished  
The orchard, the trout-pool,  
The Druid circles,  
Sheepfolds of Dartmoor,

Granite and sandstone,  
Torridge and Tamar ;  
By Roughtor, by Dozmaré,  
Down the vale of the Fowey  
Moving in silence,  
Brushing the nightshade  
By bridges Cyclopean,  
By Glynn, Lanhydrock,  
Restormel, Lostwithiel,  
Dark woodland, dim water,  
Dreaming town—  
Down the vale of the Fowey,  
Each in her exile  
Musing the message—  
Message illumined by love  
As a starlit sorrow—  
Passed, as the shadow of Ruth  
From the land of the Moabite.  
So they came—  
Valley-born, valley-nurtured—  
Came to the tideway,  
The jetties, the anchorage,  
The salt wind piping,  
Shrieking in equinox,  
By ships at anchor,  
By quays tormented,  
Storm-smitten streets ;  
Came to the haven  
Crying, “ Ah, shelter us,  
The strayed ambassadors !  
Lost legation of love  
On a comfortless coast ! ”  
Nay, but a little sleep,  
A little folding  
Of petals to the lull  
Of quiet rainfalls,—  
Here in my garden,  
In angle sheltered  
From north and east wind—  
Softly shall recreate

The courage of charity,  
Henceforth not to me only  
Breathing the message.

Clean-breath'd Sirens !  
Henceforth the mariner,  
Here on the tideway  
Dragging, foul of keel,  
Long-strayed but fortunate,  
Out of the fogs, the vast  
Atlantic solitudes,  
Shall, by the hawser-pin  
Waiting the signal—  
*Leave-go-anchor !*  
Scent the familiar  
Fragrance of home ;  
So in a long breath  
Bless us unknowingly :  
Bless them, the violets,  
Bless me, the gardener,  
Bless thee, the giver.

#### UPON ECKINGTON BRIDGE, RIVER AVON

O Pastoral heart of England ! like a psalm  
Of green days telling with a quiet beat—  
O wave into the sunset flowing calm !  
O tirèd lark descending on the wheat !  
Lies it all peace beyond that western fold  
Where now the lingering shepherd sees his star  
Rise upon Malvern ? Paints an Age of Gold  
Yon cloud with prophecies of linkèd ease—  
Lulling this Land, with hills drawn up like knees,  
To drowse beside her implements of war ?

Man shall outlast his battles. They have swept  
Avon from Naseby Field to Severn Ham ;  
And Evesham's dedicated stones have stepp'd  
Down to the dust with Montfort's oriflame.

Nor the red tear nor the reflected tower  
 Abides ; but yet these eloquent grooves remain,  
 Worn in the sandstone parapet hour by hour  
 By labouring bargemen where they shifted ropes.  
 E'en so shall man turn back from violent hopes  
 To Adam's cheer, and toil with spade again.

Ay, and his mother Nature, to whose lap  
 Like a repentant child at length he hies,  
 Not in the whirlwind or the thunder-clap  
 Proclaims her more tremendous mysteries :  
 But when in winter's grave, bereft of light,  
 With still, small voice divinelier whispering  
 —Lifting the green head of the aconite,  
 Feeding with sap of hope the hazel-shoot—  
 She feels God's finger active at the root,  
 Turns in her sleep, and murmurs of the Spring.

### *CLOUDESLEY BRERETON*

#### BALLAD OF EXTREME OLD AGE

The World sweeps past me now, and other wars  
 Set men aflame,  
 The fights we fought forgot, the sacred cause  
 No more the same !  
 The pass-words of our day are dead and gone,  
 Or only found  
 Graven upon the tombs that mark moss-grown  
 Our burial ground,  
 Where those we fought and those who fought for us  
 Together lie  
 Neglected, vanquished and victorious—  
 And none come nigh !  
 I judge not, nor condemn. How can I judge  
 This alien age  
 With other thoughts and hopes ? Why should I grudge  
 Their lot or rage ?

One prayer alone I make—a humble one—  
Ye powers ! dispense  
That I may sit a little in the sun  
Ere I go hence.

*HERBERT TRENCH*

## SHE COMES NOT WHEN NOON IS ON THE ROSES

She comes not when Noon is on the roses—  
Too bright is Day.  
She comes not to the soul till it reposes  
From work and play.

But when Night is on the hills, and the great Voices  
Roll in from sea,  
By starlight and by candlelight and dreamlight  
She comes to me.

## A CHARGE

If thou hast squander'd years to grave a gem  
Commission'd by thine absent Lord ; and while  
'Tis incomplete,  
Others would bribe thy needy skill to them—  
Dismiss them to the street !

Shouldst thou at last discover Beauty's grove,  
At last be panting on the fragrant verge,  
But in the track,  
Drunk with divine possession, thou meet Love—  
Turn, at her bidding, back.

When round thy ship in tempest Hell appears,  
And every spectre mutters up more dire  
To snatch control  
And loose to madness thy deep-kennell'd Fears—  
Then to the helm, O Soul !



Last ; if upon the cold green-mantling sea  
 Thou cling, alone with Truth, to the last spar-  
 Both castaway  
 And one must perish—let it not be he  
 Whom thou art sworn to obey !

## THE QUESTIONERS

### I

A man made a journey once over half the world  
 To come at the journey's end to no more than this :  
 The cottage where he and another had long been happy ;  
 But lilac-bushes had closed right over the path  
 And the stones of the place, it seemed, had become alive.

### II

Threshold, familiar Threshold, may I not pass ?  
*Not till thou tell me my name !*  
 Stone of wonder ; on thee were the wedding flowers  
 When I bore in to my hearth a silken-haired stranger—  
 Strange unto me was her heart, strange to her mine,  
 And soft and doubtful she trembled, like the blue  
 eve. . . .  
*Pass on, pass on !*

### III

Naked and sounding Stair, may I not pass ?  
*Tell me my name !*  
 Stair of meeting, where nightly I called the call  
 Of the exultant, the earth-engirdling, the nightingale,  
 And she from the stairhead, infinite-eyed and slow,  
 Came down in her gliding brightness into my soul. . . .  
*Pass on, pass on !*

### IV

Window, O far-seen Window, may I not pass ?  
*Tell me my name !*  
 Window of parting,—here would my proud one stand

Arrayed in dreams and roses,—here, if by chance  
 Any that she loved much, in going looked not back,  
 Stooped she to mingle sighs and tears with the rose. . . .  
*Pass on, pass on !*

## V

Chest, O thou oaken Chest, may I not pass ?  
*Tell me my name !*  
 Coffers of vision ; with bloom upon far mountains,  
 With rays upon ocean isles when their thunders were still,  
 With these did she weave her dresses, simple and secret,  
 Fragrant and here compacted, sealed even from me. . . .  
*Pass on, pass on !*

## VI

Table, ah ! merry Table, may I not pass ?  
*Tell me my name !*  
 Table of honour ; here in the vast evening  
 On the head of that pale companion, that more than friend,  
 A man I remember inflicted his lordly anger  
 In words that return, return, return to him now.  
*Pass on, pass on !*

## VII

Cradle, O Cradle, will thou not let me pass !  
*Tell me my name !*  
 Other children she bare, but this, the beloved one,  
 This was taken from her, this that most needed care,  
 And the eyes of her turned from earth, and she rose and  
 followed it  
 At dawn, when the birds and the young children sing. . . .  
*Pass on, pass on !*

## VIII

Bed, thou snow-silent Bed, may I not pass ?  
*Tell me my name !*  
 Ask him not, terrible image, ask not, for she  
 The woman by whom he lay down to whisper " Forgive ! "

Sings here no more, but only in thoughts of friends—  
 Sleeps here no more, but heavened in the souls of  
 children. . . .

*Pass on, pass on !*

## SONG OF THE VINE, IN ENGLAND

*Man*

O Vine along my garden wall  
 Could I thine English slumber break,  
 And thee from wintry exile disenthral  
 Where would thy spirit wake ?

*Vine*

I would wake at the hour of dawning in May in Italy,  
 When rose mists rise from the Magra's valley plains  
 In the fields of maize and olives around Pontrémoli,  
 When peaks grow golden and clear and the starlight wanes :  
 I would wake to the dance of the sacred mountains,  
 boundlessly  
 Kindling their marble snows in the rite of fire,  
 To them my newborn tendrils softly and soundlessly  
 Would uncurl and aspire.

I would hang no more on thy wall a rusted slumberer,  
 Listless and fruitless, strewing the pathways cold,  
 I would seem no more in thine eyes an idle cumberer  
 Profitless alien, bitter and sere and old.  
 In some warm terraced dell where the Roman rioted  
 And still in tiers his stony theatre heaves,  
 Would I festoon with leaf-light his glory quieted  
 And flake his thrones with leaves.

Doves from the mountain belfries would seek and cling  
 to me  
 To drink from the altar, winnowing the fragrant airs ;  
 Women from olived hillsides by turns would sing to me  
 Beating the olives, or stooping afield in pairs ;

On gala evenings the gay little carts of labourers  
Swinging from axles their horns against evil eye  
And crowded with children, revellers, pipers and taborers  
Chanting would pass me by. . . .

There go the pale blue shadows so light and showery  
Over sharp Apuan peaks—rathe mists unwreath—  
Almond trees wake, and the paven yards grow flowery—  
Crocuses cry from the earth at the joy to breathe ;  
There through the deep-eaved gateways of haughty-  
turreted  
Arno—house-laden bridges of strutted stalls—  
Mighty white oxen drag in the jars rich-spirited  
Grazing the narrow walls !

Wine-jars I too have filled, and the heart was thrilled with  
me !

Brown-limbed on shady turf the families lay,  
Shouting they bowled the bowls, and old men filled with me  
Roused the September twilight with songs that day.  
Lanterns of sun and moon the young children flaunted me,  
Plaiters of straw from doorway to window cried—  
Borne through the city gates the great oxen vaunted me,  
Swaying from side to side.

Wine-jars out of my leafage that once so vitally  
Throbbled into purple, of me thou shalt never take :  
Thy heart would remember the towns on the branch of Italy,  
And teaching to throb I should teach it, perchance, to  
break.

It would beat for those little citics, rock-hewn and  
mellowing

Festooned from summit to summit, where still sublime  
Murmur her temples, lovelier in their yellowing  
Than in the morn of time.

I from the scorn of frost and the wind's iniquity  
Barren, aloft in that golden air would thrive :  
My passionate rootlets draw from that hearth's antiquity  
Whirls of profounder fire in us to survive—

Serried realms of our fathers would swell and foam with us—  
 Juice of the Latin sunrise ; your own sea-flung  
 Rude and far-wandered race might again find home with  
 us,

Leaguings with old Rome, young.

## COME, LET US MAKE LOVE DEATHLESS

Come, let us make love deathless, thou and I,  
 Seeing that our footing on the Earth is brief—  
 Seeing that her multitudes sweep out to die  
 Mocking at all that passes their belief.  
 For standard of our love not theirs we take ;  
 If we go hence to-day  
 Fill the high cup that is so soon to break  
 With richer wine than they !

Ay, since beyond these walls no heavens there be  
 Joy to revive or wasted youth repair,  
 I'll not bedim the lovely flame in thee  
 Nor sully the sad splendour that we wear.  
 Great be the love, if with the lover dies  
 Our greatness past recall,  
 And nobler for the fading of those eyes  
 The world seen once for all !

## AN ODE TO BEAUTY

### I

Beauty, thou secret lamp, awake !  
 Tremble into sound !  
 Burn in me now, as thou didst break  
 Those glooms profound  
 When with laughter of Olympians we  
 Marched to a song,  
 Vagabonds young, vagabonds free,  
 Up the mountains long.

Our road over roots of Apennine  
Wound up, star-proof,  
For the thick-enwoven forest pine  
Made it a roof  
Trebled for the foot-weary wight—  
The knapsack-bowed—  
By shade of precipices, night  
And brooding cloud.  
Came a yellow diligence flashing down  
Cheerily jingling,  
Rocking from side to side, and soon  
With the valleys mingling ;  
And we overtook a team up-hill  
Some woodman's load,  
Struggling though halted, breasting still  
The invisible road.  
Long after, his whip's crack and cry  
And axle's plaint  
Followed us up the forests high,  
Submerged and faint.

## II

We sang no more ; each aching sense  
Craved silence, caring  
But to climb on, on—forgetful whence  
Or whither faring.  
Cold sweat dript from us as we marched,  
Grim fancies smote,  
Imprisoned grew the spirit—parched  
The stifled throat.  
O for a breath up the ravines  
To rift and rend  
This muffling web of branchy screens  
That never end !  
Dulness, even melancholy, stole  
From friend to friend  
As we left the dark high-road where whole  
Forests impend

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

And took the path up the cliff's face,  
Brushwood and stones,  
Clambering up from base to base  
On the Earth's bones. . . .  
So hour by hour, until the escape.  
At last—look back !  
Low in the gorge 'twixt cape and cape  
Battalion'd, black,  
Creeps radiance : a flush aureoles  
Yon crag ! It bridges  
Veiled chasms—floods the expectant souls  
Of sombre ridges. . . .  
Hail to thee, Moon ! Sudden she surged,  
Far out and sheer  
Over vague plains immense, and purged  
Our spirits clear,  
Bathed our dust-heavy eyes with awe  
And scope untold—  
All sleeping Italy we saw  
Fold beyond fold. . . .  
We watch'd far down one cloudlet curl  
Glimmering and frail,  
Opal and green and blue and pearl  
Swam on its veil ;  
And about us rocky pastures spoke  
In herds of bells  
And hark ! the waterfalls like smoke  
Blown from the fells ;  
And aloft the fading arch of all  
The stars, whose pouring  
Maketh no thunder in its fall  
Nor any roaring.

## III

And then, ah then ! while in the bliss  
That yet is fear  
Ranging with thee the great abyss,  
O lovely Sphere,

Did I remember, by some wand  
    Invoked from sleep,  
Another lamp, rising beyond  
    Another deep. . . .  
How I, a wandering lute of verse,  
    When grapes grew heavy  
Had lodged in France with vintagers  
    In a tavern leafy,  
And in a vine-dark corridor  
    Of that rude inn  
Had glimpse through a half-open door  
    Of an arm within,  
A woman's arm—bare, simple, pure,  
    Holding a light  
Shielded (herself the while obscure)  
    In exquisite  
Fingers translucent as a grape  
    Bird-wings or wine  
Enshading in soft blood-hued shape  
    The candle-shine. . . .  
A poise, a ray, a moment's gleam,  
    But, when they went  
Against the wall as in a dream  
    Witless ! leant,  
Knowing by that divine contour  
    Of warmth and bloom  
Some thought immortal lit that poor  
    Rough-paven room.  
Some eddy of the Infinite  
    Wave on its way  
Had caught that arm and moulded it  
    In mood of play ;  
That curve was of the primal Will  
    Whose gesture high  
Waved forth the choir of planets, still  
    In ecstasy ;  
And the rhythm of its dreamèd lines  
    Shall still flood on  
Through souls beyond to-day's confines  
    When we are gone,



## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Shall bear to the unborn without name  
The inurnèd light  
Secret as life, signal as flame,  
And in that flight—  
Vaster than Moon's o'er Apennine's  
Sepulchral doors  
When from the breathless gap of pines  
Golden she soars—  
To the tranced rock, deep-sunken, dumb,  
Shall murmur, shall smile,  
“Glorious the dance of passions ! Come  
To life awhile !  
I, Beauty, travelling heaven on the hoar  
Faint-phosphor'd wave  
Of Being, charge ye to explore  
And dare the grave ! ”

*DORA SIGERSON SHORTER*

## THE COMFORTERS

When I crept over the hill, broken with tears,  
When I crouched down on the grass, dumb in despair,  
I heard the soft croon of the wind bend to my ears,  
I felt the light kiss of the wind touching my hair.

When I stood lone on the height my sorrow did speak,  
As I went down the hill, I cried and I cried,  
The soft little hands of the rain stroking my cheek,  
The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.

When I went to thy grave, broken with tears,  
When I crouched down in the grass, dumb in despair,  
I heard the sweet croon of the wind soft in my ears,  
I felt the kind lips of the wind touching my hair.

When I stood lone by thy cross, sorrow did speak.  
When I went down the long hill, I cried and I cried.  
The soft little hands of the rain stroked my pale cheek,  
The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.

*WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS*

## THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made ;  
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the wild bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings ;  
There midnight's all a-glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore ;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavement gray,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

## WHEN YOU ARE OLD

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,  
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep ;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,  
And loved your beauty with love false or true ;  
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,  
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars  
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled  
And paced upon the mountains overhead,  
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

## THE MAN WHO DREAMED OF FAERYLAND

He stood among a crowd at Drumahair ;  
His heart hung all upon a silken dress,  
And he had known at last some tenderness,  
Before earth made of him her sleepy care ;  
But when a man poured fish into a pile,  
It seemed they raised their little silver heads,  
And sang how day a Druid twilight sheds  
Upon a dim, green, well-beloved isle,  
Where people love beside star-laden seas ;  
How Time may never mar their faery vows  
Under the woven roofs of quicken boughs :  
The singing shook him out of his new ease.

He wandered by the sands of Lisadill ;  
His mind ran all on money, cares and fears,  
And he had known at last some prudent years  
Before they heaped his grave under the hill ;  
But while he passed before a plashy place,  
A lug-worm with its gray and muddy mouth  
Sang how somewhere to north or west or south  
There dwelt a gay, exulting, gentle race ;  
And how beneath those three times blessed skies  
A Danaan fruitage makes a shower of moons,  
And as it falls awakens leafy tunes :  
And at that singing he was no more wise.

He mused beside the well of Scanavin,  
He mused upon his mockers ; without fail  
His sudden vengeance were a country tale,  
Now that deep earth has drunk his body in ;  
But one small knot-grass growing by the pool  
Told where, ah, little, all-unneeded voice !  
Old Silence bids a lonely folk rejoice,  
And chaplet their calm brows with leafage cool ;  
And how, when fades the sea-strewn rose of day,  
A gentle feeling wraps them like a fleece,  
And all their trouble dies into its peace :  
The tale drove his fine angry mood away.

He slept under the hill of Lugnagall ;  
And might have known at last unhaunted sleep  
Under that cold and vapour-turbaned steep,  
Now that old earth had taken man and all :  
Were not the worms that spired about his bones  
A-telling with their low and reedy cry,  
Of how God learns His hands out of the sky,  
To bless that isle with honey in His tones ;  
That none may feel the power of squall and wave,  
And no one any leaf-crowned dancer miss  
Until He burn up Nature with a kiss :  
The man has found no comfort in the grave.

## DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet ;  
She pass'd the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the  
tree ;  
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white  
hand.  
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs ;  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

## AEDH WISHES FOR THE CLOTHS OF HEAVEN

Had I the heavens' embroider'd cloths,  
Enwrought with golden and silver light,  
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths  
Of night and light and the half-light,  
I would spread the cloths under your feet :  
But I, being poor, have only my dreams ;  
I have spread my dreams under your feet ;  
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF  
THE HOST OF THE AIR

O'Driscoll drove with a song  
The wild duck and the drake,  
From the tall and the tufted reeds  
Of the drear Hart Lake.

And he saw how the reeds grew dark  
At the coming of night tide,  
And dreamed of the long dim hair  
Of Bridget his bride.

He heard while he sang and dreamed  
A piper piping away,  
And never was piping so sad,  
And never was piping so gay.

And he saw young men and young girls  
Who danced on a level place  
And Bridget his bride among them,  
With a sad and a gay face.

The dancers crowded about him,  
And many a sweet thing said,  
And a young man brought him red wine  
And a young girl white bread.

But Bridget drew him by the sleeve,  
Away from the merry bands,  
To old men playing at cards  
With a twinkling of ancient hands.

The bread and the wine had a doom,  
For these were the host of the air ;  
He sat and played in a dream  
Of her long dim hair.

He played with the merry old men  
And thought not of evil chance,

Until one bore Bridget his bride  
Away from the merry dance.

He bore her away in his arms,  
The handsomest young man there,  
And his neck and his breast and his arms  
Were drowned in her long dim hair.

O'Driscoll scattered the cards  
And out of his dream awoke :  
Old men and young men and young girls  
Were gone like a drifting smoke ;

But he heard high up in the air  
A piper piping away,  
And never was piping so sad,  
And never was piping so gay.

## THE OLD MEN ADMIRING THEMSELVES IN THE WATER

I heard the old, old men say,  
    " Everything alters,  
And one by one we drop away."  
They had hands like claws, and their knees  
Were twisted like the old thorn trees  
    By the waters.  
I heard the old, old men say,  
    " All's that's beautiful drifts away  
Like the waters."

*RUDYARD KIPLING*

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### A DEDICATION

My new-cut ashlar takes the light  
Where crimson-blank the windows flare ;  
By my own work, before the night,  
Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

If there be good in that I wrought,  
Thy hand compell'd it, Master, Thine ;  
Where I have fail'd to meet Thy thought  
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied  
Stands all Eternity's offence ;  
Of that I did with Thee to guide  
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,  
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,  
Godlike to muse o'er his own trade  
And manlike stand with God again.

The depth and dream of my desire,  
The bitter paths wherein I stray,  
Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire  
Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay.

One stone the more swings to her place  
In that dread Temple of Thy worth—  
It is enough that through Thy grace  
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken ;  
O, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,  
Help me to need no help from men,  
That I may help such men as need !

## SUSSEX

God gave all men all earth to love,  
But since our hearts are small,  
Ordained for each one spot should prove  
Beloved over all ;  
That as He watched Creation's birth,  
So we, in godlike mood,  
May of our love create our earth  
And see that it is good.

So one shall Baltic pines content,  
As one some Surrey<sup>g</sup> glade,  
Or one the palm-grove's droned lament  
Before Levuka's trade.  
Each to his choice, and I rejoice  
The lot has fallen to me  
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—  
Yea, Sussex by the sea !

No tender-hearted garden crowns,  
No bosomed woods adorn  
Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs,  
But gnarled and writhen thorn—  
Bare slopes where chasing shadows skim,  
And through the gaps revealed  
Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim  
Blue goodness of the Weald.

Clean of officious fence or hedge,  
Half-wild and wholly tame,  
The wise turf cloaks the white cliff edge  
As when the Romans came.  
What sign of those that fought and died  
At shift of sword and sword ?  
The barrow and the camp abide,  
The sunlight and the sward.

Here leaps ashore the full Sou'west  
All heavy-winged with brine,  
Here lies above the folded crest  
The Channel's leaden line ;  
And here the sea-fogs lap and cling,  
And here, each warning each,  
The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring  
Along the hidden beach.

We have no waters to delight  
Our broad and brookless vales—  
Only the dewpond on the height  
Unfed, that never fails,



Whereby no tattered herbage tells  
Which way the season flies—  
Only our close-bit thyme that smells  
Like dawn in Paradise.

Here through the strong unhampered days  
The tinkling silence thrills ;  
Or little, lost, Down churches' praise  
The Lord who made the hills :  
But here the Old Gods guard their round,  
And, in her secret heart,  
The heathen kingdom Wilfred found  
Dreams, as she dwells, apart.

Though all the rest were all my share,  
With equal soul I'd see  
Her nine-and-thirty sisters fair,  
Yet none more fair than she.  
Choose ye your need from Thames to Tweed,  
And I will choose instead  
Such lands as lie 'twixt Rake and Rye  
Black Down and Beachy Head.

I will go out against the sun  
Where the rolled scarp retires,  
And the Long Man of Wilmington  
Looks naked toward the shires ;  
And east till doubting Rother crawls  
To find the fickle tide,  
By dry and sea-forgotten walls,  
Our ports of stranded pride.

I will go north about the shaws  
And the deep ghylls that breed  
Huge oaks and old, the which we hold  
No more than "Sussex weed" ;  
Or south where windy Piddinghoe's  
Begilded dolphin veers,  
And black beside wide-banked Ouse  
Lie down our Sussex steers.

So to the land our hearts we give  
Till the sure magic strike,  
And Memory, Use, and Love make live  
Us and our fields alike—  
That deeper than our speech and thought,  
Beyond our reason's sway,  
Clay of the pit whence we were wrought  
Yearns to its fellow-clay.

*God gives all men all earth to love,  
But since man's heart is small,  
Ordains for each one spot shall prove  
Beloved over all.  
Each to his choice, and I rejoice  
The lot has fallen to me  
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—  
Yea, Sussex by the sea!*

### THE SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ

The God of Fair Beginnings  
Hath prospered here my hand—  
The cargoes of my lading,  
And the keels of my command.  
For out of many ventures  
That sailed with hope as high,  
My own have made the better trade,  
And Admiral am I.

To me my King's much honour,  
To me my people's love—  
To me the pride of Princes  
And power all pride above ;  
To me the shouting cities,  
To me the mob's refrain :—  
"Who knows not noble Valdez,  
Hath never heard of Spain."

But I remember comrades—  
Old playmates on new seas—  
When as we traded orpiment  
Among the savages—  
A thousand leagues to south'ard  
And thirty years removed—  
They knew not noble Valdez,  
But me they knew and loved.

Then they that found good liquor,  
They drank it not alone,  
And they that found fair plunder,  
They told us every one,  
About our chosen islands  
Or secret shoals between,  
When, walty from far voyage,  
We gathered to careen.

There burned our breaming-fagots  
All pale along the shore :  
There rose our worn pavilions—  
A sail above an oar :  
As flashed each yearning anchor  
Through mellow seas afire,  
So swift our careless captains  
Rowed each to his desire.

Where lay our loosened harness ?  
Where turned our naked feet ?  
Whose tavern 'mid the palm-trees ?  
What quenchings of what heat ?  
Oh fountain in the desert !  
Oh cistern in the waste !  
Oh bread we ate in secret !  
Oh cup we spilled in haste !

The youth new-taught of longing,  
The widow curbed and wan—

The goodwife proud at season,  
And the maid aware of man ;  
All souls unslaked, consuming,  
Defrauded in delays,  
Desire not more their quittance  
Than I those forfeit days !

I dreamed to wait my pleasure  
Unchanged my spring would bide :  
Wherefore, to wait my pleasure,  
I put my spring aside  
Till, first in face of Fortune,  
And last in mazed disdain,  
I made Diego Valdez  
High Admiral of Spain.

Then walked no wind 'neath Heaven  
Nor surge that did not aid—  
I dared extreme occasion,  
Nor ever one betrayed.  
They wrought a deeper treason—  
(Led seas that served my needs !)  
They sold Diego Valdez  
To bondage of great deeds.

The tempest flung me seaward,  
And pinned and bade me hold  
The course I might not alter—  
And men esteemed me bold !  
The calms embayed my quarry,  
The fog-wreathed sealed his eyes ;  
The dawn-wind brought my topsails—  
And men esteemed me wise !

Yet 'spite my tyrant triumphs  
Bewildered, dispossessed—  
My dream held I before me—  
My vision of my rest ;

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

But, crowned by Fleet and People,  
 And bound by King and Pope—  
 Stands here Diego Valdez  
 To rob me of my hope.

No prayer of mine shall move him,  
 No word of his set free  
 The Lord of Sixty Pennants  
 And the Steward of the Sea.  
 His will can loose ten thousand  
 To seek their loves again—  
 But not Diego Valdez,  
 High Admiral of Spain.

There walks no wind 'neath Heaven .  
 Nor wave that shall restore  
 The old careening riot  
 And the clamorous, crowded shore—  
 The fountain in the desert,  
 The cistern in the waste,  
 The bread we ate in secret,  
 The cup we spilled in haste !

Now call I to my Captains—  
 For council fly the sign,  
 Now leap their zealous galleys  
 Twelve-oared across the brine.  
 To me the straiter prison,  
 To me the heavier chain—  
 To me Diego Valdez,  
 High Admiral of Spain !

## THE FLOWERS

*Buy my English posies !  
 Kent and Surrey may—  
 Violets of the Undercliff  
 Wet with Channel spray ;*

*Cowslips from a Devon combe—  
Midland furze afire—  
Buy my English posies,  
And I'll sell your heart's desire !*

Buy my English posies !  
You that scorn the may,  
Won't you greet a friend from home  
Half the world away ?  
Green against the draggled drift,  
Faint and frail and first—  
Buy my Northern blood-root  
And I'll know where you were nursed :  
Robin down the logging-road whistles, " Come to me ! "  
Spring has found the maple-grove, the sap is running free ;  
All the winds of Canada call the ploughing-rain.  
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love  
again !

Buy my English posies !  
Here's to match your need—  
Buy a tuft of royal heath,  
Buy a bunch of weed  
White as sand of Muisenberg  
Spun before the gale—  
Buy my heath and lilies  
And I'll tell you whence you hail !  
Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie—  
Throned and thorned the aching berg props the speckless  
sky—  
Slow below the Wynberg firs trails the tilted wain—  
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love  
again !

Buy my English posies !  
You that will not turn—  
Buy my hot-wood clematis,  
Buy a frond o' fern

Gather'd where the Erskine leaps  
 Down the road to Lorne—  
 Buy my Christmas creeper  
 And I'll say where you were born !  
 West away from Melbourne dust holidays begin—  
 They that mock at Paradise woo at Cora Lynn—  
 Through the great South Otway gums sings the great South  
 Main—  
 Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love  
 again !

Buy my English posies !  
 Here's your choice unsold !  
 Buy a blood-red myrtle-bloom,  
 Buy the kowhai's gold  
 Flung for gift on Taupo's face,  
 Sign that spring is come—  
 Buy my clinging myrtle  
 And I'll give you back your home !  
 Broom behind the windy town ; pollen o' the pine—  
 Bell-bird in the leafy deep where the *ratas* twine—  
 Fern above the saddle-bow, flax upon the plain—  
 Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love  
 again !

Buy my English posies !  
 Ye that have your own  
 Buy them for a brother's sake  
 Overseas, alone :  
 Weed ye trample underfoot  
 Floods his heart abrim—  
 Bird ye never heeded,  
 O, she calls his dead to him.  
 Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas ;  
 Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these !  
 Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land—  
 Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand !

*ARTHUR SYMONS*

## LAUS VIRGINITATIS

The mirror of men's eyes delights me less,  
O mirror, than the friend I find in thee ;  
Thou lovest, as I love, my loveliness,  
Thou givest my beauty back to me.

I to myself suffice ; why should I tire  
The heart with roaming that would rest at home ?  
Myself the limit to my own desire,  
I have no desire to roam.

I hear the maidens crying in the hills :  
" Come up among the bleak and perilous ways,  
Come up and follow after Love, who fills  
The hollows of our nights and days ;

" Love the deliverer, who is desolate,  
And saves from desolation ; the divine  
Out of great suffering ; Love, compassionate,  
Who is thy bread and wine,

" O soul, that faints in following after him."  
I hear ; but what is Love that I should tread  
Hard ways among the perilous passes dim,  
Who need no succouring wine and bread ?

Enough it is to dream, enough to abide  
Here where the loud world's echoes fall remote,  
Untroubled, unawakened, satisfied ;  
As water-lilies float

Lonely upon a shadow-sheltered pool,  
Dreaming of their own whiteness ; even so,  
I dwell within a nest of shadows cool,  
And watch the vague hours come and go.



They come and go, but I my own delight  
Remain, and I desire no change in aught :  
Might I escape indifferent Time's despite,  
That ruins all he wrought !

This dainty body formed so curiously,  
So delicately and wonderfully made,  
My own, that none hath ever shared with me,  
My own, and for myself arrayed ;

All this that I have loved and not another,  
My one desire's delight, this, shall Time bring  
Where Beauty hath the abhorred worm for brother,  
The dust for covering ?

At least I bear it virgin to the grave,  
Pure, and apart, and rare, and casketed ;  
What, living, was my own and no man's slave,  
Shall be my own when I am dead.

But thou, my friend, my mirror, dost possess  
The shadow of myself that smiles in thee,  
And thou dost give, with thy own loveliness,  
My beauty back to me.

### CREDO

Each, in himself, his hour to be and cease  
Endures alone, but who of men shall dare,  
Sole with himself, his single burden bear,  
All the long day until the night's release ?  
Yet ere night falls, and the last shadows close,  
This labour of himself is each man's lot ;  
All he has gained of earth shall be forgot,  
Himself he leaves behind him when he goes.  
If he has any valiancy within,  
If he has made his life his very own,  
If he has loved or laboured, and has known  
A strenuous virtue, or a strenuous sin ;

Then, being dead, his life was not all vain,  
For he has saved what most desire to lose,  
And he has chosen what the few must choose,  
Since life, once lived, shall not return again.  
For of our time we lose so large a part  
In serious trifles, and so oft let slip  
The wine of every moment, at the lip  
Its moment, and the moment of the heart.  
We are awake so little on the earth,  
And we shall sleep so long, and rise so late,  
If there is any knocking at that gate  
Which is the gate of death, the gate of birth.

### THE OLD WOMEN

They pass upon their old, tremulous feet,  
Creeping with little satchels down the street,  
And they remember, many years ago,  
Passing that way in silks. They wander, slow  
And solitary, through the city ways,  
And they alone remember those old days  
Men have forgotten. In their shaking heads  
A dancer of old carnivals yet treads  
The measure of past waltzes, and they see  
The candles lit again, the patchouli  
Sweeten the air, and the warm cloud of musk  
Enchant the passing of the passionate dusk.  
Then you will see a light begin to creep  
Under the earthen eyelids, dimmed with sleep,  
And a new tremor, happy and uncouth,  
Jerking about the corners of the mouth.  
Then the old head drops down again, and shakes,  
Muttering.

Sometimes, when the swift gaslight wakes  
The dreams and fever of the sleepless town,  
A shaking huddled thing in a black gown  
Will steal at midnight, carrying with her

Violet little bags of lavender,  
Into the tap-room full of noisy light ;  
Or, at the crowded earlier hour of night,  
Sidle, with matches, up to some who stand  
About a stage-door, and, with furtive hand,  
Appealing : " I too was a dancer, when  
Your fathers would have been young gentlemen ! "

And sometimes, out of some lean, ancient throat,  
A broken voice, with here and there a note  
Of unspoilt crystal, suddenly will arise  
Into the night, while a cracked fiddle cries  
Pantingly after ; and you know she sings  
The passing of light, famous, passing things.  
And sometimes, in the hours past midnight, reels  
Out of an alley upon staggering heels,  
Or into the dark keeping of the stones  
About a doorway, a vague thing of bones  
And dragged hair.

And all these have been loved,  
And not one ruinous body has not moved  
The heart of man's desire, nor has not seemed  
Immortal in the eyes of one who dreamed  
The dream that men call love. This is the end  
Of much fair flesh ; it is for this you tend  
Your delicate bodies many careful years,  
To be this thing of laughter and of tears,  
To be this living judgment of the dead,  
An old grey woman with a shaking head.

## THE DANCE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF HERODIAS

Is it the petals falling from the rose ?  
For in the silence I can hear a sound  
Nearer than my own heart-beat, such a word  
As roses murmur, blown by a great wind.

I see a pale and windy multitude  
Beaten about the air, as if the smoke  
Of incense kindled into visible life  
Shadowy and invisible presences ;  
And, in the cloudy darkness, I can see  
The thin white feet of many women dancing,  
And in their hands. . . . I see it is the dance  
Of the daughters of Herodias ; each of them  
Carries a beautiful platter in her hand,  
Smiling, because she holds against her heart  
The secret lips and the unresting brow  
Some John the Baptist's head makes lamentable ;  
Smiling as innocently as if she carried  
A wet red quartered melon on a dish.  
For they are stupid, and they do not know  
That they are slaying the messenger of God.  
Here is Salome. She is a young tree  
Swaying in the wind ; her arms are slender branches,  
And the heavy summer leafage of her hair  
Stirs as if rustling in a silent wind ;  
Her narrow feet are rooted in the ground,  
But, when the dim wind passes over her,  
Rustlingly she awakens, as if life .  
Thrilled in her body to its finger-tips.  
Her little breasts arise as if a thought  
Beckoned, her body quivers ; and she leans  
Forward, as if she followed, her wide eyes  
Swim open, her lips seek ; and now she leans  
Backward, and her half-parted lips are moist,  
And her eyelashes mingle. The gold coins  
Tinkle like little bells about her waist,  
Her golden anklets clash once, and are mute.  
The eyes of the blue-lidded turquoises,  
The astonished rubies, waked from dreams of fire,  
The emeralds coloured like the under-sea,  
Pale chrysoprase and flaming chrysolite,  
The topaz twofold, twofold sardonyx,  
Open, from sleeping long between her breasts :  
And those two carbuncles, which are the eyes  
Of the gold serpent nesting in her hair,

Shoot starry fire ; the bracelets of wrought gold  
Mingle with bracelets of carved ivory  
Upon her drooping wrists. Herodias smiles,  
But the grey face of Herod withers up,  
As if it dropped to ashes ; the parched tongue  
Labours to moisten his still-thirsting lips ;  
The rings upon his wrinkled fingers strike,  
Ring against ring, between his knees. And she,  
Salome, has forgotten everything,  
But that the wind of dancing in her blood  
Exults, crying a strange, awakening song ;  
And Herod has forgotten everything,  
He has forgotten he is old and wise.  
He does not hear the double-handed sword  
Scrape on the pavement, as Herodias, beckons  
The headsman, from behind him, to come forth.

They dance, the daughters of Herodias,  
With their eternal, white, unfaltering feet,  
And always, when they dance, for their delight,  
Always a man's head falls because of them.  
Yet they desire not death, they would not slay  
Body or soul, no, not to do them pleasure :  
They desire love, and the desire of men ;  
And they are the eternal enemy.  
They know that they are weak and beautiful,  
And that their weakness makes them beautiful,  
For pity, and because man's heart is weak.  
To pity woman is an evil thing ;  
She will avenge upon you all your tears,  
She would not that a man should pity her.  
But to be loved by one of these beloved  
Is poison sweeter than the cup of sleep  
At midnight : death, or sorrow worse than death,  
Or that forgetfulness, drowning the soul,  
Shall heal you of it, but no other thing :  
For they are the eternal enemy.  
They do not understand that in the world  
There grows between the sunlight and the grass  
Anything save themselves desirable.

It seems to them that the swift eyes of men  
Are made but to be mirrors, not to see  
Far-off, disastrous, unattainable things.  
“For are not we,” they say, “the end of all ?  
Why should you look beyond us ? If you look  
Into the night, you will find nothing there :  
We also have gazed often at the stars.  
We, we alone among all beautiful things,  
We only are real : for the rest are dreams.  
Why will you follow after wandering dreams  
When we await you ? And you can but dream  
Of us, and in our image fashion them ! ”  
They do not know that they but speak in sleep,  
Speaking vain words as sleepers do ; that dreams  
Are fairer and more real than they are ;  
That all this tossing of our freighted lives  
Is but the restless shadow of a dream ;  
That the whole world, and we that walk in it,  
Sun, moon, and stars, and the unageing sea,  
And all the happy humble life of plants,  
And the unthoughtful eager life of beasts,  
And all our loves, and birth, and death, are all  
Shadows, and a rejoicing spectacle  
D dreamed out of utter darkness and the void  
But that first, last, eternal soul of things,  
The shadow of whose brightness fashions us,  
That, for the day of our eternity,  
It may behold itself as in a mirror.  
Shapes on a mirror, perishable shapes,  
Fleeting, and without substance, or abode  
In a fixed place, or knowledge of ourselves,  
Poor, fleeting, fretful, little arrogant shapes ;  
Let us dream on, forgetting that we dream !

They dance, the daughters of Herodias,  
Everywhere in the world, and I behold  
Their rosy-petalled feet upon the air  
Falling and falling in a cadence soft  
As thoughts of beauty sleeping. Where they pass,  
The wisdom which is wiser than things known,

The beauty which is fairer than things seen,  
Dreams which are nearer to eternity  
Than that most mortal tumult of the blood  
Which wars on-itself in loving, droop and die.  
But they smile innocently, and dance on,  
Having no thought but this unslumbering thought :  
“ Am I not beautiful ? Shall I not be loved ? ”  
Be patient, for they will not understand,  
Not till the end of time will they put by  
The weaving of slow steps about men's hearts.  
They shall be beautiful, they shall be loved.  
And though a man's head falls because of them  
Whenever they have danced his soul asleep,  
It is not well that they should suffer wrong ;  
For beauty is still beauty, though it slay,  
And love is love, although it love to death.  
Pale, windy, and ecstatic multitude  
Beaten about this mortal air with winds  
Of an all but immortal passion, borne  
Upon the flight of thoughts that drooped their wings  
Into the cloud and twilight for your sake,  
Yours is the beauty of your own desire,  
And it shall wither only with that love  
Which gave it being. Dance in the desolate air,  
Dance always, daughters of Herodias,  
With your eternal, white, unfaltering feet.  
But dance, I pray you, so that I from far  
May hear your dancing fainter than the drift  
Of the last petals falling from the rose.

*RICHARD LE GALLIENNE*

### THE SECOND CRUCIFIXION

Loud mockers in the roaring street  
Say Christ is crucified again :  
Twice pierced His gospel-bearing feet,  
Twice broken His great heart in vain.

I hear, and to myself I smile,  
For Christ talks with me all the while.

No angel now to roll the stone  
From off His unawaking sleep,  
In vain shall Mary watch alone,  
In vain the soldiers vigil keep.

Yet while they deem my Lord is dead  
My eyes are on His shining head.

Ah ! never more shall Mary hear  
That voice exceeding sweet and low  
Within the garden calling clear :  
Her Lord is gone, and she must go.

Yet all the while my Lord I meet  
In every London lane and street.

Poor Lazarus shall wait in vain,  
And Bartimæus still go blind ;  
The healing hem shall ne'er again  
Be touch'd by suffering humankind.

Yet all the while I see them rest,  
The poor and outcast, on His breast.

No more unto the stubborn heart  
With gentle knocking shall He plead,  
No more the mystic pity start,  
For Christ twice dead is dead indeed.

So in the street I hear men say :  
Yet Christ is with me all the day.



*WALTER HEADLAM*

## MUSIC

Rejoice, O peoples of the earth,  
Break forth aloud with joy and singing ;  
Tell to your hearts their own delight,  
Set all the wide ways ringing !  
Tell to your hearts their own delight,  
From dungeon let their griefs take flight,  
Send them abroad on music winging,  
O peoples of the earth !

Through time past the long shadows darken,  
I gaze out in the world, and hearken :—  
Where I hear not, there is death ;  
But from stars alive and clear,  
Music, in my listening ear  
Thy divine voice answereth :

From the mountains over-revelled  
With bare feet of maid and queen,  
That with night-blown hair dishevelled,  
In the moonlight seen,  
To Iacchos on Cithæron  
Crash the lifted tambourine :  
“ To the mountain, to Cithæron,  
Come away, O come away !  
For a new heaven hath he found us, a new earth,  
He has caused our lamentation to be mirth,  
He hath brought us from the night into the day.”

Yonder a star  
Yet more radiant and more far,  
Where saved upon the further land  
All Israel in amazement stand ;  
Till the leader cries aloud  
“ I will sing unto the Lord,

For He hath triumphed gloriously ;  
The horse and his rider hath He cast into the sea.

In his heart the Egyptian vowed  
*I will pursue, I will destroy,*  
*My prize I will enjoy :—*

“ From the fire and from the cloud  
The Lord looked unto the host ;  
In His wrath brought low the proud,  
With His hand made weak the strong ;  
With His breath He broke the boast  
Of the lustful-hearted throng ;  
Blew, and under the deep sea  
Sank they as a stone.”

Then in answer Miriam  
Takes a timbrel in her hand,  
And with timbrels and with dances  
Have the women followed ;  
And with trumpet and with cymbal and with shavm  
Israel all takes up the song  
In a thankful psalm  
Upon Egypt overthrown,  
Charioteer and horseman fallen,  
All their uncontaining fancies  
In the water swallowed ;  
Pharaoh with his heart of stone  
Humbled, his proud-minded lords  
With imagination swollen  
—Them that trusted in their swords—  
Drowned in the Red Sea.

Rejoice, I cry to you, rejoice,  
Break forth aloud in singing !  
Give to your helpless hearts a voice,  
From labour give their longings birth,  
Your loads into the wide air flinging,  
O peoples of the earth !

All you that mourn,  
With human tribulation worn,  
In darkness without ray,  
Yet, when aloft their anthem swell  
Quires, and by the organ woven  
Wander, at the wind's will shifting,  
Clouds of golden vapour, drifting  
Under the long vaulted grey,—  
You best may tell  
At the incantation of that spell  
How your hearts' deep heavinesses,  
All their pains and their distresses,  
Melt and mingle, and are borne  
On the waving of her wings away.

Then, from her gross burdens free,  
Through the cloudy curtains rifted  
High the rapt soul rises, lifted  
Out of the domain of time  
Into some diviner clime  
From desires and labours far,  
Where . . .  
Where recline (old fables tell)  
Spirits of men on Asphodel,  
Or through unshorn meadows pacing,  
Or by waters endless-flowing  
Wander, heart with heart embracing,  
Robed in white,  
Under skies eternal-glowing  
But with pale dispassioned light :—  
And as they go  
Still their unspent ardour show  
To the air great joy to throw,  
Voicing to their blended strings  
The praises of their King of Kings,  
Varying one untiring theme  
Without end—so through ages dream  
Fond mortals, for more heavenly bliss  
Angels cannot have than this,  
At whose word the clouds are rifted .

And our earth-weighed spirits lifted  
From their burdens free  
Out of the control of time  
Into some diviner clime  
Where they fain would be.

O happier they  
That so may cast their cares away ;  
They shall not find  
The poison festering in the mind.

O happy shepherd on the slopes  
To his little drowsy reed  
Pasturing his far-straying hopes  
That his love may speed !  
Happy whoe'er with pipe or string  
May open, when they list, a spring  
For delight or tears ;  
Happy for whom those waters flow not  
Vainly, but make heaven—they know not  
In their heart or in their ears.

But for mine  
Let the whole melodious armament combine,  
Whose majesty divine  
Mourns or rejoices  
With the untrod forest's myriad-hearted voices.

O come with me,  
You that I love, come now and hear with me  
This glorious harmony ;  
Hear with me, and while the sound  
Wraps with unseen leashes round,  
Ways and windings of the strain,  
Well I know, shall be  
As the sunshine, as the rain  
Falling in bright fostering weather  
For our souls to grow together.

As the sunshine, as the rain—  
Or as the ocean that embraces  
Within his universal reign  
Verdurous fields and barren spaces

Valley and mountain peak and plain,  
Infinite sun-delighted places,  
Kingdoms in his own domain,  
Warm gulfs and icy deserts cold.  
—Here may we out of rest behold,  
From where in ambush they were laid,  
Arise in anger and arrayed  
Charge with enormous-throated roar  
White-crested following ranks of war,  
—Laughter and tears, revenges, thunders,  
Amazements, unreported wonders ;  
Terrors and furies and delights,  
Dawns, and moon-ensilvered nights ;  
(Yet is one creature, and one soul  
Heaves through him all from Pole to Pole)  
Transparent shallows, and what deeps  
Upon whose breast and noonday sleeps  
Calm slumber ; and swift utter changes,  
Glooms :  
That breeds life, and withal entombs  
Thousands of dead things, once alive,  
That may not untransformed revive.  
Horizons, where the vision ranges  
Far off to the remotest verge  
Until the fading waters merge  
In heaven, and let the soul sail free,  
Pure as the whitest-wingèd swan—  
So vast a sea  
We now launch out our souls upon.

A voice out of the woodland borne,  
Calling and calling,  
Answering infinitely far  
From horn to summoning horn.  
—Blossoms in the air unfolding into flower ;  
Star upon star  
Down from the high heaven shaken in a gleaming  
shower.  
—A soul born into the world, born to be blest,  
Born with our mortal doom to be oppressed,

Clouded—again with sunlight barred, reviving ;  
But strongly, sunk or shadowed, ever striving  
To reach unto its rest.

O straining of insistent strings  
That search the very springs,  
And grasp, and traverse, and explore,  
(Is it a heart—my heart—they are unwinding  
With fear from the inmost core ?)  
Answer in the unspoken finding  
To their shrewd questionings !

Until we heard, we hardly knew  
Live in the heart what passion grew,  
What strangeness—How the lightnings fly  
From the earth at lightnings of the sky !

The sounds clash, and the closing lingers :  
Fear not ; wisely will the strain  
Wound, but with unfailing fingers  
Heal, and make more dear again  
Health for the moment of that pain.

The ways grow dark :  
Thunder and hail make loud the region ;  
Tumults—but above them, hark !  
(Royal in his might, a radiant measure)  
What comes upon the air like flame  
That in the void air hath his pleasure  
And life throughout his frame ?

As an eagle in the moorland ascending  
Takes the wind-billows under his wings ;  
High mounts the proud harmony, bending  
The storm to be servant, and sings.

He soars, and the darkness and thunder,  
On the surges that assail him upborne,  
By the strength of his might he puts under  
And sails in the splendour of morn.

The storm when in triumph he hath breasted,  
In the highest he prepares him a nest ;  
From tumult in the end hath he rested;  
But the heavens are the home of his rest.

Weak words that faint !—  
Soul to shew forth, what symbol shall we borrow ?  
There are no words for love, no words for death :  
O not so soon  
Hence to pass out, but having won this boon—  
Music, to breathe out love, to breathe out sorrow  
In thy one only breath !

*GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL*

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### BY THE MARGIN OF THE GREAT DEEP

When the breath of twilight blows to flame the misty skies,  
All its vaporous sapphire, violet glow and silver gleam,  
With their magic flood me through the gateway of the  
eyes ;  
I am one with the twilight's dream.

When the trees and skies and fields are one in dusky mood,  
Every heart of man is rapt within the mother's breast :  
Full of peace and sleep and dreams in the vasty quietude,  
I am one with their hearts at rest.

From our immemorial joys of hearth and home and love  
Strayed away along the margin of the unknown tide,  
All its reach of soundless calm can thrill me far above  
Word or touch from the lips beside.

Aye, and deep and deep and deeper let me drink and draw  
From the olden fountain more than light or peace or dream,  
Such primeval being as o'erfills the heart with awe,  
Growing one with its silent stream.

## BABYLON

The blue dusk ran between the streets: my love was  
winged within my mind,  
It left to-day and yesterday and thrice a thousand years  
behind.  
To-day was past and dead for me, for from to-day my  
feet had run  
Through thrice a thousand years to walk the ways of  
ancient Babylon.  
On temple top and palace roof the burnished gold flung  
back the rays  
Of a red sunset that was dead and lost beyond a million  
days.  
The tower of heaven turns darker blue, a starry sparkle  
now begins ;  
The mystery and magnificence, the myriad beauty and the  
sins  
Come back to me. I walk beneath the shadowy multitude  
of towers ;  
Within the gloom the fountain jets its pallid mist in lily  
flowers.  
The waters lull me and the scent of many gardens, and I  
hear  
Familiar voices, and the voice I love is whispering in my  
ear.  
Oh real as in dream all this ; and then a hand on mine is  
laid :  
The wave of phantom time withdraws ; and that young  
Babylonian maid,  
One drop of beauty left behind from all the flowing of that  
tide,  
Is looking with the self-same eyes, and here in Ireland by my  
side.  
Oh light our life in Babylon, but Babylon has taken  
wings,  
While we are in the calm and proud procession of eternal  
things.



## ARTHUR SHEARLY CRIPPS

## ALL SAINTS' DAY.

*Magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.*—(KEATS).

Ah me !

It was God's choice ere mine that I should be  
The one dim casement by whose panes they see—  
These maiden knights of mine—their elders' chivalry.

Alas !

How cobweb-hung the frame ! How dim the glass  
Whereat their bright eyes watch the pageant pass—  
Pageant with raiment white and palms of Hallow-Mass !

Make clean,

O glimmering showers of Grace and Dews unseen,  
My panes that do deface their rainbow sheen—  
Those venturous Sails that furl in haven-pools serene !

Behold !

At my poor breath-dimmed panes what pomp unfold !  
See the Host rise a Harvest Moon of gold !  
Lo, the Vine's Branches bend with clusters yet untold !

Ah me !

Flawed priest, that God should choose to make of thee  
A nursery window, whence His babes may see  
Rapture of Saints that are, wonder of Saints to be !

## ERNEST DOWSON

NON SUM QUALIS ERAM BONAE SUB REGNO  
CYNARAE

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine  
There fell thy shadow, Cynara ! thy breath was shed  
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine ;  
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head :  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat,  
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay ;  
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet ;  
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

When I awoke and found the dawn was gray :  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara ! gone with the wind,  
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,  
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind ;  
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, all the time, because the dance was long :  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,  
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,  
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara ! the night is thine ;  
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire :  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my fashion.

VITAE SUMMA BREVIS SPEM NOS VETAT  
INCOHARE LONGAM

They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,  
Love and desire and hate :

I think they have no portion in us after  
We pass the gate.

They are not long, the days of wine and roses :  
Out of a misty dream

Our path emerges for a while, then closes  
Within a dream.

## IMPENITENTIA ULTIMA

Before my light goes out for ever if God should give me a  
choice of graces,  
I would not reck of length of days, nor crave for things  
to be ;  
But cry : One day of the great lost days, one face of all  
the faces,  
Grant me to see and touch once more and nothing more to  
see.

For, Lord, I was free of all Thy flowers, but I chose the  
world's sad roses,  
And that is why my feet are torn and mine eyes are blind  
with sweat,  
But at Thy terrible judgment-seat, when this my tired life  
closes,  
I am ready to reap whereof I sowed, and pay my righteous  
debt.

But once before the sand is run and the silver thread is  
broken,  
Give me a grace and cast aside the veil of dolorous years,  
Grant me one hour of all mine hours, and let me see for a  
token  
Her pure and pitiful eyes shine out, and bathe her feet  
with tears.

Her pitiful hands should calm, and her hair stream down and  
blind me,  
Out of the sight of night, and out of the reach of fear,  
And her eyes should be my light whilst the sun went out  
behind me,  
And the music of her voice be the last sound in mine ear.

Before the ruining waters fall and my life be carried under,  
And Thine anger cleave me through as a child cuts down a  
flower,

I will praise Thee, Lord, in Hell, while my limbs are  
racked asunder,  
For the last sad sight of her face and the little grace of an  
hour.

### NUNS OF THE PERPETUAL ADORATION

Calm, sad, secure ; behind high convent walls,  
These watch the sacred lamp, these watch and pray :  
And it is one with them when evening falls,  
And one with them the cold return of day.

These heed not time ; their nights and days they make  
Into a long, returning rosary,  
Whereon their lives are threaded for Christ's sake :  
Meekness and vigilance and chastity.

A vowed patrol, in silent companies,  
Life-long they keep before the living Christ :  
In the dim church, their prayers and penances  
Are fragrant incense to the Sacrificed.

Outside, the world is wild and passionate ;  
Man's weary laughter and his sick despair  
Entreat at their impenetrable gate :  
They heed no voices in their dream of prayer.

They saw the glory of the world displayed ;  
They saw the bitter of it, and the sweet ;  
They knew the roses of the world should fade,  
And be trod under by the hurrying feet.

Therefore they rather put away desire,  
And crossed their hands and came to sanctuary ;  
And veiled their heads and put on coarse attire :  
Because their comeliness was vanity.

And there they rest ; they have serene insight  
Of the illuminating dawn to be :  
Mary's sweet Star dispels for them the night,  
The proper darkness of humanity.

Calm, sad, secure ; with faces worn and mild :  
Surely their choice of vigil is the best ?  
Yea ! for our roses fade, the world is wild ;  
But there, beside the altar, there, is rest.

### EXTREME UNCTION

Upon the eyes, the lips, the feet,  
On all the passages of sense,  
The atoning oil is spread with sweet  
Renewal of lost innocence.

The feet, that lately ran so fast  
To meet desire, are soothly sealed ;  
The eyes, that were so often cast  
On vanity, are touched and healed.

From troublous sights and sounds set free ;  
In such a twilight hour of breath,  
Shall one retrace his life, or see,  
Through shadows, the true face of death ?

Vials of mercy ! Sacring oils !  
I know not where nor when I come,  
Nor through what wanderings and toils,  
To crave of you Viaticum.

Yet, when the walls of flesh grow weak,  
In such an hour, it well may be,  
Through mist and darkness, light will break,  
And each anointed sense will see.

### *LAURENCE HOUSMAN*

### DEUS NOSTER IGNIS CONSUMENS

To Him be praise who made  
Desire more fair than rest :  
Better the prayer while prayed,  
Than the attained bequest !

Man goes from strength to strength  
Fresh with each draught of pain,  
Only to fail at length  
Of heights he could not gain.

The soul of live desire,  
How shall it mate with dust ?  
To whom was given fire,—  
For ashes shall be lust ?  
Man's tenure is but breath,  
His flesh, a vesture worn :  
Let him that fears not death  
Fear not to rest unborn.

The crown entails the curse ;  
Here all the fame that's won,  
A harvest for the hearse,  
Falls withered to the sun.  
There, weary of reward,  
The victor strips his wreath ;  
There, sick with deaths, the sword  
Sighs back into the sheath.

### *LIONEL JOHNSON*

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#### THE PRECEPT OF SILENCE

I know you : solitary griefs,  
Desolate passions, aching hours !  
I know you : tremulous beliefs,  
Agonized hopes, and ashen flowers !

The winds are sometimes sad to me ;  
The starry spaces, full of fear :  
Mine is the sorrow on the sea,  
And mine the sigh of places drear.

Some players upon plaintive strings  
Publish their wistfulness abroad :  
I have not spoken of these things,  
Save to one man, and unto God.

BY THE STATUE  
OF KING CHARLES AT CHARING CROSS

Sombre and rich, the skies,  
Great glooms, and starry plains ;  
Gently the night wind sighs ;  
Else a vast silence reigns.

The splendid silence clings  
Around me : and around  
The saddest of all Kings,  
Crown'd, and again discrown'd.

Comely and calm, he rides  
Hard by his own Whitehall.  
Only the night wind glides :  
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court : and yet,  
The stars his courtiers are :  
Stars in their stations set ;  
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,  
The fair and fatal King :  
Dark night is all his own,  
That strange and solemn thing.

Which are more full of fate :  
The stars ; or those sad eyes ?  
Which are more still and great :  
Those brows, or the dark skies ?

Although his whole heart yearn  
In passionate tragedy,  
Never was face so stern  
With sweet austerity.

Vanquish'd in life, his death  
By beauty made amends :  
The passing of his breath  
Won his defeated ends.

Brief life, and hapless ? Nay :  
Through death, life grew sublime.  
*Speak after sentence ?* Yea :  
And to the end of time.

Armour'd he rides, his head  
Bare to the stars of doom ;  
He triumphs now, the dead,  
Beholding London's gloom.

Our wearier spirit faints,  
Vex'd in the world's employ :  
His soul was of the saints ;  
And art to him was joy.

King, tried in fires of woe !  
Men hunger for thy grace :  
And through the night I go,  
Loving thy mournful face.

Yet, when the city sleeps,  
When all the cries are still,  
The stars and heavenly deeps  
Work out a perfect will.



## OXFORD

Over, the four long years ! And now there rings  
One voice of freedom and regret : *Farewell !*  
Now old remembrance sorrows, and now sings :  
But song from sorrow, now, I cannot tell.

City of weather'd cloister and worn court ;  
Grey city of strong towers and clustering spires :  
Where art's fresh loveliness would first resort ;  
Where lingering art kindled her latest fires !

Where on all hands, wondrous with ancient grace,  
Grace touch'd with age, rise works of goodliest men :  
Next Wykeham's art obtain their splendid place  
The zeal of Inigo, the strength of Wren.

Where at each coign of every antique street,  
A memory hath taken root in stone :  
There, Raleigh shone ; there, toil'd Franciscan feet ;  
There, Johnson flinched not, but endur'd alone.

There, Shelley dream'd his white Platonic dreams ;  
There, classic Landor throve on Roman thought ;  
There, Addison pursued his quiet themes ;  
There, smiled Erasmus, and there, Colet taught.

And there, O memory more sweet than all !  
Lived he, whose eyes keep yet our passing light ;  
Whose crystal lips Athenian speech recall ;  
Who wears Rome's purple with least pride, most right.<sup>1</sup>

That is the Oxford strong to charm us yet :  
Eternal in her beauty and her past  
What, though her soul be vex'd ? She can forget  
Cares of an hour : only the great things last.

<sup>1</sup> Cardinal Newman.

Only the gracious air, only the charm,  
And ancient might of true humanities,  
These nor assault of man, nor time, can harm :  
Not these, nor Oxford with her memories.

Together have we walk'd with willing feet  
Gardens of plenteous trees, bowering soft lawn ;  
Hills whither Arnold wander'd ; and all sweet  
June meadows, from the troubling world withdrawn ;

Chapels of cedarn fragrance, and rich gloom  
Pour'd from empurpled panes on either hand ;  
Cool pavements, carved with legends of the tomb ;  
Grave haunts, where we might dream, and understand.

Over, the four long years ! And unknown powers  
Call to us, going forth upon our way :  
Ah ! Turn we, and look back upon the towers  
That rose above our lives, and cheer'd the day.

Proud and serene, against the sky they gleam :  
Proud and secure, upon the earth they stand.  
Our city hath the air of a pure dream,  
And hers indeed is a Hesperian land.

Think of her so ! The wonderful, the fair,  
The immemorial, and the ever young :  
The city sweet with our forefathers' care :  
The city where the Muses all have sung.

Ill times may be ; she hath no thought of time :  
She reigns beside the waters yet in pride.  
Rude voices cry : but in her ears the chime  
Of full sad bells brings back her old springtide.

Like to a queen in pride of place, she wears  
The splendour of a crown in Radcliffe's dome.  
Well fare she—well ! As perfect beauty fares,  
And those high places that are beauty's home.

*HENRY DOWSON LOWRY*

## A PRAYER AT DEATH

I was some part of the flower of a poor weed,  
But still gave gold to the meadows, and at last,  
When all the gold was spent, and dim grey plumes  
Made me the prey of the wind, lovers in doubt—  
In the dear doubt that all true lovers know—  
Chose me for oracle. And so the wind  
Hath me for slave.

Lord, if in common ground  
I served Thy bidding, is there no reward ?  
Hast Thou not tried me ? May not a great wind  
Lift me and bear me to some richer soil ?  
Where Thou wilt change Thy mandate and confer  
Strength of the oak or perfume of the rose.

*C. A. DAWSON SCOTT*

## THE HOUSE OF CLAY

A day shall break—the widening rose of dawn  
Petal on petal lifting from the gold  
Until the neutral earth is green, the stars  
Reborn as dew—that day shall break  
And thou sleep on.

Sleep so serenely that the pitcher left  
To brim and overflow, the scattered ash,  
The needle rusting in the seam  
Shall be as recollected play ;  
So deeply not the push  
Of dimpled fingers at thy breast  
May lure thee back.

Beneath a coronal of bloom, the fruit  
Is ripening ere the petals fleet

Thro' quiet airs  
A fragrant generation at a breath.  
When is fulfilled  
The law, the purpose of our earth—  
We too may wing into the vast.

The sacred fire  
Smoulders upon the hearth, tho' red  
On circling wall the pageantry of hell !  
Within the shrine  
The priestess pours libation, till the years  
Are numbered, and a younger vestal brings  
The oil and wine.

From the low house of clay we look  
Thro' storied window of the creeds ;  
From the low house of clay—the altar lit  
Or black with dying brand—we step  
Into the light.

*STEPHEN PHILLIPS*

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THE HOME-COMING OF ULYSSES

(FROM " ULYSSES ")

ULYSSES.

Slowly the mist fades ! Ah ! the cypress tree  
I was so proud to plant as a boy ! and there  
The cave forbidden which I therefore loved !  
Brighter, more bright ! The crest of Neriton !  
The rustling glade there where I killed the boar.  
Now all the land gleams : look you there ! the ridge  
Where the young laughing babe Telemachus  
First clapped his hands at sight of the sea : and O !  
Yon holy winding path where last I kissed  
Penelope, who toward me swayed and spoke not.  
I came there down the slope most lingeringly,  
And turned by the myrtle tree, and turned and turned.

Goddess, I cannot see for the great tears.  
 There ! there ! the very peak to which she climbed  
 Waving a sea-farewell with helpless hands !  
 O verdure to the sea-man that's come home !  
 O light upon the land where I was born !  
 O dear, dear Earth, thou warm mother of me,  
 Art glad, art glad in thy brown bosom ; here  
 I kiss and kiss thee : here I fling me down  
 And roll and clasp and cover me with thee !

Ah ! 'tis a dream : O God, it is a lure !  
 Incredible that ever I can rest !  
 I am fooled by the old sea-magic : my home trembles :  
 An apparition of the glassy deep,  
 A fading island that we come to never !  
 Is it rooted, rooted fast and cannot fly ?  
 I shall go mad if I am fooled ! Speak ! speak !  
 Is this the earth, the earth where I was born ?

ATHENE

Ulysses, 'tis at last, 'tis Ithaca.

*LAURENCE BINYON*

DAY'S END

When I am weary, throng'd with the cares of the vain day  
 That tease as harsh winds tease the unresting autumn  
     boughs,  
 I still my mind at evening and put all else away  
 But the image of my Love, where all my hopes I house.

The thoughts of her fall gently as the gentleness of snow  
 That after storm makes smoothness in the ways that are  
     rough ;  
 White with a hush of beauty over my heart they grow  
 To the peace of which my heart can never hold enough.

## THE BACCHANAL OF ALEXANDER

## I

A wondrous rumour fills and stirs  
The wide Carmanian Vale ;  
On leafy hills the sunburnt vintagers  
Stand listening ; silent is the echoing flail  
Upon the threshing floors :  
Girls in the orchards one another hail  
Over their golden stores.  
“ Leave the dewy apples hanging flushed,  
Ripe to drop  
In our baskets ! Leave the heavy grapes uncrushed,  
Leave the darkened figs, a half-pulled crop,  
Olive-boughs by staves unbeaten, come,  
All our hills be hushed !  
For a Conqueror, nay a God,  
Comes into our land this day,  
From the Eastern desert dumb,  
That no mortal ever trod :  
Come we down to meet him on his way ! ”  
From reddening vineyards steeped in sun,  
Trees that with riches droop,  
Down the green upland men and maidens run  
Or under the low leaves with laughter stoop.  
But now they pause, they hear  
Far trampling sounds ; and many a soft-eyed troop  
Murmurs a wondering fear.  
“ Wherefore hast thou summoned us afar,  
Voice so proud ?  
Who are ye that so imperious are ?  
Is it he to whom all India bowed,  
Bacchus, and the great host that pursue  
Triumphing, his car ;  
Whom our fathers long foretold ?  
O if it be he, the God indeed,  
May his power our vines endue  
With prosperity fourfold.  
Bring we all ripe offerings for his need ! ”

Slowly along the vine-robed vale move on,  
Like those that walk in dream,  
The ranks of Macedon.  
O much-proved men, why doubt ye truth so sweet ?  
This is that fair Carmania, that did seem  
So far to gain, yet now is at your feet.  
'Tis no Circean magic greenly crowds  
This vale of elms, the laden vines uprearing,  
The small flowers in the grass, the illumined clouds,  
Trembling streams with rushes lined,  
All in strangeness reappearing  
Like a blue morn to the blind !  
Worn feet go happy, and parched throats may laugh,  
Or blissful cold drops from dipt helmets quaff ;  
Dear comrades, flinging spears down, stand embraced  
And heap this rich oblivion on the waste  
Of torment whence they came ;  
That land of salt sand vaulted o'er with flame,  
That furnace, which for sixty days they pierced,  
Wrapt in a hot slow cloud of pricking grains,  
On ever crumbling mounds, through endless plains,  
And ravening hands scooped fire, not water, for their thirst.  
Streams of Carmania, never have ye seen  
Such mirrored rapture of strong limbs unclad,  
Lips pressing, lover-like, delicious green  
Of leaves, or breaking into laughter mad ;  
Out-wearied ranks, that couched in gloom serene,  
Let idle memory toy  
With torment past whose pangs enrich the gust of joy.

## II

O peerless Alexander ! still  
From his kindling words they glow.  
Like a straight shaft to a bow  
Is their strength unto his will.  
He hath done what no man ever dared :  
That fierce desert, where great Cyrus lost  
All save seven of his unnumbered host,  
Where the proud Semiramis despaired,

He hath brought his thousands through.  
Vainly, vainly Wind and Fire  
Stormed against the way of his desire :  
They at last their tamer knew.  
O'er mile-broad rivers, like young brooks, he stept,  
Walls of unconquered cities overleapt.  
And now Earth yields, for storm and strife and heat,  
Her greenest valley to his feet.

But lo ! the soft Carmanian folk,  
Round these warriors gathering high,  
Down the slopes with murmur shy  
The benignant God invoke.  
While they stand in wonder and in doubt,  
Comes a throng in leaves their heads arraying,  
Some on pipes and some on tabors playing,  
" Bacchus, Bacchus is our King," they shout,  
" Magic mirth into our blood he pour ;  
Join us, strangers, in our feast !  
All our parching toil hath ceased.  
Give us of your fruitful valley's stores ! "  
Apples they heap on shields in golden domes,  
And spear points bear the dripping honeycombs.  
" Our Bacchus bids you to his joy," they sing ;  
" Lo, where he comes, the King ! "

Two massy ivory cars, together bound,  
Roll through the parting throng ;  
A whole uprooted vine enwreathes them round ;  
Long tendrils over the gold axles trail,  
While jubilant pipe and chanted song  
The cars' oncoming hail.  
By the dark bunches idle helms and greaves  
Are hung, and swords that on Hydaspes shone ;  
Heroic shoulders gleam betwixt the leaves !  
There sits reclined on rugs of Susa spread,  
Throned amid his Seven of Macedon,  
Alexander ! his victorious head  
Bound with ivy and pale autumn flowers.  
Ah, what a sunny redolence of showers



The wind wafts round him from this promised land !  
Over Hephæstion's neck is laid one hand,  
Lightly the other holds a spear ; but now  
No passion fires his eye, nor deep thought knots his brow.  
Like his own Pella breathes this upland air ;  
A joy born beauty flushes up his face,  
O'ersmoothing old fell rages, to replace  
Youth in lost lines most indolently fair.  
Remembrance is at peace, desire foregone,  
And those winged brows their watchful menace ease  
In languor proud as a storm-sailing swan  
New lighted on a mere from the wild seas.  
Beat, thrilling drums, beat low, and pipes sound on,  
While his full soul doth gaze  
From this the topmost hour of all his glorious days.

## III

The shy Carmanians awed  
Gaze on that sun-like head.  
" Is it he," they murmur, " who led  
The mirth of the vineyard abroad ?  
Surely none else may bear  
So regal a beauty ; yet why  
On us turns not his eye ?  
We have heard that he loves not care,  
But the dance and idle glee  
Of the laughing Satyr tribe  
Could toil those brows inscribe ?  
Is it he ? is it surely he ?  
Are these the revellers of his train ?  
Yet surely these have passed through fire, through pain !  
Can the Gods also suffer throes,  
Nor crave to conquer, but repose ? "

The King uplifts his bowl.  
Peucestas stoops, pours in  
From a brown fawn's swelling skin  
The ripe grape's rosy soul.  
" Pledge us," he cries, and smiles,  
" Lord of Nysa, to-day !

Have we not toiled our way  
To a valley of the Blessed Isles ?  
Drink of a richer boon  
Than the water we brought thee to taste  
In the fiery Gedrosian waste  
When we halted our host at noon,  
And thou in the sight of all didst spill  
Those longed-for drops on the darkened sand,—O fill,  
Remembering how our hearts drank wine  
From thy refusing deed divine.”

What hath the King so stirred ?  
What grief of a great desire  
Stung by that spoken word ?  
Sudden as storm his thoughts tumultuous run  
Back into peril, Indus, Issus, Tyre,  
And the famed gates of Babylon yet unwon.  
Far, far those mighty days in glory tower !  
A valley keeps him, while the great peaks call.  
O for that supreme exultant hour,  
When alone, Achilles-like, he sprang  
’Mid the astonished Indians o’er the wall,  
And a hundred arrows round him rang !  
O Alexander, all these thousands own  
Thy pleasure, but thy woes were thine alone.  
Dulled is the joy that hath no need to dare ;  
Match thy great self, and breed another heir  
To those high deeds, from which thy kindled fame  
Runs, as the world’s hope runs from youth to youth aflame.  
Climb, climb again to those lone eagle skies,  
Where ocean’s unadventured circle bends  
And dragon ignorance girdles the world’s ends !—  
As fire leaps up a tower, that thought leaps to his eyes.  
“ Off, Mænad mummary,” he cries ; his brow  
Strips off its garland with indignant hands,  
Starts up, and plants his ringing spear ; and now,  
Soul-flushed through radiant limbs, a man transfigured stands.  
With joy the marvelling Carmanians bow,  
From their long doubting freed :  
“ It is the God,” they cry, “ the enraptured God indeed ! ”

## FOR THE FALLEN

1914

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,  
England mourns for her dead across the sea.  
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,  
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill : Death august and royal  
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.  
There is music in the midst of desolation  
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,  
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.  
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,  
They fall with their faces to the foe.

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old :  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again ;  
They sit no more at familiar tables of home ;  
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time ;  
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,  
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,  
To an innermost heart of their own land they are known  
As the stars are known to the Night ;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,  
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,  
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,  
To the end, to the end, they remain.

*WILLIAM HENRY OGILVIE*

## THE CROSSING SWORDS

As I lay dreaming in the grass  
I saw a Knight of Tourney pass—  
All conquering Summer. Twilit hours  
Made soft light round him, rainbow flowers  
Hung on his harness.

Down the dells  
The fairy heralds rang blue-bells,  
And even as they rocked and rang  
Into the lists, full-armed, there sprang  
Autumn, his helm the harvest moon,  
His sword a sickle, the gleaner's tune  
His hymn of battle.

Each bowed full low,  
Knight to Knight as to worthy foe,  
Then Autumn tossed as his gauntlet down—  
A leaf of the lime tree, golden brown—  
And Summer bound it above the green  
Of his shining breast-plate's verdant sheen.

—They closed. Above them the driving mists  
Stooped and feathered—and hid the lists.  
Later the cloud mist rolled away  
But dead in his harness the Green Knight lay.

*HILAIRE BELLOC*

## THE SOUTH COUNTRY

When I am living in the Midlands  
That are sodden and unkind,  
I light my lamp in the evening :  
My work is left behind ;  
And the great hills of the South Country  
Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country  
They stand along the sea ;  
And it's there walking in the high woods  
That I could wish to be,  
And the men that were boys when I was a boy  
Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England  
I saw them for a day ;  
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,  
Their skies are fast and grey ;  
From their castle-walls a man may see  
The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England  
They see the Severn strong,  
A-rolling on rough water brown  
Light aspen leaves along.  
They have the secret of the Rocks,  
And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country  
Are the kindest and most wise,  
They get their laughter from the loud surf,  
And the faith in their happy eyes

Comes surely from our Sister the Spring  
When over the sea she flies ;  
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,  
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines  
But I smell the Sussex air ;  
Nor I never come on a belt of sand  
But my home is there.  
And along the sky the line of the Downs  
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,  
Nor a broken thing mend :  
And I fear I shall be all alone  
When I get towards the end.  
Who will there be to comfort me  
Or who will be my friend ?

I will gather and carefully make my friends  
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,  
They watch the stars from silent folds,  
They stiffly plough the field.  
By them and the God of the South Country  
My poor soul shall be heal'd.

If I ever become a rich man,  
Or if ever I grow to be old,  
I will build a house with deep thatch  
To shelter me from the cold,  
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung  
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood  
Within a walk of the sea,  
And the men that were boys when I was a boy  
Shall sit and drink with me.

*ALFRED DOUGLAS*

## THE CITY OF THE SOUL

## I

In the salt terror of the stormy sea  
There are high altitudes the mind forgets ;  
And undesired days are hunting nets  
To snare the souls that fly Eternity.  
But we being gods will never bend the knee,  
Though sad moons shadow every sun that sets,  
And tears of sorrow be like rivulets  
To feed the shadows of Humility.

Within my soul are some mean gardens found  
Where drooped flowers are, and unsung melodies,  
And all companioning of piteous things.  
But in the midst is one high terraced ground,  
Where level lawns sweep through the stately trees  
And the great peacocks walk like painted kings.

## II

What shall we do, my soul, to please the King ?  
Seeing he hath no pleasure in the dance,  
And hath condemned the honeyed utterance  
Of silver flutes and mouths made round to sing.  
Along the wall red roses climb and cling,  
And Oh ! my prince, lift up thy countenance,  
For there be thoughts like roses that entrance  
More than the langours of soft lute-playing.

Think how the hidden things that poets see  
In amber eyes or mornings crystalline,  
Hide in the soul their constant quenchless light,  
Till, called by some celestial alchemy,  
Out of forgotten depths, they rise and shine  
Like buried treasure on Midsummer night.

## III

The fields of Phantasy are all too wide,  
My soul runs through them like an untamed thing.  
It leaps the brooks like threads, and skirts the ring  
Where fairies danced, and tender flowers hide.  
The voice of music has become the bride  
Of an imprisoned bird with broken wing.  
What shall we do, my soul, to please the King,  
We that are free, with ample wings untied ?

We cannot wander through the empty fields  
Till beauty like a hunter hurl the lance.  
There are no silver snares and springes set,  
Nor any meadow where the plain ground yields.  
O let us then with ordered utterance,  
Forge the gold chain and twine the silken net.

## IV

Each new hour's passage is the acolyte  
Of inarticulate song and syllable,  
And every passing moment is a bell,  
To mourn the death of undiscerned delight.  
Where is the sun that made the noon-day bright,  
And where the midnight moon ? O let us tell,  
In long carved line and painted parable,  
How the white road curves down into the night.

Only to build one crystal barrier  
Against this sea which beats upon our days ;  
To ransom one lost moment with a rhyme,  
Or, if fate cries and grudging gods demur,  
To clutch Life's hair, and thrust one naked phrase  
Like a lean knife between the ribs of Time.



THE GOLDEN BOOK OF  
*WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES*

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TRULY GREAT

My walls outside must have some flowers,  
My walls within must have some books ;  
A house that's small ; a garden large,  
And in it leafy nooks :

A little gold that's sure each week ;  
That comes not from my living kind,  
But from a dead man in his grave,  
Who cannot change his mind :

A lovely wife, and gentle too ;  
Contented that no eyes but mine  
Can see her many charms, nor voice  
To call her beauty fine :

Where she would in that stone cage live,  
A self-made prisoner with me ;  
While many a wild bird sang around,  
On gate, on bush, on tree :

And she sometimes to answer them,  
In her far sweeter voice than all ;  
Till birds, that loved to look on leaves,  
Will dote on a stone wall.

—With this small house, this garden large,  
This little gold, this lovely mate,  
With health in body, peace at heart—  
Show me a man more great.

THE KINGFISHER

It was the Rainbow gave thee birth,  
And left thee all her lovely hues ;  
And, as her mother's name was Tears,  
So runs it in thy blood to choose

For haunts the lonely pools, and keep  
In company with trees that weep.

Go you and, with such glorious hues,  
Live with proud Peacocks in green parks ;  
On lawns as smooth as shining glass,  
Let every feather show its mark ;  
Get thee on boughs and clap thy wings  
Before the windows of proud kings.

Nay, lovely Bird, thou art not vain ;  
Thou hast no proud ambitious mind ;  
I also love a quiet place  
That's green, away from all mankind ;  
A lonely pool, and let a tree  
Sigh with her bosom over me.

### THE MOON

Thy beauty haunts me, heart and soul,  
Oh thou fair Moon, so close and bright ;  
Thy beauty makes me like the child,  
That cries aloud to own thy light :  
The little child that lifts each arm,  
To press thee to her bosom warm.

Though there are birds that sing this night  
With thy white beams across their throats,  
Let my deep silence speak for me  
More than for them their sweetest notes :  
Who worships thee till music fails  
Is greater than thy nightingales.

### LOVELY DAMES

Few are my books, but my small few have told  
Of many a lovely dame that lived of old ;  
And they have made me see those fatal charms  
Of Helen, which brought Troy so many harms ;  
And lovely Venus, when she stood so white  
Close to her husband's forge in its red light.

I have seen Dian's beauty in my dreams,  
When she had trained her looks in all the streams  
She crossed to Latmos and Endymion ;  
And Cleopatra's eyes, that hour they shone  
The brighter for a pearl she drank to prove  
How poor it was compared to her rich love :  
But when I look on thee, love, thou dost give  
Substance to those fine ghosts, and make them live.

## LEISURE

What is this life if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs  
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,  
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,  
Streams full of stars, like stars at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,  
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can  
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

*SIDNEY ROYSE LYSAGHT*

## FIRST PATHWAYS

Where were the pathways that your childhood knew ?-  
In mountain glens ? or by the ocean strands ?  
Or where, beyond the ripening harvest lands,  
The distant hills were blue ?

Where evening sunlight threw a golden haze  
Over a mellow city's walls and towers ?  
Or where the fields and lanes were bright with flowers,  
In quiet woodland ways ?

And whether here or there, or east or west,  
That place you dwelt in first was holy ground ;  
Its shelter was the kindest you have found,  
Its pathways were the best.

And even in the city's smoke and mire  
I doubt not that a golden light was shed  
On those first paths, and that they also led  
To lands of heart's desire.

And where the children in dark alleys penn'd,  
Heard the caged lark sing of the April hills,  
Or where they damm'd the muddy gutter rills,  
Or made a dog their friend ;

Or where they gather'd, dancing hand in hand,  
About the organ man, for them, too, lay  
Beyond the dismal alley's entrance way,  
The gates of wonderland.

For 'tis my faith that Earth's first words are sweet  
To all her children,—never a rebuff ;  
And that we only saw, where ways were rough,  
The flowers about our feet.

*T. STURGE MOORE*

JUDITH

What have you in your apron wrapped ?  
Your face is fell with fright ;  
Your shadow hurries to catch you up,  
Across the blank moonlight.

Why is your maid so white and wan ?  
What makes her so alert ?  
Why with her hands does she fumble thus  
And wipe them on her skirt ?

Ill to be borne your burden seems,  
You fetch your breath so short ;  
Why do your eyes shine brighter far  
Than, for the moon, they ought ?

You take less heed of what you pass  
Than one who walks in a dream ;  
The thing you hide so fills you out,  
A woman with child you seem.

You take a turn, the town you see,  
Your feet to run begin ;  
Is yours the strength which makes so strong  
The supple thews of sin ?

Why beat you now with naked hands ?  
On the gate they make no sound ;  
Your knuckles bleed ; ah ! your force fails ;  
You drop upon the ground.

Now you are raised upon your feet  
And pulled within the town ;  
Wild light from flickering flames falls full  
Upon your bloody gown ;

Your throat is thrilled, your tongue is thick,  
And triumph turns your lip :  
As men tumultuous throng you round,  
Each girds a sword to his hip :

But now by your imperious cries  
Were they roused up from bed ;  
Now, high above your head, your hands  
Hold Holofernes' head.

## THE PANTHER

Consider now the Panther : such the beast  
On which the naked feet of Circe rest—  
Her footstool wherein anger is increased  
For ever, yet for ever is suppressed.

Sleek, powerful, and treacherous, and cowed,  
With amber eyes like tears that watch a lamp—  
A Queen's tears, thwarted by remembrance proud,  
Clear cut as gold coins that her mint doth stamp.

How politic is grace in moods morose !  
This smooth composure waits but our caress ;  
'Tis pride put on to beggar love ; there gloves  
Knit with this strength some utter tenderness.

That blunt round paw, and padded glove-like palm !  
How strange, if, there, like dulled assassin steel,  
Sheathed claws wait ready ! Thus in forest calm  
That cruel face the ferns' arched fronds conceal.

Then all is glowing, like deep-treasured glee :  
E'en butterflies might settle on this coat ;  
The shy gazelles may snuff full gingerly,—  
Rich blossoms drown the odours they should note.

The holy baobab, with grey-blue stems  
And aisled vistas solemn as a church,  
Denies this presence, and this life condemns ;  
Its meek-eyed throngs would wrong it should they search.

A bound ! a scamper ! cry ! the sob of death !  
And these claws open up the heart that pang  
Had filled to bursting with a last gasped breath ;  
Warm blood is lapped, and fleshed is every fang.

Hereto conspired the beauty of the place,  
Whose whole consent seemed given to life's ease.  
Thus, by a garden walk, some poppy's grace  
Brings down a child sultana to her knees ;

Whose tall indifference next prompts her fond hand  
To stoop its cup, where drowsy drops of dew  
Roll and unite like quick-silver, or stand  
In lustrous clots, then self-divide anew :

All, with a kiss, her human heart soon must  
Attempt to possess ; or quaff, with amorous sip,  
Those wilful gems freighted with purple dust,  
Where lurks a bee-sting venomed for her lip ;

For while large petals closed at shut of eve,  
The bee ceased not to gorge—could not burst free—  
Fumed through the night, and stingless took his leave.  
Thus rage in this beast pent left perfidy.

## II

But, lo ! they yawn, those wide-hinged python jaws,  
Unroof the rose-pink ivory-studded bed,  
Where, like a languid flame, the lithe tongue draws  
Its moist caress round gums and hollows red.

Dost, cloyed by rich meats spicy as the south,  
Expose thy fevered palate to the cool,  
Which, like snow melting in an emperor's mouth,  
Helps make excess of life's ironic rule ?

Soft-coated, each curved ear seems some weird flower,  
Whose gulf with silken lashes gleams replete ;  
Such yield to let the fond fly, feasting, lower,  
But close and stiffen to forbid retreat.

Thus dost thou draw our thought, by subtler hints,  
Still further down the vortex of thy spell ;  
Lace-winged on delicate feet it onward glints —  
A trickling tear—a soul hung over hell.

Those cushion brows, with sullen show of thought,  
Deceive the eye ; so emery, cloaked in state  
Of some mock scarlet berry needle-wrought,  
Maketh a young child marvel at its weight.

Can they be vacant ? Can thy strong neck raise,  
Without the aid of magic, thy full brain ?  
Of thee our child-thought in the mind delays,  
Whence to dislodge it reason toils in vain.

The mystery of evil and its charm  
Prevail, like beauty, radiant from thy form ;  
Thou art an enemy that can disarm  
Man's arrogance, which like a swollen storm

Sweeps all creation with the tyrant force  
Of his long hunger for congenial dreams ;  
Though he condemn thee, yet as in remorse  
He thy soft pelt a couch for beauty deems—

Spreadeth it for the bride his ecstasy  
Crowns Rose of Sharon, Lily of the Valleys,—  
Voweth it doth become her, likening thee,  
Soul of the woods, to her, soul of his palace.

*JAMES A. MACKERETH*

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LA DANSEUSE

She moved like silence swathed in light,  
Like mists at morning clear ;  
A music that enamoured sight  
Yet did elude the ear.

A rapture and a spirit clad  
In motion soft as sleep ;  
The epitome of all things glad,  
The sum of all that weep ;



## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Her form was like the poet's mind—  
By all sensations sought ;  
She seemed the substance of the wind,  
The shape of lyric thought,—

A being 'mid terrestrial things  
Transcendently forlorn.  
From time bound far on filmy wings  
For some diviner bourne.

The rhythms of the raptured heart  
Swayed to her sweet control ;  
Life in her keeping all was art,  
And all of body soul.

Lone-shimmering in the roseate air  
She seemed to ebb and flow,  
A memory, perilously fair,  
And pale from long ago.

She stooped to time's remembered tears,  
Yearned to undawned delight.  
Ah, beauty, passionate from the years !  
O body, wise and white !

She vanished like an evening cloud,  
A sunset's radiant gleam,  
She vanished . . . Light awhile endowed  
The darkness with a dream.

## THE BEE ASLEEP

Hush : for His Majesty sleeps soon  
To-night. Not half awake, the moon  
Drifts like a little patch of cloud  
Low in the east. All mute and proud  
The golden west is turning rose.

Grave cedars, with their streaks of gloom  
Across the glory, take the bloom.  
Of sundown ; and the garden grows  
All conscious of the dew. Quite still is  
The wind that swung the tigerlilies.

No village voice is now astray ;  
But in deep meadows ripe for hay,  
'Mid drowsy grass and clover,  
A corncrake in the lonely gray  
Repeats its gray note far away  
Over and over.  
Here where the hooded shadows creep  
The daisies, whitening, wait for sleep.

Listen ! You catch with ghostly ear  
The feet of Silence moving here.

Hush ! Let no blackbird's rippling cry  
Startle these beechen shades ; no swallow  
Skim the lake's pomp of liquid sky ;  
No thrush bid idle echo follow  
By crimsoning hill or purpling hollow.

As faintly as a harebell sighs  
To fays that linger when she dies  
Breathe. With a sylph-like delicate fear  
Touch pink and poppy. One lies here  
More richly couched, in grander state,  
Than any human potentate.  
Step shyly : 'tis a sacred place :  
The flowers have secrets in their eyes :  
Steal past each pansy's wakeful face ;  
The watching pansies are so wise.  
Hush ! lest each guardian lily-lord  
Be roused and flash a flaming sword.

Peer softly through this tangled maze  
Of blossoms set 'gainst opal bays  
In heavens enchanted ; misty-bright ;  
All gleaming with a witching light.

See ! with its clustered azure spires  
 A gorgeous city, tranced and still,  
 The palaced home of Oberon's sires,  
 Throned on its faery hill,  
 Glows 'gainst the sunset's roseate fires.  
 Not dream-built Babylon more fair  
 Than that fantastic city shone.  
 One rests more sumptuously there  
 Than ever King in Babylon,  
 Secure with all his dreams' desires.

Whisht—lest too rude a thought should peer  
 And wound the stillness havened here.

Earth is not. In a subtler clime  
 Faintly we feel the tolling hours  
 In faery steeples ; elfin towers  
 Are crooning with the chime,  
 And misty beauty shakes with rhyme  
 Of dream songs, never heard in time,  
 Droned mid the tranced flowers.

Hush ! Toward yon peerless citadel  
 Let fancy's airiest foostep fall,  
 Lest suddenly, to break the spell,  
 To every pixy sentinel  
 Some fearful echo call,  
 Spreading a tiny tale of harm,  
 And floral bells begin to ring,  
 And trouble shake to rude alarm  
 The pleasures of a dreaming King . . .  
 Peep . . . Lo, with all the pomp of power,  
 'Mid skies of splendour, at his ease  
 The Bee sleeps, glorious . . .

In *such* tower

With *such* heaven-haunted balconies  
 Of sapphire saturate with rose,  
 'Mid seas of scented almond trees  
 Knew ever Sultan proud repose

Such as His Majesty's ?  
Had ever monarch made of dust  
So rich a chamber ? So august  
A state ? Or for his dreaming-hour  
In time such splendid canopy  
As yonder regal Humble-bee  
Asleep in that delphinium flower ?

Hush ! Come away for the stars are waking,  
And the wizard moon in the cedar high  
Brightens to thought, and the flown sun's taking  
His day-dream out of the sky.  
See,—the west grows gray ;  
Shadows wake in the pool ;  
There'll be owls hooting soon ;  
Soon the bats will have sight.  
Leave the Bee to the moon,  
And the flowers to the cool  
Silvering night.  
Steal away. Hush ! Away,

*JOHN SWINNERTON PHILLIMORE*

IN A MEADOW

This is the place  
Where far from the unholy populace  
The daughter of Philosophy and Sleep  
Her court doth keep,  
Sweet Contemplation. To her service bound  
Hover around  
The little amiable summer airs,  
Her courtiers.

The deep black soil  
Makes mute her palace-floors with thick trefoil ;  
The grasses sagely nodding overhead  
Curtain her bed ;

And lest the feet of strangers overpass  
Her walls of grass,  
Gravely a little river goes his rounds  
To beat the bounds.

—No bustling flood  
To make a tumult in her neighbourhood,  
But such a stream as knows to go and come  
Discreetly dumb.  
Therein are chambers tapestried with weeds  
And screen'd with reeds ;  
For roof the waterlily-leaves serene  
Spread tiles of green.

The sun's large eye  
Falls soberly upon me where I lie ;  
For delicate webs of immaterial haze  
Refine his rays.  
The air is full of music none knows what,  
Or half-forgot ;  
The living echo of dead voices fills  
The unseen hills.

I hear the song  
Of cuckoo answering cuckoo all day long ;  
And know not if it be my inward sprite  
For my delight  
Making remember'd poetry appear  
As sound in the ear :  
Like a salt savour poignant in the breeze  
From distant seas.

Dreams without sleep,  
And sleep too clear for dreaming and too deep ;  
And Quiet very large and manifold  
About me roll'd ;  
Satiety, that momentary flower,  
Stretch'd to an hour :  
These are her gifts which all mankind may use,  
And all refuse.

*F. MADOX HUEFFER*

TO CHRISTINA AT NIGHTFALL

Little thing, ah ! little mouse  
Creeping through the twilight house,  
To watch within the shadow of my chair  
With large blue eyes ; the firelight on your hair  
Doth glimmer gold and faint,  
And on your woollen gown  
That folds a-down  
From steadfast little face to square-set feet.

Ah, sweet ! ah, little one ! so like a carven saint,  
With your unflinching eyes, unflinching face,  
Like a small angel, carved in a high place,  
Watching unmoved across a gabled town ;  
When I am weak and old,  
And lose my grip, and crave my small reward  
Of tolerance and tenderness and ruth,  
The children of your dawning day shall hold  
The reins we drop and wield the judge's sword  
And your swift feet shall tread upon my heels,  
And I be Ancient Error, you New Truth,  
And I be crushed by your advancing wheels. . . .

Good-night ! The fire is burning low,  
Put out the lamp ;  
Lay down the weary little head  
Upon the small white bed.  
Up from the sea the night winds blow  
Across the hill, across the marsh ;  
Chill and harsh, harsh and damp,  
The night winds blow.  
But, while the slow hours go,  
I, who must fall before you, late shall wait and keep  
Watch and ward,  
Vigil and guard,  
Where you sleep.  
Ah, sweet ! do you the like where I lie dead.

*GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON*

## THE WILD KNIGHT

The wasting thistle whitens on my crest,  
The barren grasses blow upon my spear,  
A green, pale pennon : blazon of wild faith  
And love of fruitless things : yea, of my love,  
Among the golden loves of all the Knights,  
Alone : most hopeless, sweet, and blasphemous,  
The love of God :

I hear the crumbling creeds  
Like cliffs washed down by water, change, and pass ;  
I hear a noise of words, age after age,  
A new cold wind that blows across the plains,  
And all the shrines stand empty ; and to me  
All these are nothing : priests and schools may doubt  
Who never have believed ; but I have loved.  
Ah, friends, I know it passing well, the love  
Wherewith I love ; it shall not bring to me  
Return or hire or any pleasant thing—  
Ay, I have tried it : Ay, I know its roots.  
Earthquake and plague have burst on it in vain  
And rolled back shattered—

Babbling neophytes !  
Blind, startled fools—think you I know it not ?  
Think you to teach me ? Know I not His ways ?  
Strange—visaged blunders, mystic cruelties.  
All ! All ! I know Him, for I love Him. Go !

So, with the wan waste grasses on my spear,  
I ride for ever, seeking after God.  
My hair grows whiter than my thistle plume,  
And all my limbs are loose ; but in my eyes  
The star of an unconquerable praise :  
For in my soul one hope for ever sings,  
That at the next white corner of a road  
My eyes may look on Him. . . .

Hush—I shall know  
The place when it is found : a twisted path  
Under a twisted pear-tree—this I saw  
In the first dream I had ere I was born,  
Wherein He spoke. . . .

But the grey clouds come down  
In hail upon the icy plains : I ride,  
Burning for ever in consuming fire.

### THE DONKEY

When fishes flew and forests walked  
And figs grew upon thorn,  
Some moment when the moon was blood  
Then surely I was born ;

With monstrous head and sickening cry  
And ears like errant wings,  
The devil's walking parody  
Of all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,  
Of ancient crooked will ;  
Starve, scourge, deride me : I am dumb,  
I keep my secret still.

Fools ! For I also had my hour ;  
One far fierce hour and sweet :  
There was a shout about my ears,  
And palms before my feet.

### THE HOUSE OF CHRISTMAS

There fared a mother driven forth  
Out of an inn to roam ;  
In the place where she was homeless  
All men are at home.



The crazy stable close at hand,  
With shaking timber and shifting sand,  
Grew a stronger thing to abide and stand  
Than the square stones of Rome.

For men are homesick in their homes,  
And strangers under the sun,  
And they lay their heads in a foreign land  
Whenever the day is done.  
Here we have battle and blazing eyes,  
And chance and honour and high surprise,  
But our homes are under miraculous skies  
Where the yule tale was begun.

A Child in a foul stable,  
Where the beasts feed and foam ;  
Only where He was homeless  
Are you and I at home ;  
We have hands that fashion and heads that know,  
But our hearts we lost—how long ago !  
In a place no chart nor ship can show  
Under the sky's dome.

This world is wild as an old wives' tale  
And strange the plain things are,  
The earth is enough and the air is enough  
For our wonder and our war ;  
But our rest is as far as the fire-drake swings  
And our peace is put in impossible things  
Where clashed and thundered unthinkable wings  
Round an incredible star.

To an open house in the evening  
Home shall men come,  
To an older place than Eden  
And a taller town than Rome.  
To the end of the way of the wandering star,  
To the things that cannot be and that are,  
To the place where God was homeless  
And all men are at home.

## LEPANTO

White founts falling in the Courts of the sun,  
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run ;  
There is laughter like the fountains in that face of all men  
feared,

It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his beard,  
It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of his lips,  
For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with his ships.  
They have dared the white republics up the capes of Italy,  
They have dashed the Adriatic round the Lion of the Sea,  
And the Pope has cast his arms abroad for agony and loss,  
And called the kings of Christendom for swords about the  
Cross.

The cold Queen of England is looking in the glass ;  
The shadow of the Valois is yawning at the Mass ;  
From evening isles fantastical rings faint the Spanish gun,  
And the Lord upon the Golden Horn is laughing in the sun.

Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard,  
Where only on a nameless throne a crownless prince has  
stirred,

Where, risen from a doubtful seat and half attained stall,  
The last knight of Europe takes weapons from the wall,  
The last and lingering troubadour to whom the bird has  
sung,

That once went singing southward when all the world was  
young.

In that enormous silence, tiny and unafraid,  
Comes up along a winding road the noise of the Crusade.  
Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,  
Don John of Austria is going to the war,  
Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts cold  
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold,  
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums,  
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon,  
and he comes.

Don John laughing in the brave beard curled,  
Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones of all the world,  
Holding his head up for a flag of all the free.

Love-light of Spain—hurrah !  
Death-light of Africa !  
Don John of Austria  
Is riding to the sea.

Mahound is in his paradise above the evening star,  
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war*).  
He moves a mighty turban on the timeless houri's knees,  
His turban that is woven of the sunsets and the seas.  
He shakes the peacock gardens as he rises from his ease,  
And he strides among the tree-tops and is taller than the  
trees,  
And his voice through all the garden is a thunder sent to  
bring  
Black Azrael and Ariel and Ammon on the wing. .  
Giants and the Genii,  
Multiplex of wing and eye,  
Whose strong obedience broke the sky  
When Solomon was king.

They rush in red and purple from the red clouds of the  
morn,  
From temples where the yellow gods shut up their eyes in  
scorn ;  
They rise in green robes roaring from the green hells of the  
sea  
Where fallen skies and evil hues and eyeless creatures be ;  
On them the sea-valves cluster and the grey sea-forests  
curl,  
Splashed with a splendid sickness, the sickness of the  
pearl ;  
They swell in sapphire smoke out of the blue cracks of the  
ground,—  
They gather and they wonder and give worship to Mahound.  
And he saith, " Break up the mountains where the hermit-  
folk can hide,  
And sift the red and silver sands lest bone of saint abide,  
And chase the Giaours flying night and day, not giving rest,  
For that which was our trouble comes again out of the  
west.

We have set the seal of Solomon on all things under sun,  
Of knowledge and of sorrow and endurance of things done,  
But a noise is in the mountains, in the mountains, and I  
know

The voice that shook our palaces—four hundred years ago :  
It is he that saith not ' Kismet ' ; it is he that knows not  
Fate ;

It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey in the gate !  
It is he whose loss is laughter when he counts the wager  
worth,

Put down your feet upon him, that our peace be on the  
earth."

For he heard drums groaning and he heard guns jar,  
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war*).

Sudden and still—hurrah !

Bolt from Iberia !

Don John of Austria

Is gone by Alcalar.

St Michael's on his Mountain in the sea-roads of the north,  
(*Don John of Austria is girt and going forth*).

Where the grey seas glitter and the sharp tides shift

And the sea-folk labour and the red sails lift.

He shakes his lance of iron and he claps his wings of stone ;  
The noise is gone through Normandy ; the noise is gone  
alone ;

The North is full of tangled things and texts and aching  
eyes

And dead is all the innocence of anger and surprise,

And Christian killeth Christian in a narrow dusty room,

And Christian dreadeth Christ that hath a newer face of  
doom,

And Christian hateth Mary that God kissed in Galilee,

But Don John of Austria is riding to the sea.

Don John calling through the blast and the eclipse

Crying with the trumpet, with the trumpet of his lips,

Trumpet that sayeth ha !

*Domino Gloria !*

Don John of Austria

Is shouting to the ships.

King Philip's in his closet with the Fleece about his neck,  
*(Don John of Austria is armed upon the deck).*

The walls are hung with velvet that is black and soft as  
 sin,

And little dwarfs creep out of it and little dwarfs creep in.

He holds a crystal phial that has colours like the moon,

He touches, and it tingles, and he trembles very soon,

And his face is as a fungus of a leprous white and grey

Like plants in the high houses that are shuttered from the  
 day,

And death is in the phial and the end of noble work,

But Don John of Austria has fired upon the Turk.

Don John's hunting, and his hounds have bayed—

Booms away past Italy the rumour of his raid.

Gun upon gun, ha ! ha !

Gun upon gun, hurrah !

Don John of Austria

Has loosed the cannonade.

The Pope was in his chapel before day or battle broke,

*(Don John of Austria is hidden in the smoke.)*

The hidden room in man's house where God sits all the  
 year,

The secret window whence the world looks small and very  
 dear.

He sees as in a mirror on the monstrous twilight sea

The crescent of the cruel ships whose name is mystery ;

They fling great shadows foe-wards, making Cross and  
 Castle dark,

They veil the plumèd lions on the galleys of St Mark ;

And above the ships are palaces of brown, black-bearded  
 chiefs,

And below the ships are prisons, where with multitudinous  
 griefs,

Christian captives sick and sunless, all a labouring race  
 repines

Like a race in sunken cities, like a nation in the mines.

They are lost like slaves that swat, and in the skies of morning  
 hung

The stairways of the tallest gods when tyranny was young.

They are countless, voiceless, hopeless as those fallen or  
fleeing on

Before the high Kings' horses in the granite of Babylon.  
And many a one grows witless in his quiet room in hell  
Where a yellow face looks inward through the lattice of his  
cell,

And he finds his God forgotten, and he seeks no more a  
sign—

*(But Don John of Austria has burst the battle-line !)*

Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,  
Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,  
Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,  
Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,  
Thronging of the thousands up that labour under sea  
White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.

*Vivat Hispania !*

*Domino Gloria !*

Don John of Austria  
Has set his people free !

Cervantes on his galley sets the sword back in the sheath,  
*(Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath).*

And he sees across a weary land a straggling road in Spain,  
Up which a lean and foolish knight for ever rides in vain,  
And he smiles, but now as Sultans smile, and settles back  
the blade. . .

*(But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade.)*

## THE SECRET PEOPLE

Smile at us, pay us, pass us ; but do not quite forget.  
For we are the people of England, that never has spoken yet.  
There is many a fat farmer that drinks less cheerfully,  
There is many a free French peasant who is richer and sadder  
than we.

There are no folk in the whole world so helpless or so wise.  
There is hunger in our bellies, there is laughter in our eyes;  
You laugh at us and love us, both mugs and eyes are wet :  
Only you do not know us. For we have not spoken yet.

The fine French kings came over in a flutter of flags and dames.

We liked their smiles and battles, but we never could say their names.

The blood ran red to Bosworth and the high French lords went down ;

There was naught but a naked people under a naked crown. And the eyes of the King's Servants turned terribly every way,

And the gold of the King's Servants rose higher every day. They burnt the homes of the shaven men, that had been quaint and kind,

Till there was no bed in a monk's house, nor food that man could find.

The inns of God where no man paid, that were the wall of the weak,

The King's Servants ate them all. And still we did not speak.

And the face of the King's Servants grew greater than the King :

He tricked them, and they trapped him, and stood round him in a ring.

The new grave lords closed round him, that had eaten the abbey's fruits,

And the men of the new religion, with their Bibles in their boots,

We saw their shoulders moving, to menace or discuss, And some were pure and some were vile ; but none took heed of us.

We saw the King as they killed him, and his face was proud and pale ;

And a few men talked of freedom, while England talked of ale.

A war that we understood not came over the world and woke

Americans, Frenchmen, Irish ; but we knew not the things they spoke.

They talked about rights and nature and peace and the  
people's reign :

And the squires, our masters, bade us fight ; and never  
scorned us again.

Weak if we be for ever, could none condemn us then ;  
Men called us serfs and drudges ; men knew that we were  
men.

In foam and flame at Trafalgar, on Albuera plains,  
We did and died like lions, to keep ourselves in chains,  
We lay in living ruins ; firing and fearing not  
The strange fierce face of the Frenchmen who knew for  
what they fought,  
And the man who seemed to be more than man we strained  
against and broke ;  
And we broke our own rights with him. And still we never  
spoke.

Our patch of glory ended ; we never heard guns again.  
But the squire seemed struck in the saddle ; he was foolish,  
as if in pain  
He leaned on a staggering lawyer, he clutched a cringing  
Jew,  
He was stricken ; it may be, after all, he was stricken at  
Waterloo.  
Or perhaps the shades of the shaven men, whose spoil is in  
his house,  
Come back in shining shapes at last to spoil his last  
carouse :  
We only know the last sad squires ride slowly towards the  
sea,  
And a new people takes the land : and still it is not we.

They have given us into the hand of the new unhappy  
lords,  
Lords without anger and honour, who dare not carry their  
swords.  
They fight by shuffling papers ; they have bright dead  
alien eyes ;  
They look at our labour and laughter as a tired man looks  
at flies.



And the load of their loveless pity is worse than the ancient  
 wrongs,  
 Their doors are shut in the evening ; and they know no  
 songs.

We hear men speaking for us of new laws strong and sweet,  
 Yet is there no man speaketh as we speak in the street.  
 It may be we shall rise the last as Frenchmen rose the first,  
 Our wrath come after Russia's wrath and our wrath be the  
 worst.

It may be we are meant to mark with our riot and our rest  
 God's scorn for all men governing. It may be beer is best.  
 But we are the people of England ; and we have not spoken  
 yet.

Smile at us, pay us, pass us. But do not quite forget.

*CHARLES DALMON*

### THE SONG OF FAVONIUS

The flagon topped with foaming ale  
 Invokes the song and faery tale,  
 And he who sings the sweetest song  
 To him the flagon shall belong,  
 The silver flagon richly chased  
 With hops and barley interlaced ;  
 But he who tells the fairest tale  
 More than the singer shall prevail,  
 For he shall win the prize divine,  
 The fragrant kiss of Proserpine.

The sweetest singer we will lead  
 In triumph down the river mead,  
 There lightly trushing with our knees  
 Through gold and purple irises  
 Until we reach the spearmint mound,  
 Where he with bay-leaves shall be crowned.  
 But he who tells the fairest tale  
 More than the singer shall prevail,

For he shall win the prize divine,  
The fragrant kiss of Proserpine.

A song of love is sweet to hear,  
And sweet the song of merry cheer ;  
So may the muses ever find  
True votaries among mankind  
In taverns and in maidens' bowers,  
In Winter and in Summer hours.  
But he who tells the fairest tale  
More than the singer shall prevail,  
For he shall win the prize divine,  
The fragrant kiss of Proserpine.

And he shall be the king, and wear  
The muses' circle on his hair,  
The magic coronal of old,  
The coronal of faery gold ;  
And triumph over Pluto gain  
Where Chaucer, Keats and Morris reign.  
The flagon topped with foaming ale  
Invokes the song and faery tale.  
Now who will win the prize divine,  
The fragrant kiss of Proserpine ?

### *EVA GORE-BOOTH*

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#### THE LITTLE WAVES OF BREFFNY

The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,  
And there is traffic in it, and many a horse and cart ;  
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,  
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through  
my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,  
And there is glory in it and terror on the wind ;  
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,  
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their  
way,  
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal ;  
But the Little Waves of Breffny have drenched my heart  
in spray,  
And the Little Waves of Breffny go stumbling through  
my soul.

## RE-INCARNATION

The darkness draws me, kindly angels weep  
Forlorn beyond receding rings of light,  
The torrents of the earth's desires sweep  
My soul through twilight downward into night.

Once more the light grows dim, the vision fades,  
Myself seems to myself a distant goal,  
I grope among the bodies' drowsy shades,  
Once more the Old Illusion rocks my soul.

Once more the Manifold in shadowy streams  
Of falling waters murmurs in my ears,  
The One Voice drowns amid the roar of dreams  
That crowd the narrow pathway of the years.

I go to seek the starshine on the waves,  
To count the dewdrops on the grassy hill,  
I go to gather flowers that grow on graves,  
The world's wall closes round my prisoned will.

Yea, for the sake of the wild western wind  
The sphered spirit scorns her flame-built throne,  
Because of primroses, time out of mind,  
The Lonely turns away from the Alone.

Who once has loved the cornfields' rustling sheaves,  
Who once has heard the gentle Irish rain  
Murmur low music in the growing leaves,  
Though he were god, comes back to earth again.

Oh Earth ! green wind-swept Eirinn, I would break  
The tower of my soul's initiate pride  
For a grey field and a star-haunted lake,  
And those wet winds that roam the country side.

I who have seen am glad to close my eyes,  
I who have soared am weary of my wings,  
I seek no more the secret of the wise,  
Safe among shadowy, unreal human things.

Blind to the gleam of those wild violet rays  
That burn beyond the rainbow's circle dim,  
Bound by dark nights and driven by pale days,  
The sightless slave of Time's imperious whim ;

Deaf to the flowing tide of dreams divine  
That surge outside the closed gates of birth,  
The rhythms of eternity, too fine  
To touch with music the dull ears of earth—

I go to seek with humble care and toil  
The dreams I left undreamed, the deeds undone,  
To sow the seed and break the stubborn soil,  
Knowing no brightness whiter than the sun.

Content in winter if the fire burns clear  
And cottage walls keep out the creeping damp,  
Hugging the Old Illusion warm and dear,  
The Silence and the Wise Book and the Lamp.

*GORDON BOTTOMLEY*

TO IRONFOUNDERS AND OTHERS

When you destroy a blade of grass  
You poison England at her roots :  
Remember no man's foot can pass  
Where evermore no green life shoots.

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

You force the birds to wing too high  
Where your unnatural vapours creep :  
Surely the living rocks shall die  
When birds no rightful distance keep.

You have brought down the firmament  
And yet no heaven is more near ;  
You shape huge deeds without event,  
And half-made men believe and fear.

Your worship is your furnaces,  
Which, like o'd idols, lost obscenes,  
Have molten bowels ; your vision is  
Machines for making more machines.

O, you are busied in the night,  
Preparing destinies of rust ;  
Iron misused must turn to blight  
And dwindle to a tetter'd crust.

The grass, forerunner of life, has gone,  
But plants that spring in ruins and shards  
Attend until your dream is done :  
I have seen hemlock in your yards.

The generations of the worm  
Know not your loads piled on their soil ;  
Their knotted ganglions shall wax firm  
Till your strong flagstones heave and toil.

When the old hollow'd earth is crack'd  
And when, to grasp more power and feasts,  
Its ores are emptied, wasted, lack'd,  
The middens of your burning beasts

Shall be raked over till they yield  
Last priceless slags for fashionings high,  
Ploughs to wake grass in every field,  
Chisels men's hands to magnify.

## ATLANTIS

What poets sang in Atlantis ? Who can tell  
The epics of Atlantis or their names ?  
The sea hath its own murmurs, and sounds not  
The secrets of its silences beneath,  
And knows not any cadences enfolded  
When the last bubbles of Atlantis broke  
Among the quieting of its heaving floor.

O, years and tides and leagues and all their billows  
Can alter not man's knowledge of men's hearts—  
While trees and rocks and clouds include our being  
We know the epics of Atlantis still :  
A hero gave himself to lesser men,  
Who first misunderstood and murdered him,  
And then misunderstood and worshipped him ;  
A woman was lovely and men fought for her,  
Towns burnt for her, and men put men in bondage,  
But she put lengthier bondage on them all ;  
A wanderer toiled among all the isles  
That fleck this turning star of shifting sea,  
Or lonely purgatories of the mind,  
In longing for his home or his lost love.

Poetry is founded on the hearts of men :  
Though in Nirvana or the Heavenly courts  
The principle of beauty shall persist,  
Its body of poetry, as the body of man,  
Is but a terrene form, a terrene use,  
That swifter being will not loiter with ;  
And, when mankind is dead and the world cold,  
Poetry's immortality will pass.

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

*WALTER DE LA MARE*

## AN EPITAPH

Here lies a most beautiful lady,  
Light of step and heart was she :  
I think she was the most beautiful lady  
That ever was in the West Country.  
But beauty vanishes ; beauty passes ;  
However rare, rare it be ;  
And when I crumble who shall remember  
This lady of the West Country.

## ARABIA

Far are the shades of Arabia,  
Where the Princes ride at noon,  
'Mid the verdurous vales and thickets,  
Under the ghost of the moon ;  
And so dark is that vaulted purple  
Flowers in the forest rise  
And toss into blossom 'gainst the phantom stars  
Pale in the noonday skies.

Sweet is the music of Arabia  
In my heart, when out of dreams  
I still in the thin clear mirk of dawn  
Descry her gliding streams ;  
Hear her strange lutes on the green banks  
Ring loud with the grief and delight  
Of the dim-silked, dark-haired Musicians  
In the brooding silence of night.

They haunt me—her lutes and her forests ;  
No beauty on earth I see  
But shadowed with that dream recalls  
Her loveliness to me :

Still eyes look coldly upon me,  
Cold voices whisper and say—  
“He is crazed with the spell of far Arabia,  
They have stolen his wits away.”

## THE LISTENERS

“Is there anybody there?” said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champ’d the grasses  
Of the forest’s ferny floor:  
And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
Above the Traveller’s head:  
And he smote upon the door again a second time;  
“Is there anybody there?” he said.  
But no one descended to the Traveller;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Lean’d over and look’d into his grey eyes,  
Where he stood perplex’d and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
To that voice from the world of men:  
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,  
That goes down to the empty hall,  
Harkening in an air stirr’d and shaken  
By the lonely Traveller’s call.  
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
’Neath the starr’d and leafy sky;  
For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
Louder, and lifted his head:—  
“Tell them I came, and no one answer’d,  
That I kept my word,” he said.  
Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake  
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house  
From the one man left awake:



## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,  
And the sound of iron on stone,  
And how the silence surged softly backward,  
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

## FAREWELL

When I lie where shades of darkness  
Shall no more assail mine eyes,  
Nor the rain make lamentation  
When the wind sighs ;  
How will fare the world whose wonder  
Was the very proof of me ?  
Memory fades, must the remembered  
Perishing be ?

Oh, when this my dust surrenders  
Hand, foot, lip, to dust again,  
May those loved and loving faces  
Please other men !  
May the rusting harvest hedgerow  
Still the Traveller's Joy entwine,  
And as happy children gather  
Posies once mine.

Look thy last on all things lovely,  
Every hour. Let no night  
Seal thy sense in deathly slumber  
Till to delight  
Thou have paid thy utmost blessing ;  
Since that all things thou wouldst praise  
Beauty took from those who loved them  
In other days.

*RALPH HODGSON*

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STUPIDITY STREET

I saw with open eyes  
Singing birds sweet  
Sold in the shops  
For the people to eat,  
Sold in the shops of  
Stupidity Street.

I saw in vision  
The worm in the wheat,  
And in the shops nothing  
For people to eat ;  
Nothing for sale in  
Stupidity Street.

TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY MAN

Time, you old gipsy man,  
Will you not stay,  
Put up your caravan  
Just for one day ?

All things I'll give you  
Will you be my guest,  
Bells for your jennet  
Of silver the best,  
Goldsmiths shall beat you  
A great golden ring,  
Peacocks shall bow to you,  
Little boys sing,  
Oh, and sweet girls will  
Festoon you with may,

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Time, you old gipsy,  
Why hasten away ?

Last week in Babylon,  
Last night in Rome,  
Morning, and in the crush  
Under Paul's dome ;  
Under Paul's dial  
You tighten your rein—  
Only a moment,  
And off once again ;  
Off to some city  
Now blind in the womb,  
Off to another  
Ere that's in the tomb.

Time, you old gipsy man,  
Will you not stay,  
Put up your caravan  
Just for one day ?

*JOHN PRESLAND*

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## FROM A WINDOW

To-night I hear the soft Spring rain that falls  
Across the gardens, in the falling dusk,  
The Spring dusk, very slow ;  
And that clear, single-noted bird that calls  
Insistently, from somewhere in the gloom  
Of wet Spring leafage, or the scattering bloom  
Of one tall pear-tree.  
On, on, on, they go,  
Those single, sweet, reiterated sounds,  
Having no passion, similarly free  
Of laughter, and of memory, and of tears ;  
Poignantly sweet, across the falling rain,  
They fall upon my ears.

## THE ETERNAL FLUX

Let us hold April back  
One splendid hour  
To bless the passionate earth  
With golden shower  
Of sunlight from the blue ;  
Oh April skies,  
That earth yearns up to ; blue has burned to gold,  
Gold pales and dies  
In delicate faint rose,  
Oh flowing time, oh flux eternal.  
Hold  
The hour back. The April hour goes.

Then, let it be of May,  
When sound and sight  
And all that's beauty manifest  
Through all the day,  
Of deep on deep with green,  
Of light on light  
Across the waves of blossom, when the white  
Is lovelier than the rose, except the rose  
Is loveliest of all ;  
When through the day the cuckoo calls unseen,  
And at nightfall  
The nightingale, whose music no man knows  
The magic heart of, sitting in the dark  
Sings still the world-old way ;  
When all of these,  
Flowers and birds, and sunset and pale skies  
Seem gathered up in scent,  
And all of sound and sight  
Dissolved, ethereal, not of ears and eyes  
But only the soul-beauty of the brain  
Flows, in such waves of perfume, over all  
—Or like a song in colour, of such strain  
As spirits finer than our own must hear  
(The beautiful made clear) ;

Then, then, when it is May,  
Surely our hand must touch eternity.  
Day pales to night, stars pale upon the day,  
And May's last blossoming hour flows away.

Not of June either, though the hanging skies  
Make but a little span  
'Twixt light and growing light ;  
And when through that short darkness palely flies  
The silent great white moth  
—A spirit lost in the night,  
A soul, without will or way— ;  
When the arch of trees  
Is dusky green, and close as a builded house  
Where love with love might stay,  
Guarded and still, from sight ;  
When the hay is sweet in the fields  
And love is as sweet as hay ;  
When the life-impulse of the wonderful untamed earth  
Has reached its fulness and height,  
Is broad and steady and wide  
As sweeps into splendid bays the flowing tide ;  
When God might look on the land,  
When God might look on the sea,  
And say : " For ever be  
Perfected, completed, achieved,  
As now at this moment you stand."  
Neither in June shall we stay the eternal flow  
Nor grasp the present with pitiful mortal hand,  
For gliding past like water the June hours go.

JOHN MASEFIELD

BEAUTY

I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills  
Coming in solemn beauty-like slow old tunes of Spain :  
I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils,  
Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April rain.

I have heard the song of the blossoms and the old chant of  
the sea,  
And seen strange lands from under the arched white sails of  
ships ;  
But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has showed to  
me,  
Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dear red  
curve of her lips.

## SEA FEVER

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the  
sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship, and a star to steer her by ;  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white  
sails shaking,  
And the grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn  
breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running  
tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied ;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the seagulls  
crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,  
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like  
a whetted knife ;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow rover  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

## THE SEEKERS

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blessed  
abode,  
But the hope of the City of God at the other end of  
the road.

Not for us are content, and quiet, and peace of mind,  
For we go seeking a city that we shall never find.

There is no solace on earth for us—for such as we—  
Who search for a hidden city that we shall never see.

Only the road and the dawn, the sun, the wind, and the rain,  
And the watch fire under stars, and sleep, and the road again.

We seek the City of God, and the haunt where beauty dwells,  
And we find the noisy mart and the sound of burial bells.

Never the golden city, where radiant people meet,  
But the dolorous town where mourners are going about  
the street.

We travel the dusty road till the light of the day is dim,  
And sunset shows us spires away on the world's rim.

We travel from dawn to dusk, till the day is past and by,  
Seeking the Holy City beyond the rim of the sky.

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blest abode,  
But the hope of the City of God at the other end of the  
road.

### THE KINGS GO BY WITH JEWELLED CROWNS

The Kings go by with jewelled crowns ;  
Their horses gleam, their banners shake, their spears are  
many.

The sack of many-peopled towns

Is all their dream ;

The way they take

Leaves but a ruin in the brake,

And, in the furrow that the ploughmen make,

A stampless penny : a tale, a dream.

The merchants reckon up their gold ;

Their letters come, their ships arrive, their freights are  
glories ;

The profits of their treasures sold  
They tell and sum ;  
Their foremen drive  
The servants starved to half-alive,  
Whose labours do but make the earth a hive  
Of stinking stories : a tale, a dream.

The priests are singing in their stalls ;  
Their singing lifts, their incense burns, their praying  
clamours ;  
Yet God is as the sparrow falls ;  
The ivy drifts,  
The votive urns  
Are all left void when Fortune turns ;  
The god is but a marble for the kerns  
To break with hammers : a tale, a dream.

O Beauty, let me know again  
The green earth cold, the April rain, the quiet waters,  
figuring sky,  
The one star risen.

So shall I pass into the feast  
Not touched by king, merchant, or priest ;  
Know the red spirit of the beast,  
Be the green grain ;  
Escape from prison.

C. L. M.

In the dark womb where I began  
My mother's life made me a man.  
Through all the months of human birth  
Her beauty fed my common earth.  
I cannot see, nor breathe, nor stir,  
But through the death of some of her.

Down in the darkness of the grave  
She cannot see the life she gave.  
For all her love, she cannot tell  
Whether I use it ill or well,



## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Not knock at dusty doors to find  
Her beauty dusty in the mind.

If the grave's gates could be undone,  
She would not know her little son,  
I am so grown. If we should meet  
She would pass by me in the street,  
Unless my soul's face let her see  
My sense of what she did for me.

What have I done to keep in mind  
My debt to her and womankind ?  
What woman's happier life repays  
Her for those months of wretched days ?  
For all my mouthless body leeches  
Ere Birth's releasing hell was reached ?

What have I done, or tried, or said  
In thanks to that dear woman dead ?  
Men triumph over women still,  
Men trample women's rights at will,  
And man's lust roves the world untamed.

O grave, keep shut lest I be shamed.

*JOHN McCRAE*

## IN FLANDERS FIELDS

1915

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place ; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe :  
 To you from failing hands we throw  
 The torch ; be yours to hold it high.  
 If ye break faith with us who die  
 We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
 In Flanders fields.

*MAURICE BARING*

IN MEMORIAM, A. H.

(AUBERON HERBERT, CAPTAIN LORD LUCAS, R.F.C.,  
 KILLED NOVEMBER 3, 1916)

*Νωμᾶται δ' ἐν ἀπρυγέτω χάει*

The wind had blown away the rain  
 That all day long had soaked the level plain.  
 Against the horizon's fiery wrack,  
 The sheds loomed black.  
 And higher, in their tumultuous concourse met,  
 The streaming clouds, short-riddled banners, wet  
 With the flickering storm,  
 Drifted and smouldered, warm  
 With flashes sent  
 From the lower firmament.  
 And they concealed—  
 They only here and there through rifts revealed  
 A hidden sanctuary of fire and light,  
 A city of chrysolite.

We looked and laughed and wondered, and I said :  
 That orange sea, those oriflammes outspread  
 Were like the fanciful imaginings  
 That the young painter flings  
 Upon the canvas bold,  
 Such as the sage and the old  
 Make mock at, saying it could never be ;  
 And you assented also, laughingly.

I wondered what they meant,  
That flaming firmament,  
Those clouds so grey so gold, so wet so warm,  
So much of glory and so much of storm,  
The end of the world, or the end  
Of the war—remoter still to me and you, my friend.

Alas ! it meant not this, it meant not that :  
It meant that now the last time you and I  
Should look at the golden sky,  
And the dark fields large and flat,  
And smell the evening weather,  
And laugh and talk and wonder both together.

The last, last time. We nevermore should meet  
In France, or London street,  
Or fields of home. The desolated space  
Of life shall nevermore  
Be what it was before.  
No one shall take your place.  
No other face  
Can fill that empty frame.  
There is no answer when we call your name.  
We cannot hear your step upon the stair.  
We turn to speak and find a vacant chair.  
Something is broken which we cannot mend.  
God has done more than take away a friend  
In taking you ; for all that we have left  
Is bruised and irremediably bereft.  
There is none like you. Yet not that alone  
Do we bemoan ;  
But this ; that you were greater than the rest,  
And better than the best.

O liberal heart fast-rooted to the soil,  
O lover of ancient freedom and proud toil,  
Friend of the gipsies and all wandering song.  
The forest's nursling and the favoured child  
Of woodlands wild—

O brother to the birds and all things free,  
Captain of liberty !  
Deep in your heart the restless seed was sown ;  
The vagrant spirit fretted in your feet ;  
We wondered could you tarry long,  
And brook for long the cramping street,  
Or would you one day sail for shores unknown,  
And shake from you the dust of towns, and spurn  
The crowded market-place—and not return ?  
You found a sterner guide ;  
You heard the guns. Then, to their distant fire,  
Your dreams were laid aside ;  
And on that day, you cast your heart's desire  
Upon a burning pyre ;  
You gave your service to the exalted need,  
Until at last from bondage freed,  
At liberty to serve as you loved best,  
You chose the noblest way. God did the rest.

So when the spring of the world shall shrive our stain,  
After the winter of war,  
When the poor world awakes to peace once more,  
After such night of ravage and of rain,  
You shall not come again.  
You shall not come to taste the old spring weather,  
To gallop through the soft untrampled heather,  
To bathe and bake your body on the grass.  
We shall be there, alas !  
But not with you. When Spring shall wake the earth,  
And quicken the scarred fields to the new birth,  
Our grief shall grow. For what can Spring renew  
More fiercely for us than the need of you ?

That night I dreamt they sent for me and said  
That you were missing, "missing, missing—dead" :  
I cried when in the morning I awoke,  
And all the world seemed shrouded in a cloak ;  
But when I saw the sun,  
And knew another day had just begun,

I brushed the dream away, and quite forgot  
The nightmare's ugly blot.  
So was the dream forgot. The dream came true.  
Before the night I knew  
That you had flown away into the air  
For ever. Then I cheated my despair.  
I said  
That you were safe—or wounded—but not dead.  
Alas ! I knew  
Which was the false and true.

And after days of watching, days of lead,  
There came the certain news that you were dead.  
You had died fighting, fighting against odds,  
Such as in war the gods  
Æthereal dared when all the world was young ;  
Such fighting as blind Homer never sung,  
Nor Hector nor Achilles never knew,  
High in the empty blue.  
High, high, above the clouds, against the setting  
sun,  
The fight was fought, and your great task was  
done.

Of all your brave adventures this the last  
The bravest was and best ;  
Meet ending to a long embattled past,  
This swift, triumphant, fatal quest,  
Crowned with the wreath that never perisheth,  
And diadem of honourable death ;  
Swift Death aflame with offering supreme  
And mighty sacrifice,  
More than all mortal dream ;  
A soaring death, and near to Heaven's gate ;  
Beneath the very walls of Paradise.  
Sufely with soul elate,  
You heard the destined bullet as you flew,  
And surely your prophetic spirit knew  
That you had well deserved that shining fate.

Here is no waste,  
No burning Might-have-been,  
No bitter after-taste,  
None to censure, none to screen,  
Nothing awry, nor anything misspent ;  
Only content, content beyond content,  
Which hath not any room for betterment.

God, Who had made you valiant, strong and swift,  
And maimed you with a bullet long ago,  
And cleft your riotous ardour with a rift,  
And checked your youth's tumultuous overflow,  
Gave back your youth to you,  
And packed in moments rare and few  
Achievements manifold  
And happiness untold,  
And bade you spring to Death as to a bride,  
In manhood's ripeness, power and pride,  
And on your sandals the strong wings of youth.  
He let you leave a name  
To shine on the entablatures of truth,  
For ever :

To sound for ever in answering halls of fame.

For you soared onwards to that world which rags  
Of clouds, like tattered flags,  
Concealed ; you reached the walls of chrysolite,  
The mansions white ;  
And losing all, you gained the civic crown  
Of that eternal town,  
Wherein you passed a rightful citizen  
Of the bright commonwealth ablaze beyond our  
ken.

Surely you found companions meet for you  
In that high place ;  
You met there face to face  
Those you had never known, but whom you knew :

Knights of the Table Round,  
And all the very brave, the very true,  
With chivalry crowned ;  
The captains rare,  
Courteous and brave beyond our human air ;  
Those who had loved and suffered overmuch,  
Now free from the world's touch.  
And with them were the friends of yesterday,  
Who went before and pointed you the way ;  
And in that place of freshness, light and rest,  
Where Lancelot and Tristram vigil keep  
Over their King's long sleep,  
Surely they made a place for you,  
Their long-expected guest,  
Among the chosen few,  
And welcomed you, their brother and their friend,  
To that companionship which hath no end.

And in the portals of the sacred hall  
You hear the trumpet's call,  
At dawn upon the silvery battlement,  
Re-echo through the deep  
And bid the sons of God to rise from sleep,  
And with a shout to hail  
The sunrise on the city of the Grail :  
The music that proud Lucifer in Hell  
Missed more than all the joys that he forwent.  
You hear the solemn bell  
At vespers, when the oriflammes are furled ;  
And then you know that somewhere in the world,  
That shines far-off beneath you like a gem,  
They think of you, and when you think of  
    them  
You know that they will wipe away their tears,  
And cast aside their fears ;  
That they will have it so,  
And in no otherwise ;  
That it is well with them because they know,  
With faithful eyes,

Fixed forward and turned upwards to the skies,  
That it is well with you,  
Among the chosen few,  
Among the very brave; the very true.

*EVELYN UNDERHILL*

## IMMANENCE

I come in the little things,  
Saith the Lord :  
Not borne on morning wings  
Of majesty, but I have set My Feet  
Amidst the delicate and bladed wheat  
That springs triumphant in the furrowed sod.  
There do I dwell, in weakness and in power ;  
Not broken or divided, saith our God !  
In your strait garden plot I come to flower :  
About your porch My Vine  
Meek, fruitful, doth entwine ;  
Waits, at the threshold, Love's appointed hour.

I come in the little things,  
Saith the Lord :  
Yea ! on the glancing wings  
Of eager birds, the softly pattering feet  
Of furred and gentle beasts, I come to meet  
Your hard and wayward heart. In brown bright eyes  
That peep from out the brake, I stand confest.  
On every nest  
Where feathery Patience is content to brood  
And leaves her pleasure for the high emprise  
Of motherhood—  
There doth My Godhead rest.

I come in the little things,  
Saith the Lord :  
My starry wings



## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

I do forsake,  
 Love's highway of humility to take :  
 Meekly I fit my stature to your need.  
 In beggar's part  
 About your gates I shall not cease to plead—  
 As man, to speak with man—  
 Till by such art  
 I shall achieve My Immemorial Plan,  
 Pass the low lintel of the human heart.

## A LONDON FLOWER SHOW

See the faces of the flowers,  
 Strange and fair,  
 Watching through the weary hours  
 Whilst the herded humans stare.

Like country saints brought up to town  
 From cloistering wood and lonely down,  
 Remote they seem ;  
 Wrapt in a wistful dream  
 Of upland meadows fragrant to the sun,  
 Rich with an ardent life for ever new-begun,  
 And quickening winds that go  
 With ghostly steps across the supple grass,  
 Shaking from all who grow  
 Music of adoration as they pass.  
 In this sad air, they say,  
 No plant can pray.

Here is a daffodil,  
 Six-winged, as seraphs are ;  
 They took her from a Spanish hill,  
 Wild as a wind-blown star.  
 When she was born  
 The angels came  
 And showed her how her petals should be worn.  
 Now she is tame,  
 She hath a Latin name.

There, set in mimic rock—  
As if to mock  
The ultimate austerities of love  
That must in poverty its passion prove—  
A mountain hermit in his furry dress ;  
Brought from the creviced height where he alone  
Sang from the sheltering stone  
Perpetual psalm of joy,  
And did his private ecstasy confess ;  
Forced to disclose  
The secret that he whispered to the snows,  
And sold to make a gardening woman's toy.

Yet, with their homesick eyes  
As other saints,  
So these evangelise :  
Into our smutty streets, where beauty faints,  
Bringing authentic news  
Of Paradise,  
How shall a flower refuse  
In heathen lands her gospel to declare ?  
Doth she not wear  
The sacred sigil of the Only Fair ?  
In this shrt room  
She may not bloom  
With the exuberant splendour of the free,  
Crying in coloured joy her crescent ecstasy :  
But still,  
As generous lovers will,  
She can exult to share his saving pain :  
And exiled from the field,  
Her wild sweet magic yield  
As part of Perfect Beauty's passion to be slain.

*ALFRED WILLIAMS*

## A WOMAN'S FACE

Teach me this happiness ; to know  
One bloom, one beauty, and one grace ;  
Creation's image, Nature's bow ;  
A woman's face.

Earth harbours many treasures, gold,  
Pearl, rubies, emeralds ; and yet  
One feature of the perfect mould  
Would pay the debt.

Nature, excelling as she goes  
In art, nor deeming aught amiss,  
First tried conclusions with the rose,  
Then gave us this.

In which perfections meet, as here,  
All sweetness, full and unexpressed ;  
Then, wanting further means, withdrew  
And dreamt the rest.

*WILFRID WILSON GIBSON*

## A LAMENT FOR HELEN

Helen is slain : the beauty of the earth  
Beside the running waters lieth dead.  
O, running waters, never note of mirth  
Be from your purling eddies skyward sped !  
Your song for ever be  
A ceaseless threnody  
O'er beauty's fallen head.

Helen is slain : a bitter queen's command  
And treacherous smile the queen of queens has slain.  
Polyxo's boorish slaves with ruthless hand  
Have razed the temple time assailed in vain :  
With shadow-stricken eyes,  
Deep in green sorrel lies  
That body without stain.

She came ere sundown to the forest pool,  
And maidens stripped her lily body bare  
That lit the dusk of cedar—shaded cool,  
And o'er her gleaming shoulders loosed her hair—  
O, golden strands of death,  
So soon to stay her breath,  
And stifle the sweet air !

Into the water, with dark eyes adream,  
She waded till the ripples touched her breast ;  
Then, floating as a lily on the stream,  
She lay a while in perilous, sweet rest ;  
About her lovely head  
Her wet, gold hair outspread  
Like stormclouds in the west.

Had easy death but stolen on her now,  
And closed about her with swift, cold embrace—  
The shadow of old forests on her brow,  
The calm of silent waters in her face—  
Had she but sunk to sleep  
In that untroubled deep,  
The gods had shown her grace.

But presently from out the stream she stept  
Like some pale spirit of the crystal wave ;  
And taloned death with wings of furies swept  
Upon her suddenly, with none to save.  
Ah, who has heart to tell  
How queenly Helen fell,  
Slain by a masking slave !

Her dripping hair about her pulsing throat  
They lashed, and strained the lithe, gold tresses taut.  
Her strangled voice breathed but one sobbing note,  
Like some sweet-singing bird in meshes caught,  
As on the river bank  
Her lifeless body sank,  
Its beauty brought to nought.

Helen has fallen. Yea, the gust of death  
Has quenched the torch that lit the whole earth's night  
The lips that kindled nations with their breath,  
The eyes that blinded armies with their light,  
Are still and cold and grey,  
Though, yet, the summer day  
Above them burns so bright.

Helen has fallen : she for whom Troy fell  
Has fallen, even as the fallen towers.  
O wanderers in dim fields of asphodel,  
Who spilt for her the wine of earthly hours,  
With you for evermore  
By Lethe's darkling shore  
Your souls' desire shall dwell.

The fire that drave your ships across the world,  
That tempered Trojan hearts to victory  
O'er all but death, and flamed o'er heroes hurled  
To headlong doom of immortality—  
When Ilion's furious glow  
Flushed Ida's vestal snow  
And flecked the Ægean sea—

Shall kindle nevermore the living throng ;  
But ever through your shadowy host shall burn,  
A lustral fire, until the eternal song,  
The soul of silence, slake your lips that yearn  
With wordless ecstasy  
Of starry melody  
No mortal lips may learn :

The song that poets, on some desolate shore,  
When midnight stars are mirrored in the sea,  
Have caught in flying strains, to breathe no more  
The broken music of mortality :  
The song that burns, a fire  
Of deathless spring's desire,  
In white Persephone.

But we who sojourn yet in earthly ways ;  
How shall we sing, now Helen lieth dead ?  
Break every lyre and burn the withered bays,  
For song's sweet solace is with Helen fled.  
Let sorrow's silence be  
The only threnody  
O'er beauty's fallen head.

(1906.)

*HAROLD MONRO*

## CHILDREN OF LOVE

The holy boy  
Went from his mother out in the cool of the day  
Over the sun-parched fields  
And in among the olives shining green and shining grey.

There was no sound,  
No smallest voice of any shivering stream.  
Poor sinless little boy,  
He desired to play and to sing ; he could only sigh  
and dream.

Suddenly came  
Running along to him naked, with curly hair,  
That rogue of the lovely world,  
That other beautiful child whom the virgin Venus bore.

The holy boy  
Gazed with those sad blue eyes that all men know.  
Impudent Cupid stood  
Panting, holding an arrow and pointing his bow.

(Will you not play ?

Jesus, run to him, run to him, swift for our joy.

Is he not holy, like you ?

Are you afraid of his arrows, O beautiful dreaming boy ?)

And now they stand

Watching one another with timid gaze ;

Youth has met youth in the wood,

But holiness will not change its melancholy ways.

Cupid at last

Draws his bow and softly lets fly a dart.

Smile for a moment, sad world !—

It has grazed the white skin and drawn blood from the  
sorrowful heart.

Now, for delight,

Cupid tosses his locks and goes wantonly near ;

But the child that was born to the cross

Has let fall on his cheek, for the sadness of life, a com-  
passionate tear.

Marvellous dream !

Cupid has offered his arrows for Jesus to try ;

He has offered his bow for the game.

But Jesus went weeping away, and left him there wonderin-  
why.

## AT A COUNTRY DANCE IN PROvence

Comrades, when the air is sweet,

It is fair, in stately measure,

With a sound of gliding feet,

It is fair and very meet

To be join'd in pleasure.

Listen to the rhythmic beat :

Let us mingle, move and sway

Solemnly as at some rite

Of a festive mystic god,

While the sunlight holds the day.

Comrades, is it not delight  
To be govern'd by the rod  
Of the music, and to go  
Moving, moving, moving slow ?  
Very stately are your ways,  
Stately—and the southern glow  
Of the sun is in your eyes :  
Under lids inclining low  
All the light of harvest days,  
And the gleam of summer skies  
Tenderly reflected lies.  
May I not be one of you  
Even for this little space ?  
Humbly I am fain to sue  
That our arms may interlace.  
I am otherwise I know ;  
Many books have made me sad :  
Yet indeed your stately slow  
Motion and its rhythmic flow  
Drive me, drive me, drive me mad.  
Must I now, as always, gaze  
Patiently from far away  
At the pageant of the days ?—  
Only let me live to-day !  
For your hair is ebon black,  
And your eyes celestial blue ;  
For your measure is so true,  
Slowly forward, slowly back—  
I would fain be one of you.  
Comrades, comrades !—but the sound  
Of the music with a start  
Ceases, and you pass me by.  
Slowly from the dancing ground  
To the tavern you depart.  
All the earth is silent grown  
After so much joy, and I  
Suddenly am quite alone  
With the beating of my heart.



*EDWARD JOHN MORETON DRAX PLUNKETT,  
LORD DUNSANY*

## A DIRGE OF VICTORY

1918

Lift not thy trumpet, Victory, to the sky,  
Nor through battalions nor by batteries blow,  
But over hollows full of old wire go,  
Where among dregs of war the long-dead lie  
With wasted iron that the guns passed by  
When they went eastwards like a tide at flow ;  
There blow thy trumpet that the dead may know,  
Who waited for thy coming, Victory.

It is not we who have deserved thy wreath,  
They waited there among the towering weeds ;  
The deep mud burned under the thermite's breath,  
And winter cracked the bones that no man heeds :  
Hundreds of nights flamed by : the seasons passed :  
And thou hast come to them, at last, at last !

*FRANCES CORNFORD*

## PRE-EXISTENCE

I laid me down upon the shore  
And dreamed a little space ;  
I heard the great waves break and roar ;  
The sun was on my face.

My idle hands and fingers brown  
Played with the pebbles grey ;  
The waves come up, the waves went down,  
Most thundering and gay.

The pebbles, they were smooth and round  
And warm upon my hands,  
Like little people I had found  
Sitting among the sands.

The grains of sand so shining-small  
Soft through my fingers ran ;  
The sun shone down upon it all,  
And so my dream began :

How all of this had been before ;  
How ages far away  
I lay on some forgotten shore  
As here I lie to-day.

The waves came shining up the sands,  
As here to-day they shine ;  
And in my pre-pelasgian hands  
The sand was warm and fine.

I have forgotten whence I came,  
Or what my home might be,—  
Or by what strange and savage name  
I called that thundering sea.

I only know the sun shone down  
As still it shines to-day,  
And in my fingers long and brown  
The little pebbles lay.

### GERALD GOULD

#### THE EARTH CHILD

Out of the veins of the world comes the blood of me ;  
The heart that beats in my side is the heart of the sea ;  
The hills have known me of old, and they do not forget ;  
Long ago was I friends with the wind ; I am friends with it yet.

The hills are grey, they are strange ; they breed desire  
Of a tune that the feet may march to and not tire ;  
For always up in the distance the thin roads wind,  
And passing out of sight, they pass not out of mind.

I am glad when morning and evening alter the skies ;  
There speaks no voice of the stars but my voice replies ;

When wave on wave all night cries out in its need,  
I listen, I understand ; my heart takes heed.

Out of the red-brown earth, out of the grey-brown streams,  
Came this perilous body, cage of perilous dreams ;  
To the ends of all waters and lands they are tossed, they are  
    whirled,  
For my dreams are one with my body, yea, one with the  
    world.

## SONNET

The creeping hours have caught us unawares,  
    And while we yet stand breathless from the thrill  
    Of the warm noon, the twilight wide and chill  
Has stol'n the colour from the golden airs : .  
The dead and equal light of evening bares  
    The world of shade ere shade shall have its fill ;  
    And the vague gleams on river, fold, and hill  
Are lost and lonely as unanswered prayers.

Draw closer to me, dear : the greater need  
    Must breed the greater solace. All about  
    The moods and marvels of the day go out  
Like candles blown upon : the heat, the speed,  
Are sped : but all things bring their own redress,  
And love that's weary is not love the less.

*SHANE LESLIE*

## FLEET STREET

I never see the newsboys run  
    Amid the whirling street,  
    With swift untiring feet,  
To cry the latest venture done,  
But I expect one day to hear  
    Them cry the crack of doom  
    And risings from the tomb,  
With great Archangel Michael near ;

And see them running from the Fleet  
As messengers of God,  
With Heaven's tidings shod  
About their brave unwearied feet.

ALFRED NOYES

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

I

Cloud upon cloud, the purple pinewoods clung to the rich  
Arcadian mountains,  
Holy-sweet as a column of incense, where Eurydice  
roamed and sung :  
All the hues of the gates of heaven flashed from the white  
enchanted fountains  
Where in the flowery glades of the forests the rivers that  
sing to Arcadia sprung.

White as a shining marble Dryad; supple and sweet as a rose  
in blossom,  
Fair and fleet as a fawn that shakes the dew from the fern  
at break of day,  
Wreathed with the clouds of her dusky hair that kissed and  
clung to her sun-bright bosom,  
Down to the valley she came, and the sound of her feet  
was the bursting of flowers in May.

Down to the valley she came, for far and far below in the  
dreaming meadows  
Pleaded ever the Voice of voices, calling his love by her  
golden name ;  
So she arose from her home in the hills, and down through  
the blossoms that danced with their shadows,  
Out of the blue of the dreaming distance, down to the  
heart of her lover she came.

Red were the lips that hovered above her lips in the  
flowery haze of the June-day :

Red as a rose through the perfumed mist of passion  
 that reeled before her eyes ;  
 Strong the smooth young sunburnt arms that folded her  
 heart to his heart in the noon-day,  
 Strong and supple with throbbing sunshine under the  
 blinding southern skies.

Ah, the kisses, the little murmurs, mad with pain for their  
 phantom fleetness,  
 Mad with pain for the passing of love that lives, they  
 dreamed—as we dream—for an hour !  
 Ah, the sudden tempest of passion, mad with pain for its  
 over-sweetness,  
 As petal by petal and pang by pang their love broke out  
 into perfect flower.

Ah, the wonder as once he wakened, out of a dream of  
 remembered blisses,  
 Couched in the meadows of dreaming blossom to feel,  
 like the touch of a flower on his eyes,  
 Cool and fresh with the fragrant dew of dawn the touch of  
 her light swift kisses,  
 Shed from the shadowy rose of her face between his face  
 and the warm blue skies.

## II

Lost in his new desire  
 He dreamed away the hours ;  
     His lyre  
 Lay buried in the flowers :

To whom the King of Heaven,  
 Apollo, lord of light,  
     Had given  
 Beauty and love and might :

Might, if he would, to slay  
 All evil dreams and pierce  
     The grey  
 Veil of the Universe ;

With Love that holds in one  
Sacred and ancient bond  
    The sun  
And all the vast beyond,

And Beauty to enthrall  
The soul of man to heaven :  
    Yea, all  
These gifts to him were given.

*Yet in his dream's desire  
He drownd away the hours :  
    His lyre  
Lay buried in the flowers.*

Then in his wrath arose  
Apollo, lord of light,  
    That shows  
The wrong deed from the right ;

And by what radiant laws  
O'erruling human needs,  
    The cause  
To consequence proceeds ;

How balanced is the sway  
He gives each mortal doom :  
    How day  
Demands the atoning gloom :

How all good things await  
The soul that pays the price  
    To Fate  
By equal sacrifice ;

And how on him that sleeps  
For less than labour's sake  
    There creeps,  
Uncharmed, the Pythian snake.

## III

Lulled by the wash of the feathery grasses, a sea with many  
a sun-swept billow,  
Heart to heart in the heat of the summer, lover by lover  
asleep they lay,  
Hearing only the whirring cicada that chirruped awhile at  
their popped pillow  
Faint and sweet as the murmur of men that laboured in  
villages far away.

Was not the menace indeed more silent ? Ah, what care  
for labour and sorrow ?  
Gods in the meadows of moly and amaranth surely might  
envy their deep sweet bed  
Here where the butterflies troubled the lilies of peace, and  
took no thought for the morrow,  
And golden-girdled bees made feast as over the lotus the  
soft sun spread.

Nearer, nearer the menace glided, out of the gorgeous  
gloom around them,  
Out of the poppy-haunted shadows deep in the heart of  
the purple brake ;  
Till through the hush and the heat as they lay, and their  
own sweet listless dreams enwound them,—  
Mailed and mottled with hues of the grape-bloom  
suddenly, quietly glided the snake.

Subtle as jealousy, supple as falsehood, diamond-headed  
and cruel as pleasure,  
Coil by coil he lengthened and glided, straight to the  
fragrant curve of her throat :  
There in the print of the last of the kisses that still glowed  
red from the sweet long pressure,  
Fierce as famine and swift as lightning over the glittering  
lyre he smote.

## IV

And over the cold white body of love and delight  
Orpheus arose in the terrible storm of his grief,  
With quivering up-clutched hands, deadly and white,  
And his whole soul wavered and shook like a wind-swept  
leaf :

As a leaf that beats on a mountain, his spirit in vain  
Assaulted his doom and beat on the Gates of Death :  
Then prone with his arms o'er the lyre he sobbed out his  
pain,  
And the tense chords faintly gave voice to the pulse of  
his breath.

And he heard it and rose, once again, with the lyre in his  
hand,  
And smote out the cry that his white-lipped sorrow  
denied :  
And the grief's mad ecstasy swept o'er the summer-sweet  
land,  
And gathered the tears of all Time in the rush of its  
tide.

There was never a love forsaken or faith forsworn,  
There was never a cry for the living or moan for the  
slain,  
But was voiced in that great consummation of song ; ay,  
and borne  
To storm on the gates of the land whence none cometh  
again.

Transcending the barriers of earth, comprehending them  
all  
He followed the soul of his loss with the night in his eyes ;  
And the portals lay bare to him there ; and he heard the  
faint call  
Of his love o'er the rabble that wails by the river of sighs.



Yea, there in the mountains before him, he knew it of old,  
 That portal enormous of gloom, he had seen it in dreams,  
 When the secrets of Time and of Fate through his  
     harmonies rolled ;  
 And behind it he heard the dead moan by their desolate  
     streams.

And he passed through the Gates with the light and the  
     cloud of his song,  
 Dry-shod over Lethe he passed to the chasms of hell ;  
 And the hosts of the dead made mock at him, crying, *How*  
     *long*  
*Have we dwelt in the darkness, oh fool, and shall evermore*  
      *dwell ?*

*Did our lovers not love us ?* the grey skulls hissed in his face ;  
*Were our lips not red ? Were these cavernous eyes not*  
     *bright ?*  
*Yet us, whom the soft flesh clothed with such roseate grace,*  
*Our lovers would loathe if we ever returned to their sight !*

Oh then, through the soul of the Singer, a pity so vast  
 Mixed with his anguish that, smiting anew on his lyre,  
 He caught up the sorrows of hell in his utterance at last,  
 Comprehending the need of them all in his own great  
     desire.

## v

And they that were dead, in his radiant music, heard the  
     moaning of doves in the olden  
 Golden-girdled purple pinewood, heard the moan of the  
     roaming sea ;  
 Heard the chant of the soft-winged songsters, nesting low  
     in the fragrant golden  
 Olden haunted blossoming bowers of lovers that  
     wandered in Arcady ;

Saw the soft blue veils of shadow floating over the billowy  
     grasses  
 Under the crisp white curling clouds that sailed and  
     trailed through the melting blue ;

Heard once more the quarrel of lovers above them pass, as  
a lark-song passes,  
Light and bright, till it vanished away in an eye-bright  
heaven of silvery dew.

White as a dream of Aphrodite, supple and sweet as a rose  
in blossom,

Fair and fleet as a fawn that shakes the dew from the fern  
at break of day ;

Wreathed with the clouds of her dusky hair, that kissed  
and clung to her sun-bright bosom,

On through the deserts of hell she came, and the brown  
hair bloomed with the light of May.

On through the deserts of hell she came ; for over the  
fierce and frozen meadows

Pleaded ever the Voice of voices, calling his love by her  
golden name ;

So she arose from her grave in the darkness, and up through  
the wailing fires and shadows,

On by chasm and cliff and cavern, out of the horrors of  
death she came.

Then had she followed him, then had he won her, striking  
a chord that should echo for ever,

Had he been steadfast only a little, nor paused in the  
great transcendent song ;

But ere they had won to the glory of day, he came to the  
brink of the flaming river

And ceased, to look on his love a moment, a little moment,  
and overlong.

## VI

O'er Phlegethon he stood :  
Below him roared and flamed  
The flood  
For utmost anguish named.

And lo, across the night,  
The shining form he knew  
With light  
Swift footsteps upward drew.

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Up through the desolate lands  
She stole, a ghostly star,  
    With hands  
Outstretched to him afar.

With arms outstretched, she came  
In yearning majesty,  
    The same  
Royal Eurydice.

Up through the ghastly dead  
She came, with shining eyes  
    And red  
Sweet lips of child-surprise.

Up through the wizened crowds  
She stole, as steals the moon  
    Through clouds  
Of flowery mist in June.

He gazed : he ceased to smite  
The golden-chorded lyre :  
    Delight  
Consumed his heart with fire.

Though in that deadly land  
His task was but half done,  
    His hand  
Drooped, and the fight half won.

He saw the breasts that glowed  
The fragrant clouds of hair :  
    They flowed  
Around him like a snare.

*O'er Phlegethon he stood,  
For utmost anguish named :  
    The flood  
Below him roared and flamed.*

Out of his hand the lyre  
Suddenly slipped and fell,  
    The fire  
Acclaimed it into hell.

The night grew dark again :  
There came a bitter cry  
    Of pain,  
*Oh Love, once more I die !*

And lo, the earth-dawn broke,  
And like a wraith she fled :  
    He woke  
Alone : his love was dead.

He woke on earth : the day  
Shone coldly : at his side  
    There lay  
The body of his bride.

## VII

Only now when the purple vintage bubbles and winks in  
    the autumn glory,  
    Only now when the great white oxen drag the weight of  
    the harvest home,  
Sunburnt labourers, under the star of the sunset, sing as an  
    old-world story  
    How two pale and thwarted lovers ever through Arcady  
    still must roam.

Faint as the silvery mists of morning over the peaks that the  
    noonday parches,  
    On through the haunts of the gloaming musk-rose, down  
    to the rivers that glisten below,  
Ever they wander from meadow to pinewood, under the  
    whispering woodbine arches,  
    Faint as the mists of the dews of the dusk when violets  
    dream and the moon-winds blow.

Though the golden lute of Orpheus gathered the splendours  
 of earth and heaven,  
 All the golden greenwood notes and all the chimes of  
 the changing sea,  
 Old men over the fires of winter murmur again that he was  
 not given  
 The steadfast heart divine to rule that infinite freedom  
 of harmony.

Therefore he failed, say they; but we, that have no  
 wisdom, can only remember  
 How through the purple perfumed pinewoods white  
 Eurydice roamed and sung:  
 How through the whispering gold of the wheat, where the  
 poppy burned like a crimson ember,  
 Down to the valley in beauty she came, and under her  
 feet the flowers up-sprung.

*Down to the valley she came, for far and far below in the  
 dreaming meadows  
 Pleaded ever the Voice of voices, calling his love by her  
 golden name;  
 So she arose from her home in the hills, and down through the  
 blossoms that danced with their shadows,  
 Out of the blue of the dreaming distance, down to the heart  
 of her lover she came.*

### THE PARADOX

“ I AM THAT I AM ”

#### I

All that is broken shall be mended;  
 All that is lost shall be found;  
 I will bind up every wound  
 When that which is begun shall be ended.  
 Not peace I brought among you but a sword  
 To divide the night from the day,

When I sent My worlds forth in their battle-array  
To die and to live,  
To give and to receive,  
Saith the Lord.

## II

Of old time they said none is good save our God ;  
But ye that have seen how the ages have shrunk from my  
rod,  
And how red is the wine-press wherein at my bidding they  
trod,  
Have answered and said that with Eden I fashioned the  
snake,  
That I mould you of clay for a moment, then mar you and  
break,  
And there is none evil but I, the supreme Evil, God.  
Lo, I say unto both, I am neither ;  
But greater than either ;  
For meeting and mingling in Me they become neither evil  
nor good ;  
Their cycle is rounded, they know neither hunger nor  
food,  
They need neither sickle nor seed-time, nor root nor fruit,  
They are ultimate, infinite, absolute.  
Therefore I say unto all that have sinned,  
East and West and South and North  
The wings of my measureless love go forth  
To cover you all : they are free as the wings of the wind.

## III

Consider the troubled waters of the sea  
Which never rest ;  
As the wandering waves are ye ;  
Yet assuaged and appeased and forgiven,  
As the seas are gathered together under the  
infinite glory of heaven,  
I gather you all to my breast.

But the sins and the creeds and the sorrows that trouble  
the sea

Relapse and subside,  
Chiming like chords in a world-wide symphony

As they cease to chide ;  
For they break and they are broken of sound and hue,  
And they meet and they murmur and they mingle anew,  
Interweaving, intervolving, like waves : they have no stay :  
They are all made as one with the deep, when they sink and  
are vanished away ;

Yea, all is toned at a turn of the tide

To a calm and golden harmony ;

But I—shall I wonder or greatly care,

For their depth or their height ?

Shall it be more than a song in my sight

How many wandering waves there were,

Or how many colours and changes of light ?

It is your eyes that see

And take heed of these things : they were  
fashioned for you, not for Me.

#### IV

With the stars and the clouds I have clothed Myself here  
for your eyes

To behold That which Is. I have set forth the strength of  
the skies

As one draweth a picture before you to make your hearts  
wise ;

That the infinite souls I have fashioned may know as I know,  
Visibly revealed

In the flowers of the field,

Yea, declared by the stars in their courses, the tides in their  
flow,

And the clash of the world's wide battle as it sways to and  
fro,

Flashing forth as a flame

The unnameable Name,

The ineffable Word,

*I am the Lord.*

## V

I am the End to which the whole world strives :

Therefore are ye girdled with a wild desire and shod  
With sorrow ; for among you all no soul  
Shall ever cease or sleep or reach its goal  
Of union and communion with the Whole,

Or rest content with less than being God.  
Still, as unending asymptotes, your lives

In all their myriad wandering ways  
Approach Me with the progress of the golden days ;

Approach Me ; for my love contrives

That ye should have the glory of this

For ever ; yea, that life should blend

With life and only vanish away

From day to wider wealthier day,

Like still increasing spheres of light that melt and merge in  
wider spheres

Even as the infinite years of the past melt in the infinite  
future years.

Each new delight of sense,

Each hope, each love, each fear,

Widens, relumes, and recreates each sphere,

From a new ring and nimbus of pre-eminence.

I am the Sphere without circumference :

I only and for ever comprehend

All others that within me meet and blend.

Death is but the blinding kiss

Of two finite infinities ;

Two finite infinite orbs

The splendour of the greater of which absorbs

The less, though both like Love have no beginning and no  
end.

## VI

Therefore is Love's own breath

Like Knowledge, a continual death ;

And all his laughter and kisses and tears,

And woven wiles of peace and strife,



That ever widen thus your temporal spheres,  
Are making of the memory of your former years  
A very death in life.

## VII

I am that I am ;  
Ye are evil and good ;  
With colour and glory and story and song ye are fed as with  
food :  
The cold and the heat,  
The bitter and the sweet,  
The calm and the tempest fulfil my Word ;  
Yet will ye complain of my two-edged sword  
That has fashioned the finite and mortal and given you the  
sweetness of strife,  
The blackness and whiteness,  
The darkness and brightness,  
Which sever your souls from the formless and void and hold  
you fast-fettered to life ?

## VIII

Behold now, is Life not good ?  
Yea, is it not also much more than the food,  
More than the raiment, more than the breath ?  
Yet Strife is its name !  
Say, which will ye cast out first from the furnace, the fuel  
or the flame ?  
Would ye all be as I am ; and know neither evil nor good ;  
neither life ; neither death ;  
Or mix with the void and the formless till all were as one  
and the same ?

## IX

I am that I am ; the Container of all things : kneel, lift  
up your hands  
To the high Consummation of good and of evil which none  
understands ;

The divine Paradox, the ineffable Word, in whose light the  
poor souls that ye trod

Underfoot as too vile for their fellows are at terrible union  
with God !

Am I not over both evil and good,  
The righteous man and the shedder of blood ?  
Shall I save or slay ?

I am neither the night nor the day,  
Saith the Lord.

Judge not, oh ye that are round my footstool, judge not,  
ere the hour be born

That shall laugh you also to scorn.

## X

Ah, yet I say unto all that have sinned,

East and West and South and North

The wings of my measureless love go forth :

To cover you all : they are free as the wings of the wind.

## XI

But one thing is needful ; and ye shall be true

To yourselves and the goal and the God that ye seek ;

Yea, the day and the night shall requite it to you

If ye love one another, if your love be not weak.

## XII

Since I sent out my worlds in their battle-array

To die and to live,

To give and to receive,

Not peace, not peace, I have brought among you but a  
sword,

To divide the night from the day,

Saith the Lord ;

Yet all that is broken shall be mended,

And all that is lost shall be found,

I will bind up every wound,

When that which is begun shall be ended.

## THE INIMITABLE LOVERS

They tell this proud tale of the Queen—Cleopatra,  
 Subtlest of women that the world has ever seen,  
 How that, on the night when she parted with her lover  
 Anthony, tearless, dry-throated, and sick-hearted,  
 A strange thing befell them in the darkness where they  
 stood.

Bitter as blood was that darkness.  
 And they stood in a deep window, looking to the west.  
 Her white breast was brighter than the moon upon the  
 sea,  
 And it moved in her agony (because it was the end !)  
 Like a deep sea, where many had been drowned.  
 Proud ships that were crowned with an Emperor's eagles  
 Were sunken there forgotten, with their emeralds and  
 gold.  
 They had drunken of that glory, and their tale was told—  
 utterly—  
 Told.

There, as they parted, heart from heart, mouth from  
 mouth,  
 They stared upon each other. They listened.  
 For the South-wind  
 Brought them a rumour from afar ; and she said,  
 Lifting her head, too beautiful for anguish,  
 Too proud for pity,—  
*It is the gods that leave the City ! O, Anthony,*  
*Anthony, the gods have forsaken us ;*  
*Because it is the end ! They leave us to our doom.*  
*Hear it !* And unshaken in the darkness,  
 Dull as dropping earth upon a tomb in the distance,  
 They heard, as when across a wood a low wind comes,  
 A muttering of drums, drawing nearer,  
 Then louder and clearer, as when a trumpet sings  
 To battle, it came rushing on the wings of the wind,  
 A sound of sacked cities, a sound of lamentation,

A cry of desolation, as when a conquered nation  
Is weeping in the darkness, because its tale is told ;  
And then—a sound of chariots that rolled thro' that  
sorrow,

Trampled like a storm of wild stallions, tossing nearer,  
Trampled louder, clearer, triumphantly as music  
Till lo ! in that great darkness, along that vacant street,  
A red light beat like a furnace on the walls,

Then—like the blast when the North-wind calls to battle  
Blaring thro' the blood-red tumult and the flame,

Shaking the proud City as they came, an hundred  
elephants,

Cream-white and bronze, and splashed with bitter crimson,  
Trumpeting for battle as they trod, an hundred  
elephants,

Bronze and cream-white, and trapped with gold and  
purple,

Towered like tuskéd castles, every thunder-laden footfall  
Dreadful as the shattering of a City. Yet they trod,

Rocking like an earthquake, to a great triumphant music,  
And, swinging like the stars, black planets, white moons,

Thro' the stream of the torches, they brought the red  
chariot,

The chariot of the battle-god—Mars.

While the tall spears of Sparta tossed clashing in his  
train,

And a host of ghostly warriors cried aloud

*All hail !* to those twain, and went rushing to the dark-  
ness

Like a pageantry of cloud, for their tale was told—utterly—  
Told.

And following, in the fury of the vine, rushing down

Like a many-visaged torrent, with ivy-rod and thyrses,  
And many a wild and foaming crown of roses,

Crowded the Bacchanals, the brown-limbed shepherds,  
The red-tongued leopards, and the glory of the god !

*Iacchus ! Iacchus !* without dance, without song,  
They cried and swept along to the darkness.

Only for a breath when the tumult of their torches

'Crimsoned the deep window where that dark warrior stood

With the blood upon his mail, and the Queen—Cleopatra,  
Frozen to white marble—the Mænads' raised their  
timbrels,

Tossed their white arms, with a clash—*All hail!*  
Like wild swimmers, pale, in a sea of blood and wine,  
*All hail! All hail!* Then they swept into the dark-  
ness

And the darkness buried them. Their tale was told—  
utterly—  
Told.

And following them, O softer than the moon upon the sea,  
Aphrodite implacably shone.

Like a furnace of white roses, Aphrodite and her train

Lifted their white arms to those twain in the silence  
Once, and were gone into the darkness ;

Once, and away into the darkness they were swept  
Like a pageantry of cloud, without praise, without pity.

Then the dark City slept. And the Queen—Cleopatra—  
Subtlest of women that this earth has ever seen,

Turning to her lover in the darkness where he stood,  
With the blood upon his mail,

Bowing her head upon that iron in the darkness,  
Wept.

## ON THE DEATH OF FRANCIS THOMPSON

### I

How grandly glow the bays

Purpureally enwound

With those rich thorns, the brows

How infinitely crowned

That now thro' Death's dark house

Have passed with royal gaze :

Purpureally enwound

How grandly glow the bays.

## II

Sweet, sweet and three-fold sweet,  
Pulsing with three-fold pain,  
Where the lark fails of flight  
Soared the celestial strain ;  
Beyond the sapphire height  
Flew the gold-wingéd feet,  
Beautiful, pierced with pain,  
Sweet, sweet and three-fold sweet ;

## III

And where *Is not* and *Is*  
Are wed in one sweet Name,  
And the world's rootless vine  
With dew of stars a-flame  
Laughs, from those deep divin  
Impossibilities,  
Our reason all to shame—  
*This cannot be, but is ;*

## IV

Into the Vast, the Deep  
Beyond all mortal sight,  
The Nothingness that conceived  
The worlds of day and night,  
The Nothingness that heaved  
Pure sides in virgin sleep,  
Brought out of Darkness, light ;  
And man from out the Deep.

## V

Into that Mystery  
Let not thine hand be thrust :  
Nothingness is a world  
Thy science well may trust . .

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

But lo, a leaf unfurled,  
 Nay, a cry mocking thee  
 From the first grain of dust—  
*I am, yet cannot be !*

## VI

Adventuring un-afraid  
 Into that last deep shrine,  
 Must not the child-heart see  
 Its deepest symbol shine,  
 The world's Birth-mystery,  
 Whereto the suns are shade ?  
 Lo, the white breast divine—  
 The Holy Mother-maid !

## VII

How miss that Sacrifice,  
 That cross of Yea and Nay,  
 That paradox of heaven  
 Whose palms point either way,  
 Through each a nail being driven  
 That the arms out-span the skies  
 And our earth-dust this day  
 Out-sweeten Paradise.

## VIII

We part the seamless robe,  
 Our wisdom would divide  
 The raiment of the King,  
 Our spear is in His side,  
 Even while the angels sing  
 Around our perishing globe,  
 And Death re-knits in pride  
 The seamless purple robe.

## IX

*How grandly glow the bays  
 Purpureally entwound*

*With those rich thorns, the brows  
How infinitely crowned  
That now thro' Death's dark house  
Have passed with royal gaze :  
Purpureally enwound  
How grandly glow the bays.*

## CHARLOTTE MEW

## THE FARMER'S BRIDE

Three summers since I chose a maid,  
Too young maybe—but more's to do  
At harvest-time than bide and woo.

When us was wed she turned afraid  
Of love and me and all things human ;  
Like the shut of a winter's day.  
Her smile went out and 'twasn't a woman—  
More like a little frightened fay.

One night, in the Fall, she runned away.

“ Out 'mong the sheep, her be,” they said,  
'Should properly have been abed ;  
But sure enough she wasn't there  
Lying awake with her wide brown stare.  
So over seven-acre field and up-along across the down  
We chased her, flying like a hare  
Before our lanterns. To Church-Town  
All in a shiver and a scare  
We caught her, fetched her home at last  
And turned the key upon her, fast.

She does the work about the house  
As well as most, but like a mouse :  
Happy enough to chat and play  
With birds and rabbits and such as they,  
So long as men-folk keep away.  
“ Not near, not near,” her eyes beseech  
When one of us comes within reach.



The women say that beasts in stall  
 Look round like children at her call.  
*I've* hardly heard her speak at all.

Shy as a leveret, swift as he,  
 Straight and slight as a young larch tree,  
 Sweet as the first wild violets, she,  
 To her wild self. But what to me ?

The short days shorten and the oaks are brown,  
 The blue smoke rises to the low grey sky,  
 One leaf in the still air falls slowly down,  
 A magpie's spotted feathers lie  
 On the black earth spread white with rime,  
 The berries redden up to Christmas-time.  
 What's Christmas time without there be  
 Some other in the house than we !

She sleeps up in the attic there  
 Alone, poor maid. 'Tis but a stair  
 Betwixt us. Oh ! my God ! the down,  
 The soft young down of her, the brown,  
 The brown of her—her eyes, her hair, her hair !

W. M. LETTS

### A SOFT DAY

A soft day, thank God !  
 A wind from the south  
 With a honeyed mouth ;  
 A scent of drenching leaves,  
 Briar and beech and lime,  
 White elder-flower and thyme,

And the soaking grass smells sweet,  
 Crushed by my two bare feet,  
 While the rain drips,  
 Drips, drips, drips from the leaves.

A soft day, thank God !  
 The hills wear a shroud  
 Of silver cloud ;  
 The web the spider weaves  
 Is a glittering net ;  
 The woodland path is wet,

And the soaking earth smells sweet,  
 Under my two bare feet,  
 And the rain drips,  
 Drips, drips, drips from the leaves.

MOIRA O'NEILL

CUTTIN' RUSHES

Oh, maybe it was yesterday, or fifty years ago !  
 Meself was risin' early on a day for cuttin' rushes,  
 Walkin' up the Brabla' burn, still the sun was low,  
 Now I'd hear the burn run an' then I'd hear the thrushes.

*Young, still young !*—an' drenchin' wet the grass,  
 Wet the golden honeysuckle hangin' sweetly down ;  
 “ *Here, lad, here !* will ye follow where I pass  
 An' find me cuttin' rushes on the mountain.”

Then was it only yesterday, or fifty years or so ?  
*Rippin'* round the bog pools high among the heather,  
 The hook it made her hand sore, she had to leave it go.  
 'Twas me that cut the rushes then for her to bind together.

*Come, dear, come !*—an' back along the burn,  
 See the darlin' honeysuckle hanging' like a crown.  
*Quick, one kiss*,—sure, there's someone at the turn,  
 “ Oh, we're afther cuttin' rushes on the mountain.”

Yesterday, yesterday, or fifty years ago . . .  
 I waken out o' dreams when I hear the summer thrushes.

Oh, that's the Brabla' burn, I can hear it sing and flow,  
For all that's fair, I'd sooner see a bunch o' green rushes.

*Run, burn, run!* can ye mind when we were young?  
The honeysuckle hangs above, the pool is dark an' brown:  
*Sing, burn, sing!* can ye mind the song ye sung  
The day we cut the rushes on the mountain?

### CORRYMEELA

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,  
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;  
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!  
*Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.*

There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy trees,  
This living' air is moithered wi' the bummin' o' the bees;  
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the  
heat  
*Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.*

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,  
There not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his  
shoes!  
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,  
*Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.*

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,  
By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I did go bare.  
"God save ye, *colleen dhas*," I said: the girl she thought  
me wild.  
*Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.*

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortal hard to  
raise,  
The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase;  
When onest I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back  
again—  
*Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.*

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an English town !

For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown,  
For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain,  
*Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.*

ELINOR SWEETMAN

THE ORCHARD BY THE SHORE : A PASTORAL

COLIN

How look'd your love, sweet Shepherd, yestereven,  
When under apple-boughs ye stole a tryst,  
While Hesper held the glowing gates of heaven  
Ere colder stars besprent its amethyst ?  
Ah ! happy one, how look'd those lids ye kiss'd,  
And seem'd her blush of half its rose be'neaven  
By wan green glimmer and by meadow mist,  
From grassy floor, with leaves enshadow'd o'er,  
Dim filtering through the seven-score trees and seven  
Of the orchard by the shore ?

SHEPHERD

Colin, the grass was grey and wet the sod  
O'er which I heard her velvet footfall come ;  
But heaven, where yet no pallid crescent rode  
Flower'd in fire behind the bloomless plum ;  
There stirr'd no wing nor wind, the wood was dumb,  
Only blown roses shook their leaves abroad  
On stems more tender than an infant's thumb —  
Soft leaves, soft hues, and curl'd like Cupid's lip ;  
And each dim tree shed sweetness over me,  
From honey-dews that breathless boughs let slip  
In the orchard by the sea.

COLIN

Yea, Shepherd, I have seen how blossoms fold,  
And waded deep, where deep an orchard grows ;

But what of her whose sweet ye leave untold,  
 Whose step fell softer than a south-wind blows ?  
 What of her beauty ?—saw ye not unroll'd  
 O'er little ears and throat a twine of gold ?  
 And wore her lip the blown or budded rose ?  
 O did she reach through balmy pear and peach  
 White arms for greeting—did ye heaven hold  
 In the orchard by the beach ?

## SHEPHERD

Nay, Colin, but I heard through walls of laurel  
 A tide impassion'd brimming silent spaces,  
 Guess'd its soft weight, and knew its hoarded coral  
 Given and withdrawn to shyer father places ;  
 Methought each wave shook loose in long embraces  
 Wild trees and tangle over shells auroral,  
 And never wave but held all heaven's faces,  
 And seem'd to sweep a mirror'd moon asleep,  
 To break and blanch among the wet wood-sorrel,  
 In the orchard by the deep.

## COLIN

O Shepherd, leave to speak of ocean-brede,  
 And crescents gliding o'er the cold sea-floor ;  
 All men may watch a risen tide recede,  
 And scarlet secrets of the deep explore.  
 Were not your nymph's fair face and footstep more  
 Than foam and flake within a garden weed ?  
 More sweet than hymning seas her sweet love-lore ?  
 Her hair, her hand, more soft than feathers fann'd  
 From sleeping doves, by small winds newly freed  
 In the orchard by the strand ?

## SHEPHERD

O dull of soul and senseless ! get thee gone.  
 What though the lyre of him who loves be strung  
 To deep of heaven and deep of sea—alone  
 The deep of love is evermore unsung !

Such music lieth hush upon the tongue.

No, by the gods ! not thou, nor any one  
Shall force these stammering lips to do it wrong,

Nor babble o'er from common door to door

What I, by favour of my gods, have known

In the orchard by the shore !

### *RICHARD MIDDLETON*

#### THE GLAD NIGHTS OF SPRING

We are the men who make the world a song

For all the children of the world to sing,

We are the lonely rulers of the spring

Dreaming upon our thrones the whole night long

Till high upon the eastern hills there glows

The summer, like a rose.

And while in dim forgotten graves there sleep

If God grant, lightly, those who long ago

Danced to the loving winds of spring, they know

That on the dying hours our watch we keep

To welcome back across the midnight airs

No other love than theirs.

Her voice is like the song of hidden streams

Laughing at dusk, her feet are wet with dew,

Her eyes are set with amaranthine blue,

She is the perfect lady of our dreams,

And far across the night and far and far

We seek her like a star.

There is no resting-place for tired head

Like her soft breasts, there is no love like hers,

And ever on her gentle lips there stirs

The triumphing song that comforted the dead,

Over their graves the dewy trees shine wet,

But they may not forget.

' We are the rulers of the quiet hours  
Who love where loved the dead, and in our hands  
We hold the keys of fair, untrodden lands,  
Where summer comes not to perplex the flowers,  
But spring stays ever, and spring music fills  
The dark and dreamy hills.

## REGRET

Silver rose was the morning, his breast was strewn with  
pearls—  
Spoil of the dew-bright cherry that danced along the  
spray,  
And I saw the sun of beauty shine out in the eyes of girls  
Who bowed their limbs to the morning, for love of the  
primrose way.

The splendour of waking beauty had filled my world with  
joy,  
Red for the roses and green for the hills whence the skies  
depart,  
A secret song for the maiden, a silver pipe for the boy,  
To echo and bring her blithely, to his arms, to his lips, to  
his heart.

Ah ! to dream and awake—to have seen and to see no more !  
The roses falter and perish, the clouds droop low on the  
hill,  
And the secret song of the maiden that was so sweet before  
Is still with the pipe of the boy, as my echoing heart is  
still.

They come not the shining hours, with their treasure of  
green and of gold,  
Trooping across the meadows, as they came once on a day ;  
Mine the monotonous years and the sorrow of growing old,  
Mine to weep for the morning, far down on the primrose  
way.

## PAGAN EPITAPH

Servant of the eternal Must  
I lie here, here let me lie,  
In the ashes and the dust,  
Dreaming, dreaming pleasantly.  
When I lived I sought no wings,  
Schemed no heaven, planned no hell,  
But, content with little things,  
Made an earth, and it was well.

Song and laughter, food and wine,  
Roses, roses red and white,  
And a star or two to shine  
On my dewy world at night.  
Lord, what more could I desire ?  
With my little heart of clay  
I have lit no eternal fire  
To burn my dreams on Judgment Day !

Well I loved, but they who knew  
What my laughing heart could be,  
What my singing lips could do,  
Lie a-dreaming here with me.

I can feel their finger-tips  
Stroke the darkness from my face,  
And the music of their lips  
Fills my pleasant resting-place  
In the ashes and the dust,  
Where I wonder as I lie,  
Servant of the eternal Must,  
Dreaming, dreaming pleasantly.

*EZRA POUND*

## NIGHT LITANY

O Dieu, purifiez nos cœurs !  
Purifiez nos cœurs !



## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Yea, the lines hast thou laid unto me  
in pleasant places,  
And the beauty of this thy Venice  
hast thou shown unto me  
Until its loveliness became unto me  
a thing of tears.

O God, what great kindness  
have we done in times past  
and forgotten it,  
That thou givest this wonder unto us,  
O God of waters ?

O God of the night,  
What great sorrow  
Cometh unto us,  
That thou thus repayest us  
Before the time of its coming ?

O God of silence,  
Purifiez nos cœurs,  
Purifiez nos cœurs,  
For we have seen  
The glory of the shadow of the  
likeness of thine handmaid,  
Yea, the glory of the shadow  
of thy Beauty hath walked  
Upon the shadow of the waters  
In this thy Venice,  
And before the holiness  
Of the shadow of thy handmaid  
Have I hidden mine eyes  
O God of waters.

O God of silence,  
Purifiez nos cœurs,  
Purifiez nos cœurs,  
O God of waters,  
make clean our hearts within us

And our lips to show forth thy praise,  
For I have seen the  
Shadow of this thy Venice  
Floating upon the waters,  
And thy stars  
Have seen this thing, out of their far courses  
Have they seen this thing,  
O God of waters,  
Even as are thy stars  
Silent unto us in their far coursing,  
Even so is mine heart  
become silent within me.

*Purifiez nos cœurs,  
O God of the silence.  
Purifiez nos cœurs,  
O God of waters.*

### BALLAD OF THE GOODLY FERE<sup>1</sup>

*Simon Zelotes speaketh it sometime after  
the Crucifixion.*

Ha' we lost the goodliest fere o' all  
For the priests and the gallows tree ?  
Aye lover he was of brawny men,  
O' ships and the open sea.

When they came wi' a host to take Our Man  
His smile was good to see,  
"First let these go !" quo' our Goodly Fere,  
"Or I'll see you damned," says he.

Aye he sent us out through the crossed high spears  
And the scorn of his laugh rang free,  
"Why took ye not me when I walked about  
Alone in the town ?" says he.

<sup>1</sup> Fere = mate, companion.

Oh we drank his "Hale" in the good red wine  
When we last made company,  
No capon priest was the Goodly Fere,  
But a man o' men was he.

I ha' seen him drive a hundred men  
Wi' a bundle o' cords swung free,  
That they took the high and holy house  
For their pawn and treasury.

They'll no' get him a' in a book, I think,  
Though they write it cunningly ;  
No mouse of the scrolls was the Goodly Fere,  
But aye loved the open sea.

If they think they ha' snared our Goodly Fere  
They are fools to the last degree.  
"I'll go to the feast," quo' our Goodly Fere,  
"Though I go to the gallows tree."

"Ye ha' seen me heal the lame and blind,  
And wake the dead," says he,  
"Ye shall see one thing to master all :  
'Tis how a brave man dies on the tree."

A Son of God was the Goodly Fere  
That bade us his brothers be.  
I ha' seen him cow a thousand men.  
I have seen him upon the tree.

He cried no cry when they drave the nails  
And the blood gushed hot and free,  
The hounds of the crimson sky gave tongue  
But never a cry cried he.

I ha' seen him cow a thousand men  
On the hills o' Galilee,  
They whined as he walked out calm between,  
Wi' his eyes like the grey o' the sea.

Like the sea that brooks no voyaging  
 With the winds unleashed and free,  
 Like the sea that He cowed at Geneseret  
 Wi' tvey words spöke' suddenly.

## PRAISE OF YSOLT

In vain have I striven  
                   to teach my heart to bow ;  
 In vain have I said to him  
     " There be many singers greater than thou."

But his answer cometh, as winds and as lutany,  
 As a vague crying upon the night  
 'That leaveth me no rest, saying ever,  
                   " Song, a song."

Their echoes play upon each other in the twilight  
 Seeking ever a song.  
 Lo, I am worn with travail  
 And the wandering of many roads hath made my eyes  
 As dark red circles filled with dust.  
 Yet there is a trembling upon me in the twilight,  
     And little red elf words crying " A song,"  
     Little grey elf words crying for a song,  
     Little brown leaf words crying " A song,"  
     Little green leaf words crying for a song.  
 The words are as leaves, old brown leaves in the spring  
     time  
 Blowing they know not whither, seeking a song.

White words as snow flakes but they are cold,  
 Moss words, lip words, words of slow streams.

In vain have I striven  
                   to teach my soul to bow ;  
 In vain have I pled with him,  
     " There be greater souls than thou."

For in the morn of my years there came a woman  
 As moonlight calling  
 As the moon calleth the tides,

“Song, a song.”

Wherefore I made her a song and she went from me  
 As the moon doth from the sea,  
 But still came the leaf words, little brown elf words  
 Saying, “The soul sendeth us.”

“A song, a song!”

And in vain I cried unto them, “I have no song,  
 For she I sang of hath gone from me.”

But my soul sent a woman, a woman of the wonder folk,  
 A woman as fire upon the pine woods  
 crying “Song, a song.”

As the flame crieth unto the sap.

My song was ablaze with her, and she went from me  
 As flame leaveth the embers so went she unto new  
 forests

And the woods were with me  
 crying ever “Song, a song.”

And I, “I have no song,”  
 Till my soul sent a woman as the sun :  
 Yea, as the sun calleth to the seed,  
 As the spring upon the bough  
 So is she that cometh the song-drawer,  
 She that holdeth the wonder words within her eyes,  
 The little elf words  
 That call ever unto me,

“Song, a song.”

#### ENVOI

In vain have I striven with my soul  
 to teach my soul to bow.  
 What soul boweth  
 while in his heart art thou ?

## BALLAD FOR GLOOM

For God, our God, is a gallant foe  
That playeth behind the veil.

I have loved my God as a child at heart  
That seeketh deep bosoms for rest,  
I have loved my God as maid to man  
But lo ! this thing is best :

To love your God as a gallant foe  
that plays behind the veil,  
To meet your God as the night winds meet  
beyond Arcturus' pale.

I have play'd with God for a woman,  
I have staked with my God for truth,  
I have lost to my God as a man, clear-eyed,  
His dice be not of ruth.

For I am made as a naked blade,  
But hear ye this thing in sooth :

Who loseth to God as man to man  
Shall win at the turn of the game.  
I have drawn my blade where the lightnings meet,  
But the ending is the same :  
Who loseth to God as the sword blades lose  
Shall win at the end of the game.

For God, our God, is a gallant foe  
that playeth behind the veil,  
Whom God deigns not to overthrow  
hath need of triple mail.

*MARGARET SACKVILLE*

## SYRINX

I am Syrinx : I am she who when the gold  
Sun over the grey mountain burns awake,  
Rises and drives the flock from the safe fold ;

And all day long hidden in the green brake  
Watches ; or where the wood's heart grows so still  
That the least tremor of small leaves ashake,

Seems somehow a foreboding of strange ill.—  
And I am she who gleans the scattered wheat,  
And prunes the vine on the steep side of the hill.

I follow the white morning on swift feet,  
I slumber in the thicket at mid-noon,  
The racing wind bears me along with it.

And, for the gods' delight, under the moon  
I dance, dance and laugh to feel my hot  
Heart leaping frenzied to the wild pipes' tune.

But as for Love, truly I know him not,  
I have passionately turned my lips therefrom,  
And from that fate the careless gods allot

To woman. Love who has taken the world by storm,  
For all his fury of blind wind and flood,  
Has had no power to change me or deform.

For the chill mountain-streams are in my blood,  
And pale, phantasmal fires of dawn, twilight,  
Shadow and dew are all my maidenhood.

And as the setting sun on the cold, white,  
Snow-braided, frozen peak rests his fierce head,  
Then goes out in a thin trail of light ;

So Love, leaning upon my heart, instead  
Of flame finds only snow and falls asleep  
Quietly like a child on a soft bed ;

And lies there forgetting the broad sweep  
At noontide of his sudden, blazing wings,  
Which thought my narrow life to overleap ;

Not knowing me tameless as the breeze which clings  
Round Summer's golden limbs when she moves clad  
In music, wonderfully, where the pine-branch swings.

Therefore what thing is this which makes me mad,  
So that no laughter of the rose-crowned year  
Shall evermore rejoice me or leave glad

My heart which now has a sick core of fear ?  
I am Syrinx : a strange doom is over me  
Like a cloud, hanging about me everywhere :

Yea, listen and marvel how such things may be !  
I am bewildered and all overcast  
As a spent swimmer struck sideways by the sea.

For once, as through the deep, cool wood I passed  
Singing, for it was June, and ah, June goes !  
And only song may capture and bind her fast ;

I paused : there was no stir among the close  
Boughs ; for the heat nothing alive might breathe,  
And the least wind swooned backward as it rose.

Outside the sick earth seemed to burn and seethe  
Like molten metal in a pot. I saw  
The sun, a wild beast with sharp shining teeth,

Eagerly search the barren land and draw  
What of green might still be left therein,  
To cool the rage of his insatiate maw.



Yet, through the leaves, his rays on my white skin  
Played harmless and I sang, sang till a sound  
Fell on my ears and made me reel and spin.

Low laughter welling lightly from the ground  
Like water, mocking, sweet, and crystalline  
As though up-bubbling from earth's heart profound.

And in it something bestial and divine,  
So that my senses hearing it were stirred,  
Quickened and overcome, as though with wine ;

And motionless I stood as a bird  
Beneath a snake's eye ; then when life began  
To fail within me, once again I heard

That laughter and saw, crouched there before me,—Pan !  
The very shepherd and godhead of our hills  
Whom I have feared more than the Cyprian.

Since his is the sharp secret breath which kills  
At nightfall, and he is lord of death and birth,  
And the year wanes and waxes as he wills.

Yea, very spirit is he and heart of earth,  
And cruel as untempered rain and sun,  
In those sick seasons when all falls to dearth.

And there shall none resist him, nay, not one  
On whom rest the eyes of his desire :  
Wherefore am I too ruined and undone ;

For though a little I may escape his fire,  
Since he subtle and wise let me depart  
That morning, helpless am I though I fly higher

Than the eagle, yea, or press the waves apart,  
—The cold, dark, clean, indifferent sea-waves—  
Nay, though I shelter in the whirlwind's heart,

Pan, Pan shall have at last the thing he craves,  
Me : and my shadowy days must sink to naught,  
Falling earthward like shed leaves when the wind raves.

Yet might these weary toils wherein I am caught  
Break, break ' Would that I might become  
A shadow or fast fading flower wrought

From day and night, or sunshine or blown foam  
Ere this thing chanced, or a clear drop of rain  
New scattered, or music suddenly fallen dumb ;

A note of music by its own breath slain,  
Blown tenderly from the frail heart of a reed  
Whereof the singing shepherd lads are fain,

Who with strong, careless hands from all toil freed,  
Pluck joy, pure joy, green-growing from the soil,  
And turn and twist and shape it to their need.

If this might be ! If some kind god would foil  
The inexorable purpose of Pan's lust,  
Having pity on my swift youth's recoil ;

My frugal, kindly, passionless days which must  
Perish, perish like wild wood-berries,  
By sharp-hoofed goat-feet trampled all to dust.

If they would sigh towards me, bidding me cease,  
Changing into white sap my willing blood,  
And granting me the calm of growing trees,

And of the reeds springing in the full flood ;  
Being myself portion and part of these,  
Surely, beyond all longing, it were good !

I am Syrinx : I am afraid : I would have peace.

## HYMN TO LOVE

We are thine, O Love, being in thee and made of thee,  
As thou, Love, were the deep thought  
And we the speech of the thought ; yea, spoken are we,  
Thy fires of thought outspoken :

But burn'd not through us thy imagining  
Like fierce mood in a song caught,  
We were as clamour'd words a fool may fling,  
Loose words, of meaning broken.

For what more like the brainless speech of a fool,—  
The lives travelling dark fears,  
And as a boy throws pebbles in a pool  
Thrown down abysmal places ?

Hazardous are the stars, yet is our birth  
And our journeying time theirs ;  
As words of air, life makes of starry earth  
Sweet soul-delighted faces ;

As voices are we in the worldly wind ;  
The great wind of the world's fate  
Is turned, as air to a shapen sound, to mind  
And marvellous desires.

But not in the world as voices storm-shatter'd,  
Not borne down by the wind's weight ;  
The rushing time rings with our splendid word  
Like darkness filled with fires.

For Love doth use us for a sound of song,  
And Love's meaning our life wields,  
Making our souls like syllables to throng  
His tunes of exultation.

Down the blind speed of a fatal world we fly,  
As rain blown along earth's fields ;  
Yet are we god-desiring liturgy,  
Sung joys of adoration ;

Yea, made of chance and all a labouring strife,  
We go charged with a strong flame ;  
For as a language Love hath seized on life  
His burning heart to story.

Yea, Love, we are thine, the liturgy of thee,  
'Thy thought's golden and glad name,  
The mortal conscience of immortal glee,  
Love's zeal in Love's own glory.

### THE TRANCE

Lord God, I saw Thee then ; one mind last night,  
Met Thee upon Thy ways.  
I was upon a hill, alone ;  
My drudgèd sense was aching in amaze :  
Into my thought had too much gone  
The inconceivable room of the blue night,—  
The blue that seems so near to be  
Appearance of divinity,—  
And the continual stars.  
I was afraid at so much permanence,  
And was in trouble with vastness and fixt law.  
All round about I saw  
The law's unalterable fence,  
And like a forgery of shining bars  
The stresses of the suns were there,  
Keeping, in vastness prisoner,  
My thought caged from infinity.  
And then, suddenly,—  
While perhaps twice my heart was dutiful  
To send my blood upon its little race,—

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

I was exalted above surety  
 And out of time did fall.  
 As from a slander that did long distress,  
 A sudden justice vindicated me  
 From the customary wrong of Great and Small.  
 I stood outside the burning rims of place,  
 Outside that corner, consciousness.  
 Then was I not in the midst of Thee,  
 Lord God ?

A momentary gust  
 Of power, a swift dismay  
 Putting the infinite quiet to disarray,  
 A thing like anger or outbreking lust,  
 A zeal immeasurably sent,—  
 So Law came and went,  
 And smote into a bright astonishment  
 Of stars the season of eternity,  
 And grazed the darkness into glowing lanes.  
 Swiftly that errand of God's vehemence,  
 The passion which was Law, slid by,  
 Carrying surge of creatures, fiery manes  
 Of matter and the worldly foam  
 And riddles of transgressing flame ;  
 So the Law's kindled shakings came  
 A moment, and went utterly.  
 And seemed to be no more  
 Than if through the eternal corridor  
 Of emptiness a sob did roam,  
 Or a cry out of a fearful ecstasy.

CEREMONIAL ODE INTENDED FOR  
 A UNIVERSITY

When from Eternity were separate  
 The curdled element  
 And gathered forces, and the world began,—  
 The Spirit that was shut and darkly blent  
 Within this being, did the whole distress  
 With a blind hanker after spaciousness.

Into its wrestle, strictly tied up in Fate  
And closely natured, came like an open'd grate  
At last the Mind of Man,  
Letting the sky in, and a faculty  
To light the cell with lost Eternity.

So commerce with the Infinite was regain'd :  
For upward grew Man's ken  
And trode with founded footsteps the grievous few  
Where other life festering and prone remain'd.  
With knowledge painfully quarried and hewn fair,  
Platforms of lore, and many a hanging stair  
Of strong imagination Man has raised  
His Wisdom like the watch-towers of a town ;  
That he, though fasten'd down  
In law, be with its cruelty not amazed,  
But be of outer vastness greatly aware.

This, then, is yours : to build exultingly  
High, and yet more high,  
The knowledgeable towers above base wars  
And sinful surges reaching up to lay  
Dishonouring hands upon your work, and drag  
From their uprightness your desires to lag  
Among low places with a common gait.  
That so Man's mind, not conquer'd by his clay,  
May sit above his fate,  
Inhabiting the purpose of the stars,  
And trade with his Eternity.

### *JAMES STEPHENS*

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#### IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING

I thought I heard Him calling. Did you hear  
A sound, a little sound ? My curious ear  
Is dinned with flying noises, and the tree  
Goes—whisper, whisper, whisper silently

Till all its whispers spread into the sound  
Of a dull roar. Lie closer to the ground,  
The shade is deep and He may pass us by,  
We are so very small, and His great eye,  
Customed to starry majesties, may gaze  
Too wide to spy as hiding in the maze :  
Ah, misery ! the sun has not yet gone  
And we are naked : He may look upon  
Our crouching shame, may make us stand upright  
Burning in terror—O that it were night !  
He may not come. . . . What ? listen, listen, now—  
He is here ! lie closer. . . . *Adam, where art thou ?*

## DEIRDRE

Do not let any woman read this verse ;  
It is for men, and after them their sons  
And their sons' sons.

The time comes when our hearts sink utterly ;  
When we remember Deirdre and her tale,  
And that her lips are dust.

Once she did tread the earth : men took her hand  
They looked into her eyes and said their say,  
And she replied to them.

More than a thousand years it is since she  
Was beautiful : she trod the waving grass ;  
She saw the clouds.

A thousand years ! The grass is still the same,  
The clouds as lovely as they were that time  
When Deirdre was alive.

But there has never been a woman born  
Who was so beautiful, not one so beautiful  
Of all the women born.

Let all men go apart and mourn together ;  
No man can ever love her ; not a man  
Can ever be her lover.

No man can bend before her : no man say—  
What could one say to her ? There are no words  
That one could say to her !

Now she is but a story that is told  
Beside the fire ! No man can ever be  
The friend of that poor queen.

*ELIZABETH BRIDGES*

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L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE

Lov'st thou tawny trees ?  
I can show thee soon  
Stranger sights than these.

Throngs of wilder'd kings  
Their power who sold,  
Wearing its ruddy price  
In coins of gold.

Lov'st thou lilies white,  
Untrod vales where bask  
Fields of scented light ?

Come where cloister'd queens  
By thousands sing  
Their virgin saintliness  
Warm-sheltering.

Wilt thou strength and life ?  
Wilt thou beauteous ease  
Far from soiling strife ?



## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

When thy powers surrender  
Their glory tall,  
When thy calm soft-closeth  
At evening fall,

When no joys shall please,  
I can still devise  
Fairer things than these.

*JOHN DRINKWATER*

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## BIRTHRIGHT

Lord Rameses of Egypt sighed  
Because a summer evening passed ;  
And little Ariadne cried  
That summer fancy fell at last  
To dust ; and young Verona died  
When beauty's hour was overcast.

Theirs was the bitterness we know  
Because the clouds of hawthorn keep  
So short a state, and kisses go  
To tombs unfathomably deep,  
While Rameses and Romeo  
And little Ariadne sleep.

## JUNE DANCE

The chestnut cones were in the lanes,  
Blushing, and eyed with ebony,  
And young oak-apples lovingly  
Clung to their stems with rosy veins  
Threading their glossy amber ; still  
As wind may be, among the bloom  
Of lilac and the burning broom  
The dear wind moved deliciously,  
And stayed upon the fragrant hill

And lighted on the sea ;  
And brushed the nettles nodding through  
The budding globes of cloudy may,  
And wavelike flowed upon the blue  
Flowers of the wood.

It was a day  
When pearled blossom of peach and pear  
Of blossoming season made an end,  
Drifting along the sunlight, rare  
Of beauty as thoughts between friend and friend  
That have no cunning, but merely know  
The way of truth for the heart is so.

It was such a time at the birth of June,  
When the day was hushed at the hour of noon,  
And whispering leaves gave out a tune  
Ghostly as moves the bodiless moon  
High in the full-day skies of June,  
That they passed, a throng  
Of toilers whose eyes  
Were dull with toiling, passed along  
By a path that lies  
Between the city of mean emprise  
And a forest set in mellow lands,  
Far out from the city of broken hands.

Meanly clad, with bodies worn,  
They came upon the forest hour,  
From open fields of springing corn  
To cloistered shades  
They passed, from June light to June bower,  
Tall men, and maids  
Deep-bosomed, apt for any seed  
That life should passionately sow,  
Yet pale and troubled of a creed  
Cried out by men who nothing know  
Of joy's diviner excellence.  
Along the silent glades they stopt,  
Till, flowing in each drowsy sense,  
June came upon them, and they slept.

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Beneath cool clustered branch and bloom,  
Littered with stars of amethyst,  
Sun-arrows glancing through the gloom,  
They slept ; the lush young bracken kissed  
The tired forms. Ah, well-away,  
Within so wide a peace to see  
Fellows who measure every day  
Merely the roads of misery.  
Tall men, deep-bosomed maids were they,  
As who should face the world and run  
Fleet-footed down the laughing way,  
With brows set fearless to the sun,  
But slackened were the rippling thews  
And all clear moods of courage dead,  
Defeated by ignoble use  
And sullen dread.

So in the sweet June-tide they slept,  
Nor any dream of healing deep  
Came over them ; heart-sick they kept  
A troubled sleep ;  
Companions of calamity,  
Their sleep was but remembered pain,  
And all their hunger but to be  
Poor pilgrims in oblivion's train.

The stems each had a little shadow  
In the early afternoon,  
When the toilers first were lured  
By a music long immured  
In the central forest ways  
Where no human footfall strays,  
To the dreaning dance of June.

One by one they woke, their faces  
Still with some new wonder,  
As when in quiet shadowy places  
Wandering hands may move asunder

Secret foliage, and intrude  
On the ancestral solitude  
Of some untutored forest thing—  
Neither doubt nor fear they bring,  
But just a strange new wonder.

So now the toilers woke. No thought  
Of the old-time trouble came  
Over them ; the cares deep-wrought,  
Furrowing, by years of shame,  
Lightened, as upon their ears  
Fell a music very low,  
Sweet with moving of the years,  
Burdened with the beat and flow  
Of a garnered ecstasy  
Gathered from the deeps of pain,  
Music vaster than the sea,  
Softer than the rain.

Then they rose,—the music played  
But a little way ahead.  
And with never question made  
They were well to follow. Red  
And gold and opal flashed the noon  
On lichened trunk. Their raiment mean  
Grew heavy in the dance of June,  
And man and maid among the green  
Unburdened them, and stood revealed  
In clean unblushing loveliness,  
Clean glowing limbs, all supple, steeled  
And shining ; many a streaming tress  
Slipped beautiful to breast and knee,  
They proved a world where was no sin,  
Exultant, pure in passion, free,  
Young captives bidden to begin  
New being. Sweet the music called,  
Promising immortal boon,  
Swift they set their feet, enthralled,  
To the dreaming dance of June.

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

They passed into the forest's heart,  
Where the shadows thickened,  
Soul and trembling body thrilled  
With a joy new-quickenened.  
It was as though from early days  
Their familiars  
Had been the words of worship of the lonely  
woodland ways,  
And the articulate voices of the stars.

Keeping perfect measure  
To the music's chime,  
Reaping all the treasure  
Of the summer time,  
Noiselessly along the glades,  
Lithe white limbs all glancing,  
Comely men and comely maids  
Drifted in their dancing.

When chestnut-cones were in the lanes,  
Blushing, and eyed with ebony,  
And young oak-apples lovingly  
Clung to their stems with rosy veins  
Threading their glossy amber—then  
They took them to faring, maids and men,  
Whose eyes were dull with toiling, far  
From their toil in the time of a perfect noon,  
To where the quiet shadows are,  
And joined the dreaming dance of June.

## THE MIDLANDS

Black in the summer night my Cotswold hill  
Aslant my window sleeps, beneath a sky  
Deep as the bedded violets that fill  
March woods with dusky passion. As I lie  
Abed between cool walls I watch the host  
Of the slow stars lit over Gloucester plain,

And drowsily the habit of these most  
Beloved of English lands moves in my brain,  
While silence holds dominion of the dark,  
Save when the foxes from the spinneys bark.

I see the valleys in their morning mist  
Wreathed under limpid hills in moving light,  
Happy with many a yeoman melodist ;  
I see the little roads of twinkling white  
Busy with field-ward teams and market gear  
Of rosy men, cloth-gaitered, who can tell  
The many-minded changes of the year,  
Who know why crops and kine fare ill or well ;  
I see the sun persuade the mist away,  
Till town and stead are shining to the day.

I see the wagons move along the rows  
Of ripe and summer-breathing clove.-flower,  
I see the lissom husbandman who knows  
Deep in his heart the beauty of his power,  
As, lithely pitched, the full-heaped fork bids on  
The harvest home. I hear the rickyard fill  
With gossip as in generations gone,  
While wagon follows wagon from the hill.  
I think how, when our seasons are all sealed,  
Shall come the unchanging harvest from the field.

I see the barns and comely manors planned  
By men who somehow moved in comely thought,  
Who, with a simple shipp on to their hand,  
As men upon some godlike business wrought ;  
I see the little cottages that keep  
Their beauty still where since Plantagenet  
Have come the shepherds happily to sleep,  
Finding the loaves and cups of cider set ;  
I see the twisted shepherds, brown and old,  
Driving at dusk their glimmering sheep to fold.

And now the valleys that upon the sun  
Broke from their opal veils are veiled again,

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

And the last light upon the wolds is done,  
 And silence falls on flocks and fields and men ;  
 And black upon the night I watch my hill,  
 And the stars shine, and there an owly wing  
 Brushes the night, and all again is still,  
 And, from this land of worship that I sing,  
 I turn to sleep, content that from my sires  
 I draw the blood of England's midmost shires.

## A PRAYER

Lord, not for light in darkness do we pray,  
 Not that the veil be lifted from our eyes,  
 Nor that the slow ascension of our day  
 Be otherwise.

Not for a clearer vision of the things  
 Whereof the fashioning shall make us great,  
 Not for remission of the peril and stings  
 Of time and fate.

Not for a fuller knowledge of the end  
 Whereto we travel, bruised yet unafraid,  
 Nor that the little healing that we lend  
 Shall be repaid.

Not these, O Lord. We would not break the bars  
 Thy wisdom sets about us ; we shall climb  
 Unfetter'd to the secrets of the stars  
 In Thy good time.

We do not crave the high perception swift  
 When to refrain were well, and when fulfil,  
 Nor yet the understanding strong to sift  
 The good from ill.

Not these, O Lord. For these Thou hast reveal'd,  
 We know the golden season when to reap  
 The heavy-fruited treasure of the field,  
 The hour to sleep.

Not these. We know the hemlock from the rose,  
The pure from stain'd, the noble from the base,  
The tranquil holy light of truth that glows  
On Pity's face.

We know the paths wherein our feet should press,  
Across our hearts are written Thy decrees :  
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless  
With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,  
Grant us the strength to labour as we know,  
Grant us the purpose, ribb'd and edged with steel,  
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast lent,  
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need,  
Give us to build above the deep intent  
The deed, the deed.

*ANNA BUNSTON*

(ANNA DE BARY)

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### THE WILDERNESS

From Life's enchantments,  
Desire of place,  
From lust of getting  
Turn thou away, and set thy face  
Toward the wilderness.

The tents of Jacob  
As valleys spread,  
As goodly cedars,  
Or fair lign-aloes, white and red,  
Shall share thy wilderness.



• With awful judgments,  
The law, the rod,  
With soft allurements  
And comfortable words, will God  
Pass o'er the wilderness.

The bitter waters  
Are healed and sweet,  
The ample heavens  
Pour angels' bread about thy feet  
Throughout the wilderness.

And Carmel's glory  
Thou thoughtest gone,  
And Sharon's roses,  
The excellency of Lebanon  
Delight thy wilderness.

Who passeth Jordan  
Perfumed with myrrh,  
With myrrh and incense ?  
Lo ! on his arm Love leadeth her  
Who trod the wilderness.

*JAMES JORCE*

AT THAT HOUR

At that hour when all things have repose,  
O lovely watcher of the skies,  
Do you hear the night-wind and the sighs  
Of harps playing to Love to uncloset  
The pale gates of sunrise ?

When all things repose, do you alone  
Awake to hear the sweet harps play  
To Love before him on his way,  
And the night wind answering in antiphon  
Till night is overgone ?

Play on, invisible harps, unto Love,  
Whose way in heaven is aglow  
At that hour when soft lights come and go,  
Soft sweet music in the air above  
And in the earth below.

*MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL*

SWALLOW SONG

O little hearts, beat home, beat home,  
Here is no place to rest ;  
Night darkens on the falling foam  
And on the fading west.  
O little wings, beat home, beat home,  
Love may no longer roam.

Oh, Love has touched the fields of wheat,  
And Love has crowned the corn,  
And we must follow Love's white feet  
Through all the ways of morn :  
Through all the silver roads of air  
We pass and have no care.

The silver roads of Love are wide,  
O winds that turn, O stars that guide.  
Sweet are the ways that Love hath trod  
Through the clear skies that reach to God,  
But in the cliff-grass Love builds deep  
A place where wandering wings may sleep.

THE BRIDEGROOM OF CANA

Veil thine eyes, O beloved, my spouse,  
Turn them away,  
Lest in their light my life withdrawn  
Dies as a star, as a star in the day,  
As a dream in the dawn.

- Slenderly hang the olive leaves  
Sighing apart :  
The rose and silver doves in the eaves  
With a murmur of music bind our house.  
Honey and wine in thy words are stored,  
Thy lips are bright as the edge of a sword  
That hath found my heart,  
That hath found my heart.

Sweet, I have waked from a dream of thee,  
And of Him,  
He who came when the songs were done.  
From the net of thy smiles my heart went free,  
And the golden lure of thy love grew dim.  
I turned to them asking, " Who is He ?  
Royal and sad, who comes to the feast,  
And sits Him down in the place of the least ? "  
And they said, " He is Jesus, the carpenter's son."

Hear how my harp on a single string  
Murmurs of love.  
Down in the fields the thrushes sing  
And the lark is lost in the light above,  
Lost in the infinite glowing whole  
As I in thy soul,  
As I in thy soul.

Love, I am fain for thy glowing grace  
As the pool for the star, as the rain for the rill.  
Turn to me, trust to me, mirror me,  
As the star in the pool, as the cloud in the sea.  
Love, I looked awhile in His face  
And was still.

The shaft of the dawn strikes clear and sharp.  
Hush, my harp.  
Hush, my harp, for the day is begun  
And the lifting, shimmering flight of the swallow  
Breaks in a curve on the brink of morn,  
Over the sycamores, over the corn.

Cling to me, cleave to me, prison me,  
 As the mote in the flame, as the shell in the sea,  
 For the winds of the dawn say, "Follow, follow  
 Jesus Bar-Joseph, the carpenter's son."

### *PADRAIC COLUM*

#### THE PLOUGHER

Sunset and silence! A man: around him earth savage,  
 earth broken;  
 Beside him two horses—a plough!

Earth savage, earth broken, the brutes, the dawn man there  
 in the sunset,  
 And the Plough that is twin to the Sword, that is founder  
 of cities!

"Brute-tamer, plough-maker, earth-breaker! Can'st hear?  
 There are ages between us.  
 Is it praying you are as you stand there alone in the sunset?

"Surely our sky-born gods can be naught to you, earth  
 child and earth master?  
 Surely your thoughts are of Pan, or of Wotan, or Dana?

"Yet, why give thought to the gods? Has Pan led your  
 brutes where they stumble?  
 Has Dana numbed pain of the child-bed, or Wotan put  
 hands to your plough?

"What matter your foolish reply? O, man, standing lone  
 and bowed earthward,  
 Your task is a day near its close. Give thanks to the night-  
 giving God."

. . . . .

Slowly the darkness falls, the broken lands blend with the  
savage ;

The brute-tamer stands by the brutes, a head's-breadth  
only above them.

A head's-breadth ? Ay, but therein is hell's depth, and the  
height up to heaven,

And the thrones of the gods and their halls, their chariots,  
purples, and splendours.

### AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS

Oh, to have a little house !

To own the hearth and stool and all !

The heaped-up sods upon the fire,

The pile of turf against the wall !

To have a clock with weights and chains

And pendulum swinging up and down !

A dresser filled with shining delf,

Speckled and white and blue and brown !

I could be busy all the day

Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,

And fixing on their shelf again

My white and blue and speckled store !

I could be quiet there at night

Beside the fire and by myself,

Sure of a bed, and loth to leave

The ticking clock and the shining delf !

Och ! but I'm weary of mist and dark,

And roads where there's never a house or bush,

And tired I am of bog and road

And the crying wind and the lonesome hush !

And I am praying to God on high,

And I am praying Him night and day,

For a little house—a house of my own—

Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

*JOHN FREEMAN*

## MUSIC COMES

Music comes  
Sweetly from the trembling string  
When wizard fingers sweep  
Dreamily, half asleep ;  
When through remembering reeds  
Ancient airs and murmurs creep,  
Oboe oboe following,  
Flute answering clear high flute,  
Voices, voices—falling mute,  
And the jarring drums.

At night I heard  
First a waking bird  
Out of the quiet darkness sing . . .  
Music comes  
Strangely to the brain asleep !  
And I heard  
Soft, wizard fingers sweep  
Music from the trembling string,  
And through remembering reeds  
Ancient airs and murmurs creep ;  
Oboe oboe following,  
Flute calling clear high flute,  
Voices faint, falling mute,  
And low jarring drums ;  
Then all those airs  
Sweetly jangled—newly strange,  
Rich with change . . .  
Was it the wind in the reeds ?  
Did the wind range  
Over the trembling string ;  
Into flute and oboe pouring  
Solemn music ; sinking, soaring  
Low to high,  
Up and down the sky ?

Was it the wind jarring  
Drowsy far-off drums ?

Strangely to the brain asleep  
Music comes.

*EDWARD THOMAS*

LIGHTS OUT

1917

I have come to the border of sleep,  
The unfathomable deep  
Forest where all must lose  
Their way, however straight,  
Or winding, soon or late ;  
They cannot choose.

Many a road and track  
That, since the dawn's first crack,  
Up to the forest brink,  
Deceived the travellers,  
Suddenly now blurs,  
And in they sink.

Here love ends,  
Despair, ambition ends,  
All pleasure and all trouble,  
Although more sweet or bitter,  
Here ends in sleep that is sweeter  
Than tasks most noble.

There is not any book  
Or face of dearest look  
That I would not turn from now  
To go into the unknown  
I must enter and leave alone  
I know not how.

The tall forest towers ;  
Its cloudy foliage lowers  
Ahead, shelf above shelf ;  
In silence I hear and obey  
That I may lose my way  
And myself.

*JAMES ELROY FLECKER*

—  
RIOUPEROUX

High and solemn mountains guard Riouperoux,  
—Small untidy village where the river drives a mill :  
Frail as wood anemones, white and frail were you,  
And drooping a little, like the slender daffodil.

Oh, I will go to France again, and tramp the valley through,  
And I will change these gentle clothes for clog and corduroy,  
And work with the mill-hands of black Riouperoux,  
And walk with you, and talk with you, like any other boy.

TENEBRIS INTERLUCENTUM

A linnet who had lost her way  
Sang on a blackened bough in Hell,  
Till all the ghosts remembered well  
The trees, the wind, the golden day.

At last they knew that they had died  
When they heard music in that land,  
And someone there stole forth a hand  
To draw a brother to his side.

THE QUEEN'S SONG

Had I the power  
To Midas given of old  
To touch a flower  
And leave the petals gold,



## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

I then might touch thy face,  
Delightful boy,  
And leave a metal grace,  
A graven joy.

Thus would I slay—  
Ah, desperate device !  
The vital day  
That trembles in thine eyes,  
And let the red lips close  
Which sang so well,  
And drive away the rose  
To leave a shell.

Then I myself,  
Rising austere and dumb,  
On the high shelf  
Of my half-lighted room,  
Would place the shining bust  
And wait alone,  
Until I was but dust,  
Buried unknown.

## JOSEPH AND MARY

## JOSEPH

Mary, art thou the little maid  
Who plucked me flowers in Spring ?  
I know thee not ; I feel afraid :  
Thou'rt strange this evening.

A sweet and rustic girl I won  
What time the woods were green ;  
No woman with deep eyes that shone,  
And the pale brows of a Queen.

MARY (*inattentive to his words*)

A stranger came with feet of flame  
And told me this strange thing,—  
For all I was a village maid  
My son should be a King.

JOSEPH

A King, dear wife ? Who ever knew  
Of Kings in stables born !

MARY

Do you hear, in the dark and starlit blue  
The clarion and the horn ?

JOSEPH

Mary, alas, lest grief and joy  
Have sent thy wits astray ;  
But let me look on this my boy,  
And take the wraps away.

MARY

Behold the lad !

JOSEPH

I dare not gaze :  
Light streams from every limb.

MARY

The winter sun has stored his rays,  
And passed the fire to him.  
Look Eastward, look ! I hear a sound.  
O Joseph, what do you see ?

JOSEPH

The snow lies quiet on the ground  
And glistens on the tree ;

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

The sky is bright with a star's great light,  
 And clearly I behold  
 Three Kings descending yonder hill,  
 Whose crowns are crowns of gold.

O Mary, what do you hear and see  
 With your brow toward the West ?

## MARY

The snow lies glistening on the tree  
 And silent on Earth's breast ;

And strong and tall, with lifted eyes  
 Seven shepherds walk this way,  
 And angels breaking from the skies  
 Dance, and sing hymns, and pray.

## JOSEPH

I wonder much at these bright Kings ;  
 The shepherds I despise.

## MARY

You know not what a shepherd sings,  
 Nor see his shining eyes.

## GATES OF DAMASCUS

Four great gates has the city of Damascus,  
 And four Grand Wardens, on their spears reclining,  
 All day long stand like tall stone men  
 And sleep on the towers when the moon is shining.

*This is the song of the East Gate Warden  
 When he locks the great gate and smokes in his garden.*

Postern of Fate, the Desert Gate, Disaster's Cavern, Fort  
 of Fear,  
 The Portal of Bagdad am I, the Doorway of Diarbekir.

The Persian dawn with new desires may net the flushing  
mountain spires,  
But my gaunt buttress still rejects the suppliance of those  
mellow fires.

Pass not beneath, O Caravan, or pass not singing. Have you  
heard  
That silence where the birds are dead yet something pipeth  
like a bird ?

Pass not beneath ! Men say there blows in stony deserts  
still a rose  
But with no scarlet to her leaf—and from whose heart no  
perfume flows.

Wilt thou bloom red where she buds pale, thy sister rose ?  
Wilt thou not fail  
When noonday flashes like a flail ? Leave, nightingale,  
the Caravan !

Pass then, pass all ! Bagdad ! ye cry, and down the  
billows of blue sky  
Ye beat the bell that beats to hell, and who shall thrust ye  
back ? Not I.

The sun who flashes through the head and paints the shadows  
green and red—  
The sun shall eat thy fleshless dead, O Caravan, O Caravan !

And one who licks his lips for thirst with fevered eyes shall  
face in fear  
The palms that wave, the streams that burst, his last mirage,  
O Caravan !

And one—the bird-voiced Singing-man—shall fall behind  
thee, Caravan !  
And God shall meet him in the night, and he shall sing as  
best he can.

'And one the Bedouin shall slay, and one, sand-stricken on  
the way,  
Go dark and blind ; and one shall say—" How lonely is  
the Caravan ! "

Pass out beneath, O Caravan, Doom's Caravan, Death's  
Caravan !

I had not told ye, fools, so much, save that I heard your  
Singing-man.

*This was sung by the West Gate's keeper  
When heaven's hollow dome grew deeper.*

I am the gate toward the sea : O sailor men, pass out from  
me !

I hear you high on Lebanon, singing the marvels of the sea.

The dragon-green, the luminous, the dark, the serpent-  
haunted sea,

The snow-besprinkled wine of earth, the white-and-blue-  
flower foaming sea.

Beyond the sea are towns with towers, carved with lions  
and lily flowers,

And not a soul in all those lonely streets to while away  
the hours.

Beyond the towns, an isle where, bound, a naked giant bites  
the ground :

The shadow of a monstrous wing looms on his back :  
and still no sound.

Beyond the isle a rock that screams like madmen shouting  
in their dreams,

From whose dark issues night and day blood crashes in a  
thousand streams.

Beyond the rock is Restful Bay, where no wind breathes or  
ripple stirs,

And there on Roman ships, they say, stand rows of metal  
mariners.

Beyond the bay in utmost West old Solomon the Jewish  
King

Sits with his beard upon his breast, and grips and guards  
his magic ring ;

And when that ring is stolen, he will rise in outraged  
majesty,

And take the World upon his back, and fling the World  
beyond the sea.

*This is the song of the North Gate's master,  
Who singeth fast, but drinketh faster.*

I am the gay Aleppo Gate : a dawn, a dawn and thou art  
there :

Eat not thy heart with fear and care, O brother of the  
beast we hate !

Thou hast not many miles to tread, nor other foes than  
fleas to dread ;

Homs shall behold thy morning meal, and Hama see thee  
safe in bed.

Take to Aleppo filigrane, and take them paste or apricots,  
And coffee tables etched with pearl, and little beaten  
brassware pots :

And thou shalt sell thy wares for thrice the Damascene  
retailers' price,

And buy a fat Armenian slave who smelleth odorous and  
nice.

Some men of noble stock were made : some glory in the  
murder-blade :

Some praise a Science or an Art, but I like honourable  
Trade !

Sell them the rotten, buy the ripe ! Their heads are weak ;  
their pockets burn.

Aleppo men are mighty fools. Salaam Aleikum ! Safe  
return !

*This is the song of the South Gate Holder,  
A silver man, but his song is older.*

I am the Gate that fears no fall : the Mihrab of Damascus  
wall,  
The bridge of booming Sinai : the Arch of Allah all in all.

O spiritual pilgrim, rise : the night has grown her single  
horn :  
The voices of the souls unborn are half adream with  
Paradise.

To Meccah thou hast turned in prayer with aching heart  
and eyes that burn :  
Ah, Hajji, whither wilt thou turn when thou art there,  
when thou art there ?

God be thy guide from camp to camp : God be thy shade  
from well to well ;  
God grant beneath the desert stars thou hear the Prophet's  
camel bell.

And God shall make thy body pure, and give thee knowledge  
to endure  
This ghost-life's piercing phantom-pain, and bring thee  
out to Life again.

And God shall make thy soul a Glass where eighteen  
thousand Æons pass,  
And thou shalt see the gleaming Worlds as men see dew  
upon the grass.

And son of Islam, it may be that thou shalt learn at journey's  
end  
Who walks thy garden eve on eve, and bows his head,  
and calls thee Friend.

*D. H. LAWRENCE*

## SERVICE OF ALL THE DEAD

Between the avenue of cypresses,  
All in their scarlet cloaks, and surplices  
Of linen, go the chaunting choristers,  
The priests in gold and black, the villagers.

And all along the path to the cemetery  
The round, dark heads of men crowd silently,  
And black-scarved faces of women-folk, wistfully  
Watch at the banner of death, and the mystery.

And at the foot of a grave a father stands  
With sunken head, and forgotten, folded hands ;  
And at the foot of a grave a woman kneels  
With pale shut face, and neither hears nor feels

The coming of the chaunting choristers  
Between the avenues of cypresses,  
The silence of the many villagers,  
The candle-flames beside the surplices.

*ROBERT GRAVES*

## IN THE WILDERNESS

Christ of his gentleness  
Thirsting and hungering,  
Walked in the wilderness ;  
Soft words of grace he spoke  
Unto lost desert-folk  
That listened wondering.  
He heard the bitterns call  
From ruined palace-wall,  
Answered them brotherly.



He held communion  
 With the she-pelican  
 Of lonely piety.  
 Basilisk, cockatrice,  
 Flocked to his homilies,  
 With mail of dread device,  
 With monstrous barbèd stings,  
 With eager dragon-eyes ;  
 Great bats on leather wings  
 And poor blind broken things,  
 Foul in their miseries.  
 And ever with him went,  
 Of all his wanderings  
 Comrade, with ragged coat,  
 Gaunt ribs—poor innocent—  
 Bleeding foot, burning throat,  
 The guileless old scape-goat ;  
 For forty nights and days  
 Followed in Jesus' ways,  
 Sure guard behind him kept,  
 Tears like a lover wept.

### FREDEGOND SHOVE

#### THE NEW GHOST

*"And he, casting away his garment, rose and came to Jesus."*

And he cast it down, down, on the green grass,  
 Over the young crocuses, where the dew was—  
 He cast the garment of his flesh that was full of death,  
 And like a sword his spirit showed out of the cold sheath.

He went a pace or two, he went to meet his Lord,  
 And, as I said, his spirit looked like a clean sword,  
 And seeing him the naked trees began shivering,  
 And all the birds cried out aloud as it were late spring.

And the Lord came on, He came down, and saw  
 That a soul was waiting there for Him, one without flaw,

And they embraced in the churchyard where the robins  
play,  
And the daffodils hang down their heads, as they burn  
away.

The Lord held his head fast, and you could see  
That he kissed the unsheathed ghost that was gone free—  
As a hot sun, on a March day, kisses the cold ground ;  
And the spirit answered, for he knew well that his peace  
was found.

The spirit trembled, and sprang up at the Lord's word—  
As on a wild, April day, springs a small bird—  
So the ghost's feet lifting him up, he kissed the Lord's  
cheek,  
And for the greatness of their love neither of them could  
speak.

But the Lord went then, to show him the way,  
Over the young crocuses, under the green may  
That was not quite in flower yet—to a far-disant land ;  
And the ghost followed, like a naked cloud holding the  
sun's hand.

## ROBERT NICHOLS

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### THE TOWER

It was deep night, and over Jerusalem's low roofs  
The moon floated, drifting through high vaporous woofs.  
The moonlight crept and glistened silent, solemn, sweet,  
Over dome and column, up empty, endless street ;  
In the closed scented gardens the rose loosed from the  
stem  
Her white showery petals ; none regarded them :  
The starry thicket breathed odours to the sentinel palm ;  
Silence possessed the city like a soul possessed by calm.

Not a spark in the warren under the giant night,  
Save where in a turret's lantern beamed a grave, still light :  
There in the topmost chamber a gold-eyed lamp was lit—  
Marvellous lamp in darkness, informing, redeeming it !  
For, set in that tiny chamber, Jesus, the blessed and  
doomed,  
Spoke to the lone apostles as light to men entombed ;  
And spreading his hands in blessing, as one soon to be dead,  
He put soft enchantment into spare wine and bread.

The hearts of the disciples were broken and full of tears,  
Because their lord, the spearless, was hedged about with  
spears ;  
And in his face the sickness of departure had spread a gloom,  
At leaving his young friends friendless.

They could not forget the tomb.  
He smiled subduedly, telling, in tones soft as voice of the  
dove,  
The endlessness of sorrow, the eternal solace of love ;  
And lifting the earthly tokens, wine and sorrowful bread,  
He bade them sup and remember one who lived and was  
dead.

And they could not restrain their weeping.

But one rose up to depart,  
Having weakness and hate of weakness raging within his  
heart,  
And bowed to the robed assembly whose eyes gleamed wet  
in the light.  
Judas arose and departed : night went out to the night.

Then Jesus lifted his voice like a fountain in an ocean of  
tears,  
And comforted his disciples and calmed and allayed their  
fears.  
But Judas wound down the turret, creeping from floor to  
floor,  
And would fly ; but one leaning, weeping, barred him  
beside the door.

And he knew her by her ruddy garment and two yet<sup>a</sup>  
watching men :

Mary of Seven Evils, Mary Magdalen.

And he was frighted at her. She sighed : " I dreamed  
him dead.

We sell the body for silver . . . "

Then Judas cried out and fled  
Forth into the night ! . . . The moon had begun to  
set :

A drear, deft wind went sitting, setting the dust afret ;  
Into the heart of the city Judas ran on and prayed  
To stern Jehovah lest his deed make him afraid.

But in the tiny lantern, hanging as if on air,  
The disciples sat unspeaking. Amaze and peace were  
there.

For *his* voice, more lovely than song of all earthly birds,  
In accents humble and happy spoke slow, consoling words.

Thus Jesus discoursed, and was silent, sitting upright, and  
soon

Past the casement behind him slanted the sinking moon ;  
And, rising for Olivet, all stared, between love and dread,  
Seeing the torrid moon a ruddy halo behind his head.

### SIEGFRIED SASSOON

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#### ANCESTORS

Behold these jewelled, merchant Ancestors,  
Foregathered in some chancellery of death ;  
Calm, provident, discreet, they stroke their beards  
And move their faces slowly in the gloom,  
And barter monstrous wealth with speech subdued,  
Lustreless eyes and acquiescent lids.

And oft in pauses of their conference,  
They listen to the measured breath of night's  
Hushed sweep of wind aloft the swaying trees

In dimly gesturing gardens ; then a voice  
Climbs with clear mortal song half-sad for heaven.

A silent-footed message flits and brings  
The ghostly Sultan from his glimmering halls ;  
A shadow at the window, turbaned, vast,  
He leans ; and, pondering the sweet influence  
That steals around him in remembered flowers,  
Hears the frail music wind along the slopes,  
Put forth, and fade across the whispering sea.

### EVERYONE SANG

Everyone suddenly burst out singing ;  
And I was filled with such delight  
As prisoned birds must find in freedom,  
Winging wildly across the white  
Orchards and dark green fields ; on—on—and out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted ;  
And beauty came like the setting sun :  
My heart was shaken with tears ; and horror  
Drifted away . . . O, but Everyone  
Was a bird ; and the song was wordless ; the singing will  
never be done.

### *FRANCIS BRETT-YOUNG*

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#### PROTHALAMION

When the evening came my love said to me :  
Let us go into the garden now that the sky is cool ;  
The garden of black hellebore and rosemary,  
Where wild woodruff spills in a milky pool.

Low we passed in the twilight, for the wavering heat  
Of day had waned ; and round that shaded plot

Of secret beauty the thickets clustered sweet :  
Here is heaven, our hearts whispered, but our lips spake  
not.

Between that old garden and seas of lazy foam  
Gloomy and beautiful alleys of trees arise  
With spire of cypress and dreary beechen dome,  
So dark that our enchanted sight knew nothing but the  
skies :

Veiled with a soft air, drench'd in the roses' musk  
Or the dusky, dark carnation's breath of clove.  
No stars burned in their deeps, but through the dusk  
I saw my love's eyes, and they were brimmed with love.

No star their secret ravished, no wasting moon  
Mocked the sad transience of those eternal hours :  
Only the soft, unseeing heaven of June,  
The ghosts of great trees, and the sleeping flowers.

For doves that crooned in the leafy noonday now  
Were silent ; the night-jar sought his secret overs,  
Nor even a mild sea-whisper moved a creaking bough—  
Was ever a silence deeper made for lovers ?

Was ever a moment meeter made for love ?  
Beautiful are your close lips beneath my kiss ;  
And all your yielding sweetness beautiful—  
Oh, never in all the world was such a night as this !

*J. C. SQUIRE*

SONNET

There was an Indian, who had known no change,  
Who strayed content along a sunlit beech  
Gathering shells. He heard a sudden strange  
Commingled noise : looked up ; and gasped for speech.

' For in the bay, where nothing was before,  
Moved on the sea, by magic, huge canoes,  
With belling cloths on poles, and not one oar,  
And fluttering coloured signs and clambering crews.

And he, in fear, this naked man alone,  
His fallen hands forgetting all their shells,  
His lips gone pale, knelt low behind a stone,  
And stared, and saw, and did not understand,  
Columbus's doom-burdened caravels  
Slant to the shore, and all their seamen land.

### THE LILY OF MALUD

The lily of Malud is born in secret mud.  
It is breathed like a word in a little dark ravine  
Where no bird was ever heard and no beast was ever seen,  
And the leaves are never stirred by the panther's velvet  
sheen.

It blooms once a year in summer moonlight,  
In a valley of dark fear full of pale moonlight :  
It blooms once a year, and dies in a night,  
And its petals disappear with the dawn's first light ;  
And when that night has come, black small-breasted maids,  
With ecstatic terror dumb, steal fawn-like through the  
shades  
To watch, hour by hour, the unfolding of the flower.

When the world is full of night, and the moon reigns alone  
And drowns in silver light the known and the unknown,  
When each hut is a mound, half blue-silver and half black,  
And casts upon the ground the hard shadow of its back,  
When the winds are out of hearing and the tree-tops never  
shake,  
When the grass in the clearing is silent but awake  
'Neath a moon-paven sky : all the village is asleep  
And the babes that nightly cry dream deep :

From the doors the maidens creep;  
Tiptoe over dreaming curs, soft, so soft, that not one  
stirs,  
And stand curved and a-quiver, like bathers by a river,  
Looking at the forest wall, groups of slender naked girls,  
Whose black bodies shine like pearls where the moonbeams  
fall.

They have waked, they knew not why, at a summons from  
the night,  
They have stolen fearfully from the dark to the light,  
Stepping over sleeping men, who have moved and slept  
again :  
And they know not why they go to the forest, but they  
know,  
As their moth-feet pass to the shore of the grass  
And the forests' dreadful brink, that their tender spirits  
shrink :  
They would flee, but cannot turn, for their eyelids burn  
With still frenzy, and each maid, ere she leaves the moonlit  
space,  
If she sees another's face is thrilled and afraid.

Now like little phantom fawns they thread the outer lawns  
Where the boles of giant trees stand about in twos and  
threes,  
Till the forest grows more dense and the darkness more  
intense,  
And they only sometimes see in a lone moon-ray  
A dead and spongy trunk in the earth half-sunk,  
Or the roots of a tree with fungus grey,  
Or a drift of muddy leaves, or a banded snake that heaves.

And the towering unseen roof grows more intricate, and  
soon  
It is featureless and proof to the lost forgotten moon.  
But they could not look above as with blind-drawn feet  
they move  
Onwards on the scarce-felt path, with quick and desperate  
breath,



For their circling fingers dread to caress some slimy head,  
Or to touch the icy shape of a hunched and hairy ape,  
And at every step they fear in their very midst to hear  
A lion's rending roar or a tiger's snore . . .  
And when things swish or fall, they shiver but dare  
not call.

O what is it leads the way that they do not stray ?  
What unimagined arm keeps their bodies from harm ?  
What presence concealed lifts their little feet that yield  
Over dry ground and wet till their straining eyes are met  
With a thinning of the darkness ?

And the foremost faintly cried in awed surprise :  
And they one by one emerge from the gloom to the verge  
Of a small sunken vale full of moonlight pale.  
And they hang along the bank, clinging to the branches  
dank,  
A shadowy festoon out of sight of the moon ;  
And they see in front of them, rising from the mud,  
A single straight stem and a single pallid bud  
In that little lake of light from the moon's calm height.

A stem, a ghostly bud, on the moon-swept mud  
That shimmers like a pond ; and over there beyond  
The guardian forest high, menacing and strange,  
Invades the empty sky with its wild black range.

And they watch hour by hour that small lonely flower  
In that deep forest place that hunter never found.

It shines without sound, as a star in space.  
And the silence all around that solitary place  
Is like silence in a dream ; till a sudden flashing gleam  
Down their dark faces flies ; and their lips fall apart  
And their glimmering great eyes without excitement dart  
And their fingers, clutching the branches they were  
touching,  
Shake and arouse hissing leaves on the boughs.  
And they whisper aswoon : Did it move in the moon ?

O it moved as it grew !  
It is moving, opening, with calm and gradual will  
And their bodies where they cling are shadowed and still,  
And with marvel they mark that the mud now is dark,  
For the unfolding flower, like a goddess in her power,  
Challenges the moon with a light of her own,  
That lovelily grows as the petals uncloze,  
Wider, more wide with an awful inward pride  
Till the heart of it breaks and stilled is their breath,  
For the radiance it makes is as wonderful as death.

The morning's crimson stain tinges their ashen brows  
As they part the last boughs and slowly step again  
On to the village grass, and chill and languid pass  
Into the huts to sleep.

Brief slumber, yet so deep  
That, when they wake to-day, darkness and splendour seem  
Broken and far-away, a faint miraculous dream ;  
And when those maidens rise they are as they ever were  
Save only for a rare shade of trouble in their eyes.  
And the surly thick-lipped men, as they sit about their  
huts

Making drums out of guts, grunting gruffly now and then,  
Carving sticks of ivory, stretching shields of wrinkled skin,  
Smoothing sinister and thin squatting gods of ebony,  
Chip and grunt and do not see.

But each mother, silently,  
Longer than her wont stays shut in the dimness of her hut,  
For she feels a brooding cloud of memory in the air,  
A lingering thing there that makes her sit bowed  
With hollow shining eyes, as the night-fire dies,  
And stares softly at the ember, and try to remember,  
Something sorrowful and far, something sweet and vaguely  
seen

Like an early evening star when the sky is pale green :  
A quiet silver tower that climbed in an hour,  
Or a ghost like a flower, or a flower like a queen :  
Something holy in the past that came and did not last . . .  
But she knows not what it was.

## RIVERS

Rivers I have seen which were beautiful,  
Slow rivers winding in the flat fens,  
With bands of reeds like thronged green swords  
Guarding the mirrored sky ;  
And streams down-tumbling from the chalk hills  
To valleys of meadows and watercress-beds,  
And bridges whereunder, dark weed-coloured shadows,  
Trout flit or lie.

I know those rivers that peacefully glide  
Past old towers and shaven gardens,  
Where mottled walls rise from the water  
And mills all streaked with flour ;  
And rivers with wharves and rusty shipping,  
That flow with a stately tidal motion  
Towards their destined estuaries  
Full of the pride of power ;

Noble great rivers, Thames and Severn,  
Tweed with his gateway of many grey arches,  
Clyde, dying at sunset westward  
In a sea as red as blood ;  
Rhine and his hills in close procession,  
Placid Elbe, Seine slaty and swirling,  
And Isar, son of the Alpine snows,  
A furious turquoise flood.

All these I have known, and with slow eyes  
I have walked on their shores and watched them,  
And softened to their beauty and loved them  
Wherever my feet have been ;  
And a hunderd others also  
Whose names long since grew into me,  
That, dreaming in light or darkness,  
I have seen, though I have not seen.

Those rivers of thought : cold Ebro,  
And blue racing Guadiana,  
Passing white houses, high-balconied,  
That ache in a sun-baked land,  
Congo, and Nile, and Colorado,  
Niger, Indus, Zambesi,  
And the Yellow River, and the Oxus,  
And the river that dies in sand.

What splendours are theirs, what continents,  
What tribes of men, what basking plains,  
Forests and lion-hided deserts,  
Marshes, ravines, and falls :  
All hues and shapes and tempers  
Wandering they take as they wander  
From those far springs that endlessly  
The far sea calls.

O in reverie I know the Volga  
That turns his back upon Europe,  
And the two great cities on his banks,  
Novgorod and Astrakhan ;  
Where the world is a few soft colours,  
And under the dove-like evening  
The boatmen chant ancient songs,  
The tenderest known to man.

And the holy river Ganges,  
His fretted cities veiled in moonlight,  
Arches and buttresses silver-shadowy  
In the high moon,  
~~And~~ palms grouped in the moonlight  
And fanes girdled with cypresses,  
Their domes of marble softly shining  
To the high silver moon.

And that aged Brahmapootra  
Who beyond the white Himalayas  
Passes many a lamassery  
On rocks forlorn and froze,

A block of gaunt grey stone walls  
With rows of little barred windows,  
Where shrivelled young monks in yellow silk  
Are hidden for evermore. . . .

But O that great river, the Amazon,  
I have sailed up its gulf with eyelids closed,  
And the yellow waters tumbled round,  
And all was rimmed with sky,  
Till the banks drew in, and the trees' heads,  
And the lines of green grew higher  
And I breathed deep, and there above me  
The forest wall stood high.

Those forest walls of the Amazon  
Are level under the blazing blue,  
And yield no sound but the whistles and shrieks  
Of the swarming bright macaws ;  
And under their lowest drooping boughs  
Mud-banks torpidly bubble,  
And the water drifts, and logs in the water  
Drift and twist and pause.

And everywhere, tacitly joining,  
Float noiseless tributaries,  
Tall avenues paved with water :  
And as I silent fly  
The vegetation like a painted scene,  
Spars and spikes and monstrous fans  
And ferns from hairy sheaths up-springing,  
Evenly passes by.

And stealthier stagnant channels  
Under low niches of drooping leaves  
Coil into deep recesses :

And there have I entered, there  
To heavy, hot, dense, dim places  
Where creepers climb and sweat and climb,  
Where the drip and splash of oozing water  
Loads the stifling air.

Rotting scrofulous steaming trunks,  
Great horned emerald beetles crawling,  
Ants and huge slow butterflies  
That had strayed and lost the sun ;  
Ah, sick I have swooned as the air thickened  
To a pallid brown ecliptic glow,  
And on the forest, fallen with languor,  
Thunder has begun.

Thunder in the dun dusk, thunder  
Rolling and battering and cracking,  
The caverns shudder with a terrible glare  
Again and again and again,  
Till the land bows in the darkness,  
Utterly lost and defenceless,  
Smitten and blinded and overwhelmed  
By the crashing rods of rain.

And then in the forests of the Amazon,  
When the rain has ended, and silence come,  
What dark luxuriance unfolds  
From behind the night's drawn bars :  
The wreathing odours of a thousand trees  
And the flowers' faint gleaming presences,  
And over the clearings and the still waters  
Soft indigo and hanging stars.

\* \* \* \*

O many and many are rivers,  
And beautiful are all rivers,  
And lovely is water everywhere  
That leaps or glides or stays ;  
Yet by starlight, moonlight, or sunlight,  
Long, long though they look, these wandering eyes,  
Even on the fairest waters of dream,  
Never untroubled gaze.

For whatever stream I stand by,  
And whatever river I dream of,  
There is something still in the back of my mind  
From very far away ;

There is something I saw and see not,  
A country full of rivers  
That stirs in my heart and speaks to me  
More sure, more dear than they.

And always I ask and wonder  
(Though often I do not know it) :  
Why does this water not smell like water ?  
Where is the moss that grew  
Wet and dry on the slabs of granite  
And the round stones in clear brown water ?  
—And a pale film rises before them  
Of the rivers that first I knew.

Though famous are the rivers of the great world,  
Though my heart from those alien waters drinks  
Delight however pure from their loveliness,  
And awe however deep,  
Would I wish for a moment the miracle,  
That those waters should come to Chagford,  
Or gather and swell in Tavy Cleave  
Where the stones cling to the steep ?

No, even were they Ganges and Amazon  
In all their great might and majesty,  
League upon league of wonders,  
I would lose them all, and more,  
For a light chiming of small bells,  
A twisting flash in the granite,  
The tiny thread of a pixie waterfall  
That lives by Vixen Tor.

Those rivers in that lost country,  
They were brown as a clear brown bead is,  
Or red with the earth that rain washed down,  
Or white with china-clay ;  
And some tossed foaming over boulders,  
And some curved mild and tranquil,  
In wooded vales securely set  
Under the fond warm day.

Okement and Erme and Avon,  
Exe and his ruffled shallows,  
I could cry as I think of those rivers  
That knew my morning dreams ;  
The weir by Tavistock at evening  
When the circling woods were purple,  
And the Lowman in spring with the lent-lilies,  
And the little moorland streams.

For many a hillside streamlet  
There falls with a broken tinkle,  
Falling and dying, falling and dying,  
In little cascades and pools,  
Where the world is furze and heather  
And flashing plovers and fixed larks,  
And an empty sky, whitish blue,  
That small world rules.

There, there, where the high waste bog-lands  
And the drooping slopes and the spreading vaileys,  
The orchards and the cattle-sprinkled pastures  
Those travelling musics fill,  
There is my lost Abana,  
And there is my nameless Pharphar  
That mixed with my heart when I was a boy,  
And time stood still.

And I say I will go there and die there :  
But I do not go there, and sometimes  
~~I think~~ that the train could not carry me there,  
And it's possible, maybe,  
That it's farther than Asia or Africa,  
Or any voyager's harbour,  
Farther, farther, beyond recall . . .  
O even in memory !



*ROSE MACAULAY*

## THE THIEF

When the paths of dreams were mist-muffled,  
And the hours were dim and small  
(Through still nights on wet orchard grass  
Like rain the apples fall),  
Then naked-footed, secretly,  
The thief dropped over the wall.

Apple boughs spattered mist at him,  
The dawn was cold as death,  
With a stealthy joy at the heart of it,  
And the stir of a small sweet breath,  
And a robin breaking his heart on song  
As a young child sorroweth.

The thief's feet bruised wet lavender  
Into sweet sharp surprise ;  
The orchard, full of pears and joy,  
Smiled like a gold sunrise ;  
But the blind house stared down on him  
With strange, white-lidded eyes

He stood at the world's sacred heart  
In the haze-wrapt mystery ;  
And fat pears, mellow on the lip,  
He supped like a honey-bee ;  
But the apples he crunched with sharp white teeth  
Were pungent, like the sea.

And this was the oldest garden joy,  
Living and young and sweet.  
And the melting mists took radiance,  
And the silence a rhythmic beat,  
For the day came stealing stealthily,  
A thief, upon furtive feet.

And the walls that ring the world about  
Quivered like gossamer,  
Till he heard, in the other worlds beyond,  
The other peoples stir,  
And met strange, sudden, shifting eyes  
Through the filmy barrier. . .

## NEW YEAR

1918

Whatever the year brings, he brings nothing new,  
For time, caught on the ancient wheel of change,  
Spins round, and round, and round, and nothing is strange,  
Or shall amaze  
Mankind, in whom the heritage of all days  
Stirs suddenly, as dreams half remembered do.  
Whatever the year brings, he brings nothing new.

Pale, pale he stands,  
Carrying world-old gifts in his cold hands—  
Winds, and the sky's keen blue,  
Woods, and the wild cuckoo,  
Lovers, and loveliness, and death, and life.  
Does he hold Peace, the derelict babe of strife  
And of wan penury ?  
Will she ride in on the wash of the storming sea,  
Be dropped at last by its ebb on the trampled sands,  
To lie there helplessly ?  
War's orphan, she,  
And ~~un~~grown mother of wars yet to be,  
She smiles and croons for a space between those two.  
Whatever the year brings, he brings nothing new.

Dreams and desires and hopes does the year hold.  
Bad and good, tinsel and gold,  
Lying and true,  
One and all they are old, so old,  
They were dreamt and desired and told

By the first men swinging in trees by strong tails.  
Not till the last man fails  
And the sun's fire pales,  
Shall the embers of these flaming dreams be cold.  
Whatever the year brings, he brings nothing new.

Turn, turn the page !  
It turns, and we, and the squirrel in his cage,  
And the sun, and the moon, and the moon's salt tide ;  
And the earth turns too.  
As flies on the rim of a wheel we ride  
From age round to age,  
And the dreams and the toys which make our pride  
Are an old heritage,  
Worn properties from some primeval stage  
All curtained now from view . . .  
Whatever the year brings, he brings nothing new.

Go through the door.  
You shall find nothing that has not been before,  
Nothing so bitter it will not be once more.  
All this our sad estate was known of yore,  
In old worlds red with pain,  
Borne by hearts sullen and sick as ours, through  
Desperate, forgotten other winters, when  
Tears fell, and hopes, and men,  
And crowns and cities, and blood, on a trampled plain,  
And nations, and honour, and God, and always rain . . .  
And honour, and hope, and God rose up again,  
And like trees nations grew . . .  
Whatever the year brings, he brings nothing new.

Should some year suddenly bring something new,  
We should grope as lost children, without a clue,  
We should drift all amazed through such a queer  
And unimagined year,  
Riding uncharted seas ; a derelict crew,  
Whistling in vain for the old winds that blew

From the old skies, we should seek far and near  
     Some mark by which to steer,  
 And some known port, that we might sail thereto.  
     Black nightmare and blind fear  
     Shall seize and hold him who  
 In some year suddenly finds something new.

*VIOLET JACOB*

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TAM I' THE KIRK

O Jean, my Jean, when the bell ca's the congregation  
 Owre valley an' hill wi' the ding frac its iron mou',  
 When a' body's thochts is set on his ain salvation,  
 Mine's set on you.

There's a reid rose lies on the Buik o' the Word 'afore ye  
 That was growin' braw on its bush at the keek o' day,  
 But the lad that pu'd yon flower i' the mornin's glory,  
 He canna pray.

He canna pray; but there's nane i' the Kirk will heed him  
 Whaur he sits sae still his lane at the side of the wa',  
 For nane but the reid rose kens what my lassie gie'd him,  
 It an' us twa!

He canna sing for the sang that his ain he'rt raises,  
 He canna see for the mist that's 'afore his een,  
 And a voice drouns the hale o' the psalms an' the para-  
     phrases,  
 Cryin' "Jean, Jean, Jean!"

*W. J. TURNER*

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ROMANCE

When I was but thirteen or so  
 I went into a golden land,  
 Chimborazo, Cotopaxi  
 Took me by the hand.

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

My father died, my brother too,  
They passed like fleeting dreams,  
I stood where Popocatpetl  
In the sunlight gleams.

I dimly heard the master's voice  
And boys far-off at play,  
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi  
Had stolen me away.

I walked in a great golden dream  
To and fro from school—  
Shining Popocatpetl  
The dusty streets did rule.

I walked home with a gold dark boy  
And never a word I'd say,  
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi  
Had taken my speech away :

I gazed entranced upon his face  
Fairer than any flower—  
O shining Popocatpetl  
It was thy magic hour :

The houses, people, traffic seemed  
Thin fading dreams by day,  
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi  
They had stolen my soul away !

## THE CAVES OF AUVERGNE

He carved the red deer and the bull  
Upon the smooth cave rock,  
Returned from war with belly full,  
And scarred with many a knock,  
He carved the red deer and the bull  
Upon the smooth cave rock.

The stars flew by the cave's wide door,  
The clouds wild trumpets blew,  
Trees rose in wild dreams from the floor,  
Flowers with dream faces grew  
Up to the sky, and softly hung  
Golden and white and blue.

The woman ground her heap of corn,  
Her heart a guarded fire ;  
The wind played in his trembling soul  
Like a hand upon a lyre,  
The wind drew faintly on the stone  
Symbols of his desire :

The red deer of the forest dark,  
Whose antlers cut the sky,  
That vanishes into the mirk  
And like a dream flits by,  
And by an arrow slain at last  
Is but the wind's dark body.

The bull that stands in marshy lakes  
As motionless and still  
As a dark rock jutting from a plain  
Without a tree or hill ;  
The bull that is the sign of life,  
Its sombre, phallic will.

And from the dead, white eyes of them  
The wind springs up anew,  
It blows upon the trembling heart,  
And bull and deer renew  
Their flitting life in the dim past  
When that dead Hunter drew.

I sit beside him in the night,  
And, fingering his red stone,  
I chase through endless forests dark  
Seeking that thing unknown,

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

That which is not red deer or bull,  
But which by them was shown :

By those stiff shapes in which he drew  
His soul's exalted cry,  
When flying down the forest dark  
He slew and knew not why,  
When he was filled with song, and strength  
Flowed to him from the sky.

The wind blows from red deer and bull,  
The clouds wild trumpets blare,  
Trees rise in wild dreams from the earth,  
Flowers with dream faces stare,  
*O Hunter, your own shadow stands  
Within your forest lair !*

WILLIAM NOEL HODGSON

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BEFORE ACTION

1916

By all the glories of the day  
And the cool evening's benison,  
By that last sunset touch that lay  
Upon the hills when day was done,  
By beauty lavishly outpoured  
And blessings carelessly received,  
By all the days that I have lived  
Make me a soldier, Lord.

By all of all man's hopes and fears,  
And all the wonders poets sing,  
The laughter of unclouded years,  
And every sad and lovely thing ;  
By the romantic ages stored  
With high endeavours that was his,  
By all his mad catastrophes  
Make me a man, O Lord.

I, that on my familiar hill  
Saw with uncomprehending eyes  
A hundred of Thy sunsets spill  
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,  
Ere the sun swings his noonday sword  
Must say good-bye to all of this ;—  
By all delights that I shall miss,  
Help me to die, O Lord.

*JULIAN GRENFELL*

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INTO BATTLE

1915

The naked earth is warm with Spring,  
And with green grass and bursting trees  
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,  
And quivers in the sunny breeze ;  
And life is Colour and Warmth and Light,  
And a striving evermore for these ;  
And he is dead who will not fight,  
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun  
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth ;  
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,  
And with the trees to newer birth ;  
And find, when fighting shall be done,  
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

~~All the~~ bright company of Heaven  
Hold him in their high comradeship,  
The Dog-star, and the Sisters Seven,  
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,  
They stand to him each one a friend ;  
They gently speak in the windy weather ;  
They guide to valley and ridge's end.



The kestrel hovering by day,  
And the little owls that call by night,  
Bid him be swift and keen as they,  
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, " Brother, brother,  
If this be the last song you shall sing  
Sing well, for you may not sing another ;  
Brother, sing."

In dreary doubtful waiting hours,  
Before the brazen frenzy starts,  
The horses show him nobler powers ;—  
O patient eyes, courageous hearts !

And when the burning moment breaks,  
And all things else are out of mind,  
And only Joy of Battle takes  
Him by the throat and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness he shall know,  
Not caring much to know, that still  
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so  
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,  
And in the air Death moans and sings ;  
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,  
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

*RUPERT BROOKE*

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THE FISH

In a cool curving world he lies  
And ripplies with dark ecstasies.  
The kind luxurious lapse and steal  
Shapes all his universe to feel

And know and be ; the clinging stream  
Closes his memory, glooms his dream,  
Who lips the roots o' the shore, and glides  
Superb on unreturning tides.  
Those silent waters weave for him  
A fluctuant mutable world and dim,  
Where wavering masses bulge and gape  
Mysterious, and shape to shape  
Dies momentarily through whorl and hollow,  
And form and line and solid follow  
Solid and line and form to dream  
Fantastic down the eternal stream ;  
An obscure world, a shifting world,  
Bulbous, or pulled to thin, or curled,  
Or serpentine, or driving arrows,  
Or serene slidings, or March narrows.  
There slipping wave and shore are one,  
And weed and mud. No ray of sun,  
But glow to glow fades down the deep  
(As dream to unknown dream in sleep) ;  
Shaken translucency illumines  
The hyaline of drifting glooms ;  
The strange soft-handed depth subdues  
Drowned colour there, but black to hues,  
As death to living, decomposes—  
Red darkness of the heart of roses,  
Blue brilliant from dead starless skies,  
And gold that lies behind the eyes,  
The unknown unnameable sightless white  
That is the essential flame of night,  
Lustreless purple, hooded green,  
The myriad hues that lie between  
Darkness and darkness ! . . .

And all's one,  
Gentle, embracing, quiet, dun,  
The world he rests in, world he knows,  
Perpetual curving. Only—grows  
An eddy in that ordered falling,  
A knowledge from the gloom, a calling

Weed in the wave, gleam in the mud—  
The dark fire leaps along his blood ;  
Dateless and deathless, blind and still,  
The intricate impulse works its will ;  
His woven world drops back ; and he,  
Sans providence, sans memory,  
Unconscious and directly driven,  
Fades to some dank sufficient heaven.

O world of lips, O world of laughter,  
Where hope is fleet and thought flies after,  
Of lights in the clear night, of cries  
That drift along the wave and rise  
Thin to the glittering stars above,  
You know the hands, the eyes of Love !  
The strife of limbs, the sightless clinging,  
The infinitive distance, and the singing  
Blown by the wind, a flame of sound,  
The gleam, the flowers, and vast around  
The horizon, and the heights above—  
You know the sigh, the song of love !

But there the night is close, and there  
Darkness is cold and strange and bare ;  
And the secret deeps are whisperless ;  
And rhythm is all deliciousness ;  
And joy is in the throbbing tide,  
Whose intricate fingers beat and glide  
In felt bewildering harmonies  
Of trembling touch ; and music is  
The exquisite knocking of the blood.  
Space is no more, under the mud ;  
His bliss is older than the sun.  
Silent and straight the waters run.  
The lights, the cries, the willows dim,  
And the dark tide are one with him.

## THE HILL

Breathless, we flung us on the windy hill,  
 Laughed in the sun, and kissed the lovely grass.  
 You said, "Through glory and ecstasy we pass;  
 Wind, sun, and earth remain: the birds sing still,  
 When we are old, are old. . . ." "And when we die  
 All's over that is ours; and life burns on  
 Through other lovers, other lips," said I,  
 —"Heart of my heart, our heaven is now, is won!"

"We are Earth's best, that learnt her lesson here.  
 Life is our cry. We have kept the faith!" we said;  
 "We shall go down with unreluctant tread  
 Rose-crowned into the darkness!" . . . Proud we were,  
 And laughed, that had such brave true things to say.  
 —And then you suddenly cried, and turned away.

## CLOUDS

Down the blue night the unending columns press  
 In noiseless tumult, break and wave and flow,  
 Now tread the far South, or lift rounds of snow  
 Up to the white moon's hidden loveliness.  
 Some pause in their grave wandering comradeless,  
 And turn with profound gesture vague and slow,  
 As who would pray good for the world, but know  
 Their benediction empty as they bless.

They say that the Dead die not, but remain  
 Near to the rich heirs of their grief and mirth.  
 I think they ride the calm mid-heaven, as these,  
 In wise majestic melancholy train,  
 And watch the moon, and the still-raging seas,  
 And men, coming and going on the earth.

## THE OLD VICARAGE, GRANTCHESTER

*(Café des Westens, Berlin, May 1912)*

Just now the lilac is in bloom,  
 All before my little room ;  
 And in my flower-beds, I think,  
 Smile the carnation and the pink ;  
 And down the borders, well I know,  
 The poppy and the pansy blow. . . .  
 Oh ! there the chestnuts, summer through,  
 Beside the river make for you  
 A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep  
 Deeply above ; and green and deep  
 The stream mysterious glides beneath,  
 Green as a dream and deep as death.  
 —Oh, damn ! I know it ! and I know  
 How the May fields all golden show,  
 And when the day is young and sweet,  
 Gild gloriously the bare feet  
 That run to bathe. . . .

*Du lieber Gott !*

Here am I, sweating, sick, and hot,  
 And there the shadowed waters fresh  
 Lean up to embrace the naked flesh.  
*Temperamentvoll* German Jews  
 Drink beer around ;—and *there* the dews  
 Are soft beneath a morn of gold.  
 Here tulips bloom as they are told ;  
 Unkempt about those hedges blows  
 An English unofficial rose ;  
 And there the unregulated sun  
 Slopes down to rest when day is done,  
 And wakes a vague unpunctual star,  
 A slippered Hesper ; and there are  
 Meads towards Haslingfield and Coton  
 Where *das Betreten's* not *verboten*.

*είθε* *γενοίμην* . . . would I were  
 In Grantchester, in Grantchester !—

Some, it may be, can get in touch  
With Nature there, or Earth, or such.  
And clever modern men have seen  
A Faun a-peeping through the green,  
And felt the Classics were not dead,  
To glimpse a Naiad's reedy head,  
Or hear the Goat-foot piping low : . . .  
But these are things I do not know.  
I only know that you may lie  
Day long and watch the Cambridge sky,  
And, flower-lulled in sleepy grass,  
Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,  
Until the centuries blend and blur  
In Grantchester, in Grantchester. . . .  
Still in the dawnlit waters cool  
His ghostly Lordship swims his pool,  
And tries the strokes, essays the tricks,  
Long learnt on Hellespont, or Styx.  
Dan Chaucer hears his river still  
Chatter beneath a phantom mill.  
Tennyson notes, with studious eye,  
How Cambridge water hurry by . . .  
And in that garden, black and white,  
Creep whisper through the grass all night ;  
And spectral dance, before the dawn,  
A hundred Vicars down the lawn ;  
Curates, long dust, will come and go  
On lissom, clerical, printless toe ;  
And oft between the boughs is seen  
The sly shade of a Rural Dean . . .  
Till, at a shiver in the skies,  
~~Vanishing~~ with Satanic cries,  
The prim ecclesiastic rout  
Leaves but a startled sleeper-out,  
Grey heavens, the first bird's drowsy calls,  
The falling house that never falls.

God ! I will pack, and take a train,  
And get me to England once again !

For England's the one land, I know,  
Where men with Splendid Hearts may go ;  
And Cambridgeshire, of all England,  
The shire for Men who Understand ;  
And of *that* district I prefer  
The lovely hamlet Grantchester.  
For Cambridge people rarely smile,  
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile ;  
And Royston men in the far South  
Are black and fierce and strange of mouth ;  
At Over they fling oaths at one,  
And worse than oaths at Trumpington,  
And Ditton girls are mean and dirty,  
And there's none in Harston under thirty,  
And folks in Shelford and those parts  
Have twisted lips and twisted hearts,  
And Barton men make Cockney rhymes,  
And Coton's full of nameless crimes,  
And things are done you'd not believe  
At Madingley, on Christmas Eve.  
Strong men have run for miles and miles,  
When one from Cherry Hinton smiles ;  
Strong men have blanched, and shot their wives,  
Rather than send them to St Ives ;  
Strong men have cried like babies, bydam,  
To hear what happened at Babraham.  
But Grantchester ! ah, Grantchester !  
There's peace and holy quiet there,  
Great clouds along pacific skies,  
And men and women with straight eyes,  
Lithe children lovelier than a dream,  
A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,  
And little kindly winds that creep  
Round twilight corners, half asleep.  
In Grantchester their skins are white ;  
They bathe by day, they bathe by night ;  
The women there do all they ought ;  
The men observe the Rules of Thought.  
They love the Good ; they worship Truth ;  
They laugh uproariously in youth ;

(And when they get to feeling old,  
They up and shoot themselves, I'm told). . . .

Ah, God ! to see the branches stir  
Across the moon at Grantchester !  
To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten  
Unforgettable, unforgotten  
River-smell, and hear the breeze  
Sobbing in the little trees.  
Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand  
Still guardians of that holy land ?  
The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream,  
The yet unacademic stream ?  
Is dawn a secret shy and cold  
Anadyomene, silver-gold ?  
And sunset still a golden sea  
From Haslingfield to Madingley ?  
And after, ere the night is born,  
Do hares come out about the corn ?  
Oh, is the water sweet and cool,  
Gentle and brown, above the pool ?  
And laughs the immortal river still  
Under the mill, under the mill ?  
Say, is there Beauty yet to find ?  
And Certainty ? and Quiet kind ?  
Deep meadows yet, for to forget  
The lies, and truths, and pain ? . . . Oh ! yet  
Stands the Church clock at ten to three ?  
And is there honey still for tea ?

## THE DEAD

1914

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead !  
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,  
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.  
These laid the world away ; poured out the red  
Sweet wine of youth ; gave up the years to be  
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene,  
That men call age ; and those who would have been,  
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.



' Blow, bugles, blow ! They brought us, for our dearth,  
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.  
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,  
And paid his subjects with a royal wage ;  
And Nobleness walks in our ways again ;  
And we have come into our heritage.

## THE SOLDIER

1914

If I should die, think only this of me :  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given ;  
Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her day ;  
And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

## ALAN SEEGER

## I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

1916

I have a rendezvous with Death  
At some disputed barricade,  
When Spring comes back with rustling shade  
And apple-blossoms fill the air—  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand  
And lead me into his dark land

And close my eyes and quench my breath—  
It may be I shall pass him still.  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
On some scarred slope of battered hill,  
When Spring comes round again this year  
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep  
Pillowed in silk and scented down,  
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,  
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,  
Where hushed awakenings are dear. . . .  
But I've a rendezvous with Death  
At midnight in some flaming town,  
When Spring trips north again this year,  
And I to my pledged word am true,  
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

*WILFRED OWEN*

STRANGE MEETING

1918

It seemed that out of the battle I escaped  
Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped  
Through granites which Titanic wars had groined.  
Yet also there encumbered sleepers groaned,  
Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.  
Then, as I probed them, one sprang up, and stared  
With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,  
Lifting distressful hands as if to bless ;  
And by his smile, I knew that sullen hall.  
With a thousand fears that vision's face was grained ;  
Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground,  
And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan.  
"Strange, friend," I said, "Here is no cause to mourn,"  
"None," said the other, "Save the undone years,  
The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours,  
Was my life also ; I went hunting wild  
After the wildest beauty in the world,

Which lies not calm in eyes, or braided hair,  
But mocks the steady running of the hour,  
And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.  
For by my glee might many men have laughed,  
And of my weeping something has been left  
Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,  
The pity of war, the pity war distilled.  
Now men will go content with what we spoiled,  
Or, discontent, boil bloody, and be spilled.  
They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress,  
None will break ranks, though nations trek from progress.  
Courage was mine, and I had mystery,  
Wisdom was mine, and I had mastery;  
To miss the march of this retreating world  
Into vain citadels that are not walled.  
Then, when much blood had clogged their chariot-wheels  
I would go up and wash them from sweet wells,  
Even with truths that be too deep for taint.  
I would have poured my spirit without stint  
But not through wounds; not on the cess of war.  
Foreheads of men have bled where no wounds were.  
I am the enemy you killed, my friend.  
I knew you in this dark: for so you frowned  
Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed.  
I parried; but my hands were loath and cold.  
Let us sleep now. . . ."

*ARCHIBALD Mc. LEISH*

MORITURI

1917

Not as Ulysses, overwise with age,  
Shall we sail out beyond the western gate  
Into the unknown seas. Not destinate,  
And weary of man's seeking, and the mage  
Of subtle-changing earth and that vast sky  
Where wonder walks, shall we sail curious

To do the last adventure. Oh, not thus,  
Not satisfied with living, shall we die.

But we shall meet death running, with our lips  
Still glad of the morning ; and with widening eyes  
Still thirsty for the light, we shall surprise  
The secret under that old hooded Fear,  
And touch that face with eager finger-tips,  
And find but Change, who crowns with youth the year.

### THE SILENCE

A song between two silences Life sings,  
A melody 'twixt night and patient night.  
He strums his lute against the fading light  
To gild the shadow that the gloaming brings,  
And Love is but a plucking of the strings  
A throb of music staying music's flight,  
A little note that hardly shall requite  
Thine outstretched hand that mars Life's lute-playings.

Yet, when the last faint echo of that note  
Has stirred the cypress-leaves at eventide,  
When night has stilled forever Life's white throat,  
And his gold lute lies shattered by his side,  
We two shall follow through a world remote  
The silence whercinto Love's music died.

*EDWARD WYNDHAM TENNANT*

### HOME THOUGHTS IN LAVENTIE

1916

Green gardens in Laventic !  
Soldiers only know the street  
Where the mud is churned and splashed about  
By battle-wending feet ;  
And yet beside one stricken house there is a glimpse of grass.  
Look for it when you pass.

! Beyond the church whose pitted spire  
Seems balanced on a strand  
Of swaying stone and tottering brick  
Two roofless ruins stand,  
And here behind the wreckage where the back wall should  
have been  
We found a garden green.

The grass was never trodden on,  
The little path of gravel  
Was overgrown with celandine,  
No other folk did travel  
Along its weedy surface, but the nimble-footed mouse  
Running from house to house.

So all among the vivid blades  
Of soft and tender grass  
We lay, nor heard the limber wheels  
That pass and ever pass,  
In noisy continuity until their stony rattle  
Seems in itself a battle.

At length we rose up from this ease  
Of tranquil happy mind,  
And searched the garden's little length  
A fresh pleasure to find ;  
And there, some yellow daffodils and jasmine hanging high  
Did rest the tired eye.

The fairest and most fragrant  
Of the many sweets we found,  
Was a little bush of Daphne flowers  
Upon a grassy mound,  
And so thick were the blossoms set, and so divine the scent  
That we were well content.

Hungry for Spring I bent my head,  
The perfume fanned my face,

And all my soul was dancing  
In that little lovely place,  
Dancing with a measured step from wrecked and shattered  
towns  
Away . . . upon the Downs.

I saw green banks of daffodil,  
Slim poplars in the breeze,  
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March  
A-courting on the leas ;  
And meadows with their glittering streams, and silver  
scurrying dace,  
Home—what a perfect place !

*CHARLES HAMILTON SORLEY*

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MARLBOROUGH

I

Crouched where the upland billows down  
Into the valley where the river flows,  
She is as any other country town,  
That little lives or marks or hears or knows.

And she can teach but little. She has not  
The wonder and the surging and the roar  
Of striving cities. Only things forgot  
That once were beautiful, but now no more,

Has she to give us. Yet to one or two  
She first brought knowledge, and it was for her  
To open first our eyes, until we knew  
How great, immeasurably great, we were.

I, who have walked along her downs in dreams,  
And known her tenderness, and felt her might,  
And sometimes by her meadows and her streams  
Have drunk deep-starred secrets of delight,

Have had my moments there, when I have been  
Unwittingly aware of something more,  
Some beautiful aspect, that I had seen  
With mute unspeculative eyes before ;

Have had my times, when, though the earth did wear  
Her self-same trees and grasses, I could see  
The revelation that is always there,  
But somehow is not always clear to me.

## II

Lo, long ago, one halted on his way  
And sent his company and cattle on ;  
His caravans trooped darkling far away  
Into the night, and he was left alone.

And he was left alone. And, lo, a man  
There wrestled with him till the break of day.  
The brook was silent and the night was wan.  
And when the dawn was come he passed away.

The sinew of the hollow of his thigh  
Was shrunken, as he wrestled there alone.  
The brook was silent, but the dawn was nigh.  
The stranger named him Israel and was gone.

And the sun rose on Jacob ; and he knew  
That he was no more Jacob, but had grown  
A more immortal vaster spirit, who  
Had seen God face to face, and still lived on.

The plain that seemed to stretch away to God,  
The brook that saw and heard and knew no fear,  
Were now the self-same soul as he who stood  
And waited for his brother to draw near.

For God had wrestled with him, and was gone.  
He looked around, and only God remained.  
The dawn, the desert, he and God were one.  
—And Esau came to meet him, travel-stained.

## III

So there, when sunset made the downs look new,  
And earth gave up her colours to the sky,  
And far away the little city grew  
Half into sight, new-visioned was my eye.

I, who have lived, and trod her lovely earth,  
Raced with her winds and listened to her birds,  
Have cared but little for their worldly worth,  
Nor sought to put my passion into words.

But now 'tis different ; and I have no rest  
Because my hand must search, dissect and spell  
The beauty that is better not expressed,  
The thing that all can feel, but none can tell.

## ALL THE HILLS AND VALES

1915

All the hills and vales along  
Earth are bursting into song,  
And the singers are the chaps  
Who are going to die perhaps.  
O sing, marching men,  
Till the valleys ring again.  
Give your gladness to earth's keeping,  
So be glad, when you are sleeping.

Cast away regret and rue,  
Think what you are marching to.  
Little live, great pass.  
Jesus Christ and Barabbas  
Were found the same day.  
This died, that went his way.  
So sing with joyful breath.  
For why, you are going to death.  
Teeming earth will surely store  
All the gladness that your pour.



## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

Earth that never doubts nor fears,  
 Earth that knows of death, not tears,  
 Earth that bore with joyful ease  
 Hemlock for Socrates,  
 Earth that blossomed and was glad  
 'Neath the cross that Christ had,  
 Shall rejoice and blossom too  
 When the bullet reaches you.  
     Wherefore, men marching  
     On the road to death, sing !  
     Pour your gladness on earth's head,  
     So be merry, so be dead.

From the hills and valleys earth  
 Shouts back the sound of mirth,  
 Tramp of feet and lilt of song  
 Ringing all the road along.  
 All the music of their going,  
 Ringing swinging glad song-throwing,  
 Earth will echo still, when foot  
 Lies numb and voice mute.  
     On, marching men, on  
     To the gates of death with song.  
     Sow your gladness for earth's reaping,  
     So you may be glad, though sleeping.  
     Strew your gladness on earth's bed,  
     So be merry, so be dead.

*FRANCIS LEDWIDGE*

IN FRANCE

1917

The silence of maternal hills  
     Is round me in my evening dreams ;  
 And round me music-making bills  
     And mingling waves of pastoral streams.

Whatever way I turn I find  
The path is old unto me still.  
The hills of home are in my mind,  
And there I wander as I will.

## THE HOMECOMING OF THE SHEEP

The sheep are coming home in Greece,  
Hark the bells on every hill !  
Flock by flock, and fleece by fleece,  
Wandering wide a little piece  
Thro' the evening red and still,  
Stopping where the pathways cease,  
Cropping with a hurried will.

Thro' the cotton bushes low  
Merry boys with shouldered crooks  
Close them in a single row,  
Shout among them as they go  
With one bell-ring o'er the brooks.  
Such delight you never know  
Reading it from gilded books.

Before the early stars are bright  
Cormorants and sea-gulls call,  
And the moon comes large and white  
Filling with a lovely light  
The ferny curtained waterfall.  
Then sleep wraps every bell up tight  
And the climbing moon grows small.

*J. MIDDLETON MURRY*

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## LINES WRITTEN ON AN AUGUST MORNING

It is the morning now.  
Grey-veiled and quenched is every scintillation  
Could light some far reflection in the mirror of n.y soul ;  
A morning meet for low-toned lamentation  
Of one who is not whole.

Desires and love burn low within my heart  
Dulled by mute anguish for some exultation  
That should uplift me, strongly whirled apart  
From life and fear of life, in a fierce wind of love  
To the high peak of consummation  
Whence looking down I might unerring mark  
The multitudinous, scattered flames of aspiration  
Leaping from out the dark  
Toward the knowledge and the steady joy  
Of him who stands above  
The desert world that bruises the disconsolate feet of love.

Thence may the soul discern  
The ray of loveliness that pulses through the world  
Touching faint unperceiving hearts, suddenly aware  
Of a deep-springing hope unquenched by fortune stern ;  
Descending visible on sad eyes pearly  
By comprehension of their stinging sorrow ;  
Finding no utterance in speech  
But in an eager faith in each to-morrow ;  
A rainbow beauty poised beyond our reach—  
Soul's sun athwart soul's storm—gathering the manifold  
Happenings of life into the vaulted radiance of one far-  
springing bow.

One sole undaunted sparrow  
Braves the grey morning, cheerful in the elm  
Defies the gloomy clouds that narrow  
The cold and dreamy realm  
Where his persistent twittering mingles with the thin  
Echoes of far-off children playing, scorning  
The sun that hides within  
And will not venture forth to drive the chill rain from the  
morning.

Shall no rich gleam invade  
This coldly dreaming mind,  
Nor frosty silence melt at voices unafraid  
Borne undiminished on a teeming wind

From some enchanted vineyard of the South  
Where the unbroken bloom of life is softly spilled  
Into the careless hand of youth ;  
Where morning by love's eager song is thrilled,  
Love whispers in the still hush of the noon,  
And twilit laughter  
Runs swiftly after  
To mock the melancholy of the patient moon.

Beyond thought's wan and listless-lapping seas  
Lies hid a sun-warmed shore  
Of the soul's garden, where ripen slowly  
Bright seeds of visions, truths and magic lore,  
Desires unutterable and holy  
Forgotten joys and frail felicities  
To fruits that bend their dreaming boughs to earth.  
There in the still lagoon  
A slender ship swings dully to the tides  
Waiting since birth  
For loving hands to load her patient hold.

But all is still, locked in a noonday swoon.  
The weed scarce sways about her blistered sides,  
The fainting airs can scarce unfold  
Her bleached and drooping pennon from the mast.  
Only the harsh, swift cry  
Of some uneasy bird of plumage tears  
The shroud of silence, shrieks to the brazen heaven, is past  
And all is still, more still for the stagnant tears  
Of endless dropping fruits that ooze their juices where  
they lie. • •

Weep, barren, dreaming trees  
In far, forgotten islands of the soul ;  
Weep for the sunken, splendid argosies  
Which sailed to take a prince's sovereign toll  
Of your untasted wealth of anodyne.  
Weep, for the dust-dried lips that vainly thirst  
For your unvintaged wine.

Weep, for the joy, the confidence, the pride  
Uplifting him who first  
Dreamed in his youth of such discovery,  
And sang the while his flagged ship dropped to ocean on the  
tide.  
Weep, yea, weep for me.

O fainting heart that failed him in his need  
In terror of the grey, unbroken sea ;  
Heart that believed yet shrank, and shrinking half-believed  
That dared but once and doubted what might be  
In that immensity,  
Whispering of sunken reefs and fatal courses steered  
By prouder captains long, long years ago  
Whose vessels pastured by the ocean weed  
Are rotting, rotting slow.

O coward heart whose resolution veered  
At the first breath of doubt and courage died,  
In that far hushed lagoon  
A mouldering ship swings feebly to the tide ;  
Your captain lies below ;  
His eyes are blind to that eternal noon ;  
But he is wept for by the stagnant tears  
Of endless dropping fruits that ooze their juices where they  
lie.

What voice shall reach him now ?  
What courage bear my heart across the dim, grey waste of  
seas  
To where he sleeps below ?  
Surely some wind of hope now stirs his drooping sail  
And murmurs in the trees  
To hush the dropping tears of years unharvested ;  
And surely he has heard an anguished voice which cries :  
*Captain, awake ; the dead  
Have followed where you led.  
For their repentance' sake,  
Captain, awake, awake !*  
Into the choking silence sinks the thin lost wail and dies.

The sparrow twitters on  
 Defiance to the hidden, wasted sun,  
 Alone of creatures scorning .  
 This solitude of morning  
 When even the singing children tire of waiting for the day.

## TOLSTOY

*He is like a God, not a Savaoth or an Olympian, but the kind of Russian god who "sits on a maple throne under a golden limetree," not very majestic, but perhaps more cunning than all the other gods.—*  
 MAXIM GORKY, *Recollections of Tolstoy*.

What secret knowledge, old and cunning god,  
 Purses your eyes in their inhuman leer ?  
 What grim disdain lurks in your hateful nod,  
 What arrogance, and what more awful fear  
 Of things we cannot see,  
 Strong spirit of the tree,  
 Who knows wherein the roots are set of all mortality ?

Whence camest thou, a mortal man in seeming,  
 Speaking our tongue, supreme in all our skill,  
 To spurn them both aside for thy dread dreaming  
 Of the ungovernable, mighty Will  
 That sent thee to deride  
 The triumphs of our pride  
 And pierce our hearts with terror of thine own eyes  
 terrified ?

What centaur-king at battle with the beasts  
 Begat thee in the flush of victory  
 Upon what fierce-eyed queen ? What drunken feasts  
 Within the matted walls once drowned the cry  
 Of the swift ravishment  
 Of her whose pride was bent  
 To hide the seed that bore thee in the darkness of his tent ?

The wild-maned horses neighed thee to thy rest ;  
 The jackals howled their hunger round the horde

While thy fierce mother clutched thee to her breast,  
Suckling a chieftain worthy of her lord  
Whose bloody hand had led  
Her captive to his bed,  
Bidding her raise up new kinsmen in the men she bore and  
bred.

Through what unnumbered ages hast thou sped,  
Thou mighty horseman, o'er the Asian plain ?  
What teeming tribes of nomads hast thou led  
To battle and to plunder and to pain ?  
Slant-eyed watcher of the nights,  
Master of creeping fights,  
To what god what victims gav'st thou in thy sacrificial  
rites ?

He was thy sire who would not to the tomb,  
At whose dark terrors his grim spirit quailed,  
Go comfortless ; but took to share his doom  
A thousand warriors on their steeds impaled,  
Who girded him around  
In the darkness of his mound  
To be his guard against the fang of death's grey, ghostly  
hound.

Not of thy kin was he who dreamed to hear  
The spinning stars make heavenly harmony,  
Obedient in sweet celestial fear  
To love that lasts to all eternity ;  
To thine the stars gave light  
To aid them in the fight,  
And guide their fearful courses through the menace of the  
night.

And when the unending journey came to rest  
Thou slumbered still, still shaped within thy sleep,  
In the proud loins of men who to the West  
Turned scornful eyes to mark where they might reap

A harvest from the mind  
Their wandering as a wind  
Had suffered them not pause to sow with dreams of human-kind.

As men who rush into a new-found land,  
They stormed the gates of dreaming and desire ;  
Within the grasp of their all-daring hand  
Believed the shadows of the magic fire,  
Urging their journey on  
Till earthly hosts had won  
To peaks lit by the farthest ray of thought's unearthly sun.

In this dim realm they wandered once again,  
Passing beyond the smooth and charted ways  
Into a wilderness unknown of men  
Where hearts grew faint with hunger and the maze  
Of their imaginings,  
Visions of shadowy things  
Confounded by the ghostly breath of immaterial wings.

The God they sought came not, but thou wert born ;  
In thy proud nostrils was the earth's strong breath ;  
Thou laughed their baffled wisdom into scorn ;  
Thine eyes glanced backward at the hound of death ;  
And things they could not see  
Struck anguish into thee,  
Remembering where the roots are set of all mortality.

After a little space of urgent days,  
Wherein thou wert supreme in all our skill,  
The memory of the waste, ancestral ways,  
The might of an ungovernable Will  
Locked the once eager tongue  
That in thy youth had rung  
O'er Europe like a mighty bell in a high belfry hung ;

Till at the last thou wandered forth alone  
To meet thy death where only stars might see,



On the dim plain that echoes with the moan  
Of the impenetrable mystery  
To which no man has trod,  
Nor old and cunning god  
Who leers and fears and frights men with the blindness of his  
nod.

*THOMAS MOULT*

---

FOR BESSIE, SEATED BY ME IN THE GARDEN

To the heart, to the heart the white petals  
Quietly fall.  
Memory is a little wind, and magical  
The dreaming hours.  
As a breath they fall, as a sigh ;  
Green garden hours too languorous to waken,  
White leaves of blossomy tree wind-shaken :  
As a breath, a sigh  
As the slow white drift  
Of a butterfly.  
Flower-wings falling, wings of branches  
One after one at wind's droop dipping ;  
Then with the lift  
Of the air's soft breath, in sudden avalanches  
Slipping.  
Quietly, quietly the June wind flings  
White wings,  
White petals, past the footpath flowers  
Adown my dreaming hours.  
At the heart, at the heart the butterfly settles.  
As a breath, a sigh  
Fall the petals of hours, of the white-leaved flowers,  
Fall the petalled wings of the butterfly.  
To my heart, to my heart the white petals  
Quietly fall.

To the years, other years, old and wistful  
Drifts my dream.

Petal-patined the dream, white-mistful  
As the dew-sweet haunt of the dim whitebeam,  
Because of memory, a little wind . . .  
It is the gossamer-float of the butterfly,  
This drift of dream  
From the sweet of to-day to the sweet  
Of days long drifted by.  
It is the drift of the butterfly, it is the fleet  
Drift of petals which my noon has thinned,  
It is the ebbing out of my life, of the petals of days.  
To the years, other years, drifts my dream. . . .  
Through the haze  
Of summers long ago  
Love's entrancements flow,  
A blue-green pageant of earth,  
A green-blue pageant of sky,  
As a stream,  
Flooding back with lovely delta to my heart.  
Lo, the petalled leafage is finer, under the feet  
The coarse soil with a rainbow's worth  
Of delicate colours lies enamelled,  
Translucently glowing, shining.  
Each balmy breath of the hours  
From eastern gleam to westward gloam  
Is meaning-full as the falling flowers :  
It is a crystal syllable  
For love's defining,  
It is love alone can spell—  
Yea, Love remains : after this drift of days  
Love is here, Love is not dumb.  
The touch of a silken hand, comradely, untrammelled,  
Is in the sunlight, a bright glance  
On every ripple of yonder waterways,  
A whisper in the dance  
Of green shadows ;  
Nor shall the sunlight be shut out even from the dark.

Beyond the garden heavy oaks are buoyant on the meadows,  
Their rugged bark  
No longer rough,

But chastened and refined in the glowing eyes of Love. ·  
 Around us the petals fulfil  
 Their measure and fall, precious the petals are still.  
 For Love they once were gathered, they are gathered for  
     Love again,  
 Whose glance is on the water,  
 Whose whisper is in the green shadows.  
 In the same comrade-hand whose touch is in the sunlight,  
 They are lying again.  
 Here Love is . . . Love only of all things outstays  
 The drift of petals, the drift of days,  
 Petals of hours,  
 Of white-leafed flowers,  
 Petalled wings of the butterfly,  
 Drifting, quietly drifting by  
 As a breath, a sigh. . . .

*EDITH SITWELL*

---

THE MOTHER

I

Our dreams create the babes we bear ;  
 Our beauty goes to make them fair.  
 We give them all we have of good,  
 Our blood to drink, our hearts for food ;

And in our souls they lie and rest  
 Until upon their mother's breast  
 So innocent and sweet they lie.  
 They live to curse us ; then they die. ·

When he was born, it seemed the spring  
 Had come again with birds to sing  
 And blossoms dancing in the sun  
 Where streams released from winter run.

His sunlit hair was all my gold ;  
 His loving eyes my wealth untold.

All heaven was hid within the breast  
Whereon my child was laid to rest.

:

He grew to manhood. Then one came  
False-hearted as Hell's blackest shame,  
To steal my child from me, and thrust  
The soul I loved down to the dust.

Her hungry, wicked lips were red  
As that dark blood my son's hand shed.  
Her eyes were black as Hell's own night,  
Her ice-cold breast was winter-white.

I had put by a little gold  
To bury me when I was cold.  
Her fanged, wanton kiss to buy  
My son's love willed that I should die.

The gold was hid beneath my bed ;  
So little, and my weary head  
Was all the guard it had. They li  
So quiet and still who soon must die.

He stole to kill me while I slept—  
The little son, who never wept  
But that I kissed his tears away  
So fast, his weeping seemed but play.

So light his footfall. Yet I heard  
Its echo in my heart, and stirred  
From out my weary sleep to see  
My child's face bending over me.

The wicked knife flashed serpent-wise—  
Yet I saw nothing but his eyes,  
And heard one little word he said  
Go echoing down among the Dead.

## II

They say the Dead may never dream.  
But yet I heard my pierced heart scream  
His name within the dark. They lie  
Who say the Dead can ever die.

For in the grave I may not sleep  
For dreaming that I hear him weep.  
And in the dark, my dead hands grope  
In search of him. O barren hope !

I cannot draw his head to rest  
Deep down upon my wounded breast. . . .  
He gave the breast that fed him well  
To suckle the small worms of Hell.

The little wicked thoughts that fed  
Upon the weary, helpless Dead. . . .  
They whispered o'er my broken heart,  
They stuck their fangs deep in the smart.

"The child she bore with bloody sweat  
And agony has paid his debt.  
Through that bleak face the stark winds play ;  
The crows have chased his soul away.

"His body is a blackened rag  
Upon the tree—a monstrous flag."  
Thus one Worm to the other saith.  
These slow mean servitors of Death.

They chuckling said : "Your soul grown blind  
With anguish is the shrieking Wind  
That blows the flame that never dies  
About his empty, lidless eyes."

I tore them from my heart. I said :  
"The life-blood that my son's hand shed,

That from my broken heart outburst  
I'd give again, to quench his thirst.

"He did no sin. But cold blind earth  
The body was that gave him birth.  
All mine, all mine, the sin ; the love  
I bore him was not deep enough."

*OSBERT SITWELL*

CLAVICHORDS

Its pure and dulcet tone  
So clear and cool  
Rings out—tho' muffled by the centuries  
Passed by ;  
Each note  
A distant sigh  
From some dead lovely throat.

A sad cascade of sound  
Floods the dim room with faded memories  
Of beauty that has gone  
Like the reflected rhythm in some dusk blue pool,  
Of dancing figures (long laid in the ground) ;—  
Like moonlit skies  
Or some far song harmonious and sublime—  
Breaking the leaden slumber of the night.  
A perfume, faint yet fair,  
As of an old press'd blossom that's reborn  
Seeming to flower alone  
Within the arid wilderness of Time.

\* \* \* \*

The music fills the air  
Soft as the outspread fluttering wings  
Of flower-bright butterflies  
That dive and float  
Through the sweet rose-flushed hours of summer dawn.

The rippling sound of silver strings  
 Breaks o'er our senses as small foaming waves  
 Break over rocks,  
 And into hidden caves  
 Of silent waters—never to be found—  
 Waters as clear and glistening as gems.

And in this ancient pool of melodies,  
 So soothing, deep,  
 We search for strange lost images and diadems  
 And old drowned pleasures,  
 —Each one shining bright  
 And rescued from the crystal depths of sleep.

\*            \*            \*            \*

As the far sun-kissed sails of some full-rigged boat,  
 Blown by a salt cool breeze,  
 —Laden with age-old treasures  
 And rich merchandise,  
 Fade into evening on the foam-flecked seas—  
 So this last glowing note  
 Hovers awhile,—then dies.

## WHY SHOULD A SAILOR RIDE THE SEA ?

Why should a sailor ride the sea,  
 When he can drink and dance and sing,  
 Or watch the stars out-blossoming  
 Upon the tree of night ?

Why should he face the tear-salt waves,  
 When he can sing, or feast on fruit,  
 Dance to the silver-sobbing lute,  
 And all men seem his slaves ?

No more to ship or sea we'll go,  
 To watch the land sink out of sight  
 Suffused by purple fumes of night,  
 Each heart weighed down with woe.

But under rustling fretted lace  
Of leaves, we'll dance and stamp our feet  
In frenzy, to the furious beat,  
—The rhythm of all space.

Or watch each dappled faun and elf  
Spring from the green lairs where they hide  
Now every soul is multiplied  
And communes with itself.

The softly sailing moon is now  
A pendulum, hung in a vast  
Blue bubble—so to mark our fast  
Lithe movements to and fro.

Down from the sky the willing stars  
Fall round each brow a crown to form ;  
Till feet and limbs, a rushing storm,  
Dance whirling on in ecstasy.

The earth dances ;  
The earth dances ;  
Trees charge at us  
Like horsemen ;  
Forests swoop  
Down the hill,  
Charging at us,  
But we are brave,  
Full of a fiery courage,  
And go onward  
Onward,  
Through the galloping trees.  
We shout  
Glowing phrases  
—Snatches of ineffable wit.

The frenzy in our feet  
Must surely set the world afire.



Yet still the stars  
Rain down their golden tremors of delight,  
And the moon  
Sweeps like a bird  
Through the arch of space.

We, too,  
Float downward  
Gently  
To soft shipwreck.

We, too,  
Are of the kindred of the Pleiades ;  
Reel on our golden path  
Down,  
Down,  
Through the curvèd emptiness of the heavens.

*THEODORE MAYNARD*

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SUNSET ON THE DESERT

As some priest turns, his ritual all done,  
And stretching hands above the kneeling crowd,  
Who rapt and silent, wait with heads all bowed  
For the last holy words of benison—  
“ Now God be with thee, ever Three in One ”—  
So turns the sun, though all reluctantly.  
One thrilling moment comes to shrub and tree ;  
Expectant silence falls ; then dark and dun

The silhouettes of sphinx and pyramid  
Gaze at the last deep amber after-glow ;  
The little stars peep down between the palms ;  
And all the ghosts that garish daylight hid  
Are quickened—Isis with the breasts of snow  
And Anthony with Egypt in his arms.

## EDMUND BLUNDEN

## ALMSWOMEN

At Quincey's moat the squandering village ends,  
And there in the almshouse dwell the dearest friends  
Of all the village, two old dames that cling  
As close as any true loves in the spring.  
Long, long ago they-passed threescore-and-ten,  
And in this doll's house lived together then ;  
All things they have in common, being so poor,  
And their one fear, Death's shadow at the door.  
Each sundown makes them mournful, each sunrise  
Brings back the brightness in their fading eyes.

Now happy go the rich fair-weather days  
When on the roadside folk stare in amaze  
At such a honeycomb of fruit and flowers  
As mellows round their threshold ; what long hours  
They gloat upon their steeping hollyhocks,  
Bee's balsams, feathery southernwood, and stocks,  
Fiery dragon's-mouths, great mallow leaves  
For salves, and lemon-plants in bushy sheaves,  
Shagged Esau's-hands with fine green finger-tips.  
Such old sweet names are ever on their lips.  
As pleased as little children where these grow  
In cobbled pattens and worn gowns they go,  
Proud of their wisdom when on gooseberry shoots  
They stuck eggshells to fright from coming fruits  
The brist-billed rascals ; pausing still to see  
Their neighbour owls saunter from tree to tree,  
Or in the hushing half-light mouse the lane  
Long-winged and lordly.

But when those hours wane  
Indoors they ponder, scared by the harsh storm  
Whose pelting saracens on the window swarm,  
And listen for the mail to clatter past  
And church clock's deep bay withering on the blast ;

They feed the fire that flings a freakish light  
On pictured kings and queens grotesquely bright,  
Platters and pitchers, faded calendars  
And graceful hour-glass trim with lavenders.

Many a time they kiss and cry, and pray  
That both be summoned in the selfsame day,  
And wiseman linnet tinkling in his cage  
End too with them the friendship of old age,  
And all together leave their treasured room  
Some bell-like evening when the May's in bloom.

*EDWARD SHANKS*

FÊTE GALANTE

Aristonoë, the fading shepherdess,  
Gathers the young girls round her in a ring,  
Teaching them wisdom of love,  
What to say, how to dress,  
How frown, how smile,  
How suitors to their dancing feet to bring,  
How in mere walking to beguile,  
What words cunningly said in what a way  
Will draw man's busy fancy astray,  
All the alphabet, grammar and syntax of love.

The garden smells are sweet,  
Daisies spring in the turf under the high-heeled feet,  
Dense, dark banks of laurel grow  
Behind the wavering row  
Of golden, flaxen, black, brown, auburn heads,  
Behind the light and shimmering dresses  
Of these unreal, modern shepherdesses ;  
And gaudy flowers in formal patterned beds  
Vary the dim long vistas of the park,  
Far as the eye can see,  
Till at the forest's edge the ground grows dark  
And the flowers vanish in the obscurity.

The young girls gather round her,  
Remembering eagerly how their fathers found her  
Fresh as a spring-like wind in February,  
Subtler in her moving heart than sun-motes that vary  
At every waft of an opening and shutting door ;  
They gather chattering near,  
Hush, break out in laughter, whisper aside,  
Grow silent more and more,  
Though she will never chide.  
Now through the silence sounds her voice still clear,  
And all give ear.  
Like a silver thread through the golden afternoon,  
Equally the voice discloses  
All that age-old wisdom ; like an endless tune  
Aristonö's voice wavers among the roses,  
Level and unimpassioned,  
Telling them how of nothing love is fashioned,  
How it is but a movement of the mind,  
Bidding Celia mark  
That light skirts fluttering in the wind,  
Or white flowers stuck in dark  
Glistening hair, have fired the dull beholder,  
Or telling Anais  
That faint indifference ere now hath bred a kiss  
Denied to flaunted snowy breast or shoulder.

The girls attend,  
Each thinking on her friend,  
Whether he be real or imaginary,  
Whether he be loving or cold ;  
For each ere she grows old  
Means to pursue her joy, and the whole unwary  
Troop of their wishes has this wild quarry in cry,  
That draws them ineluctably,  
More and more as the summer slippeth by.  
And Celia leans aside  
To contemplate her black-silked ankle on the grass ;  
In remote dreaming pride,  
Rosalind recalls the image in her glass ;  
Phillis through all her body feels

How divine energy steals,  
Quiescent power and resting speed,  
Stretches her arms out, feels the warm blood run  
Ready for pursuit, for strife and deed,  
And turns her glowing face up to the sun.  
Phyllida smiles,  
And lazily trusts her lazy wit,  
A slow arrow that hath often hit ;  
Chloe, bemused by many subtle wiles,  
Grows not more dangerous for all of it,  
But opens her red lips, yawning drowsily,  
And shows her small white teeth,  
Dimpling the round chin beneath,  
And stretches, moving her young body deliciously.

And still the lesson goes on,  
For this is an old story that is never done ;  
And now the precept is of ribbon and shoe,  
What with linens and silks love finds to do,  
And how man's heart is tangled in a string  
Or taken in gauze like a weak and helpless thing.  
Chloe falls asleep ; and the long summer day  
Drifts slowly past the girls and the warm roses,  
Giving in dreams its hours away.  
Now Stella throws her head back, and Phillis disposes  
Her strong brown hands quietly in her lap,  
And Rose's slender feet grow restless and tap  
The turf to an imaginary tune.  
Now all this grace of youthful bodies and faces  
Is wrought to a glow by the golden weather of June ;  
Now, Love, completing grace of all the graces,  
Strong in these hearts thy pure streams\*ise,  
Transmuting what they learn by heavenly alchemies.  
Swift from the listeners the spell vanishes,  
And through the tinkling, empty words,  
True thoughts of true love press,  
Flying and wheeling nearer ;  
As through a sunny sky a flock of birds  
Against the throbbing blue grows clearer and clearer,  
So closer come these thoughts and dearer.

Helen rises with a laugh ;  
Chloe wakes ;  
All the enchantment scatters off like chaff ;  
The cord is loosened and the spell breaks.

Rosalind

Resolves that to-night she will be kind to her lover,  
Unreflecting, warm, and kind.

Celia tells the lessons over,

Counting on her fingers—one and two—

Ribbon and shoe,

Skirts, flowers, song, dancing, laughter, eyes . . .

Through the whole catalogue of formal gallantry

And studious coquetries,

Counting to herself maliciously.

But the old, the fading shepherdess, Aristonoë,

Rises stiffly and walks alone

Down the broad path where densely the laurels grow,

And over a little lawn, not closely mown,

Where wave the flowering grass and the rich meadow-sweet.

She seems to walk painfully now and slow,

And drags a little on her high-heeled feet.

She stops at last below

An old twisted plum-tree, whose last petal is gone,

Leans on the comfortable, rugged bole,

And stares through the green leaves at the drooping sun.

The tree and the warm light comfort her ageing soul.

On the other lawn behind her, out of sight,

The girls at play

Drive out melancholy by lively delight,

And the wind carries their songs and laughter away.

Some begin dancing and seriously tread

A modern measure up and down the grass,

Turn, slide with bending knees, and pass

With dipping hand and poising head,

Float through the sun in pairs, like newly shed

And golden leaves astray

Upon the warm wind of an autumn day,

When the Indian summer rules the air.

Others, having found,  
Lying idly on the sun-hot ground,  
Shuttlecocks and battledores,  
Play with the buoyant feathers and stare  
Dazzled at the plaything as it soars,  
Vague against the shining sky,  
Where light yet throbs and confuses the eye,  
Then see it again, white and clear,  
As slowly, poisedly it falls by  
The dark green foliage and floats near.  
But Celia, apart, is pensive and must sigh,  
And Anais but faintly pursues the game.  
An encroaching, inner flame  
Burns in their hearts with the acrid smoke of unrest ;  
But gaiety runs like quicksilver in Rose's breast,  
And Phillis, rising,  
Walks by herself with high and springy tread,  
All her young blood racing from heels to head,  
Breeding new desires and a new surprising  
Strength and determination,  
Whereof are bred  
Confidence and joy and exultation.

The long day closes ;  
Rosalind's hour draws near, and Chloe's and Rose's,  
The hour that Celia has prayed,  
The hour for which Anais and Stella have stayed,  
When Helen shall forget her wit,  
And Phillida by a sure arrow at length be hit,  
And Phillis, the fleet runner, be at length overtaken ;  
When this bough of young blossoms  
By the rough, eager gatherers shall be shaken.  
Their eyes grow dim,  
Their hearts flutter like taken birds in their bosoms,  
As the light dies out of heaven,  
And a faint, delicious tremor runs through every limb,  
And faster the volatile blood through their veins is driven.

The long day closes ;  
The last light fades in the amber sky ;

Warm through the warm dusk glow the roses,  
And a heavier shade drops slowly from the trees,  
While through the garden as all colours die  
The scents come livelier on the quickening breeze.  
The world grows larger, vaguer, dimmer,  
Over the dark laurels a few faint stars glimmer ;  
The moon, that was a pallid ghost,  
Hung low on the horizon, faint and lost,  
Comes up, a full and splendid golden round  
By black and sharp-cut foliage overcrossed.  
The girls laugh and whisper now with hardly a sound,  
Till all sound vanishes, dispersed in the night,  
Like a wisp of cloud that fades in the moon's light,  
And the garden grows silent and the shadows grow  
Deeper and blacker below  
The mysteriously moving and murmuring trees,  
That stand out darkly against the star-luminous sky ;  
Huge stand the trees,  
Shadowy, whispering immensities,  
That rain down quietude and darkness on heart and eye.  
None move, none speak, none sigh,  
But from the laurels comes a leaping voice  
Crying in tones that seem not man's nor boy's,  
But only joy's,  
And hard behind a loud tumultuous crying,  
A tangled skein of noise,  
And the girls see their lovers come, each vying  
Against the next in glad and confident poise,  
Or softly moving  
To the side of the chosen with gentle words and loving  
Gifts for her pleasure of sweetmeats and jewelled toys.

Dear Love, whose strength no pedantry can stir,  
Whether in thine iron enemies,  
Or in thine own strayed follower  
Bemused with subtleties and sophistries,  
Now dost thou rule the garden, now  
The gatherers' hands have grasped the scented bough.

Slow the sweet hours resolve, and one by one are sped.



• The garden lieth empty. Overhead  
A night jar rushes by, wing touching wing,  
And passes, uttering  
His hoarse and whirring note.  
The daylight birds long since are fled,  
Nor has the moon yet touched the brown bird's throat.  
All's quiet, all is silent, all around  
The day's heat rises gently from the ground,  
And still the broad moon travels up the sky,  
Now glancing through the trees and now so high  
That all the garden through her rays are shed,  
And from the laurels one can just descry  
Where in the distance looms enormously  
The old house, with all its windows black and dead.

*RICHARD ALDINGTON*

CAPTIVE

They have torn the gold tettinx  
From my hair ;  
And wrenched the bronze sandals  
From my ankles.

They have taken from me my friend  
Who knew the holy wisdom of poets,  
Who had drunk at the feast  
Where Simonides sang.

No more do I walk the calm gardens  
In the white mist of olives ;  
No more do I take the rose-crown  
From the white hands of a maiden.

I, who was free, am a slave ;  
The Muses have forgotten me,  
The gods do not hear me.

Here there are no flowers to love ;  
But afar off I dream that I see  
Bent poppies and the deathless asphodel.

## TO A GREEK MARBLE

Πότνια, Πότνια,  
White grave goddess,  
Pity my sadness,  
O silence of Paros.

I am not of these about thy feet,  
These garment and decorum ;  
I am thy brother,  
Thy lover of aforetime crying to thee,  
And thou hearest me not.

I have whispered thee in thy solitudes  
Of our loves in Phrygia,  
The far ecstasy of burning noons  
When the fragile pipes  
Ceased in the cypress shade,  
And the brown fingers of the shepherd  
Moved over slim shoulders ;  
And only the cicada sang.

I have told thee of the hills  
And the lisp of reeds  
And the sun upon thy breasts.

And thou hearest me not,  
Πότνια, Πότνια,  
Thou hearest me not.

## BROMIOS

*(A Frieze in the Vatican)*

The withered bonds are broken.  
The waxed reeds and the double pipe  
Clamour about me ;  
The hot wind swirls  
Through the red pine trunks.

Io ! The fauns and the satyrs.  
The touch of their shagged curled fur  
And blunt horns.

They have wine in heavy craters  
Painted black and red ;  
Wine to splash on her white body.  
Io !  
She shrinks from the cold shower—  
Afraid, afraid !

Let the Mænads break through the myrtles  
And the boughs of the rhododaphnai.  
Let them tear the quick deer's flesh.  
Ah, the cruel exquisite fingers.  
Io !

I have brought you the brown clusters,  
The ivy-boughs and pine-cones.

Your breasts are cold sea-ripples,  
But they smell of the warm grasses.

Throw wide the chiton and the peplum,  
Maidens of the dew,  
Beautiful are your bodies, O Mænads,  
Beautiful the sudden folds,  
The vanishing curves of the white linen  
About you.

Io !  
Hear the rich laughter of the forest,  
The cymbals,  
The trampling of the panisks and the centaurs.

### CHORICOS

The ancient songs  
Pass deathward mournfully.

Cold lips that sing no more, and withered wreaths, ,  
 Regretful eyes, and drooping breasts and wings—  
 Symbols of ancient songs,  
 Mournfully passing  
 Down to the great white surges,  
 Watched of none  
 Save the frail sea-birds  
 And the lithe pale girls,  
 Daughters of Oceanus.

And the songs pass from the green land  
 Which lies upon the waves as a leaf  
 On the flowers of hyacinths,  
 And they pass from the waters,  
 The manifold winds and the dim moon,  
 And they come  
 Silently winging through soft Kimmerian dusk,  
 To the quiet level lands  
 That she keeps for us all,  
 That she wrought for us all for sleep  
 In the silver days of the earth's dawning—  
 Prôserpina, daughter of Zeus.

And we turn from the Cyprian's breasts,  
 And we turn from thee,  
 Phœbus Apollon,  
 And we turn from the music of old,  
 And the hills that we loved and the meads,  
 And we turn from the fiery day,  
 And the lips that were over-sweet ;  
 For silently  
 Brushing the fields with red-shod feet,  
 With purple robe  
 Searing the grass as with a sudden flame,  
 Death,  
 Thou hast come upon us.

And of all the ancient songs  
 Passing to the swallow-blue halls

By the dark streams of Persephone,  
This only remains—  
That in the end we turn to thee,  
Death,  
We turn to thee, singing  
One last song.

O Death,  
Thou art an healing wind  
That blowest over white flowers  
A-tremble with dew ;  
Thou art a wind flowing  
Over far leagues of lonely sea ;  
Thou art the dusk and the fragrance ;  
Thou art the lips of love mournfully smiling ;  
Thou art the sad peace of one  
Sate with old desires ;  
Thou art the silence of beauty,  
And we look no more for the morning,  
Ye yearn no more for the sun  
Since with thy white hands,  
Death,  
Thou crownest us with the pallid chaplets,  
The slim colourless poppies  
Which in thy garden alone  
Softly thou gatherest.

And silently ;  
And with slow feet approaching—  
And with bowed head and unlit eyes,  
We kneel before thee :  
And thou, leaning towards us,  
Caressingly layest upon us  
Flowers from thy thin cold hands,  
And, smiling as a chaste woman  
Knowing love in her heart,  
Thou seelest our eyes  
And the illimitable quietude  
Comes gently upon us.

*J. D. C. PELLOW*

THE TEMPLE

Between the erect and solemn trees  
I will go down upon my knees ;  
I shall not find this day  
So meet a place to pray.

Haply the beauty of this place  
May work in me an answering grace,  
The stillness of the air  
Be echoed in my prayer.

The worshipping trees arise and run,  
With never a swerve, towards the sun ;  
So may my soul's desire  
Turn to its central fire.

With single aim they seek the light,  
And scarce a twig in all their height  
Breaks out until the head  
In glory is outspread.

How strong each pillared trunk ; the bark  
That covers them, how smooth ; and hark,  
The sweet and gentle voice  
With which the leaves rejoice !

May a like strength and sweetness fill  
Desire, and thought, and steadfast will,  
When I remember these  
Fair sacramental trees !



